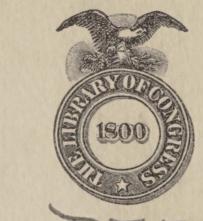
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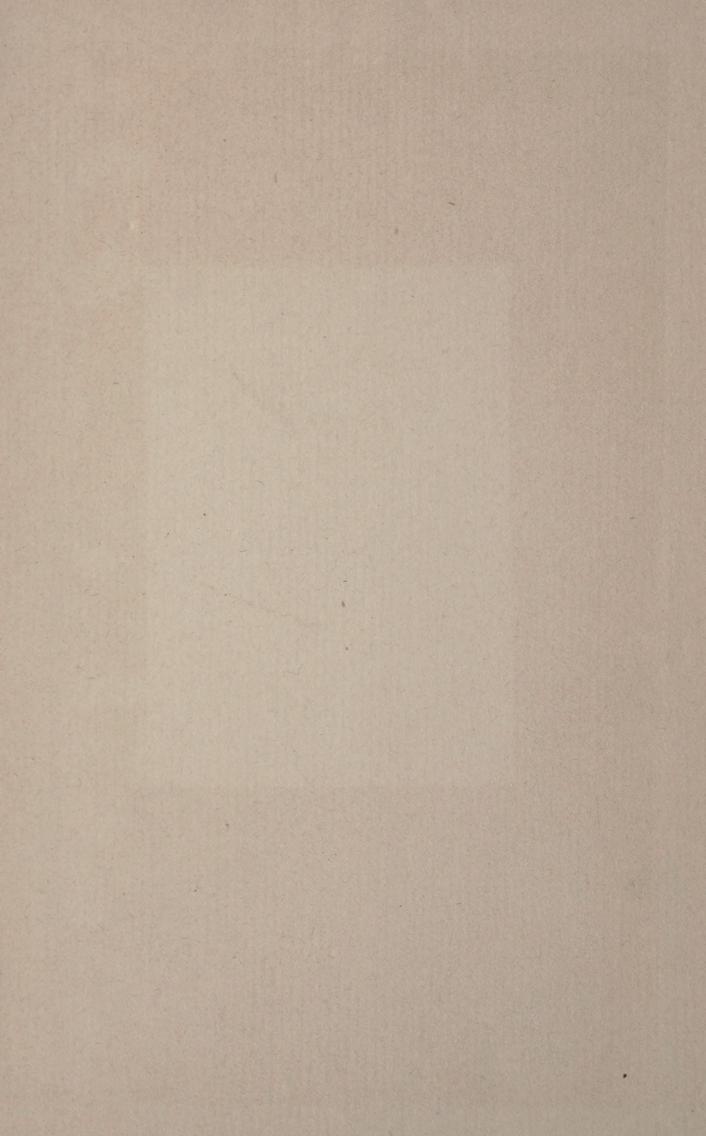


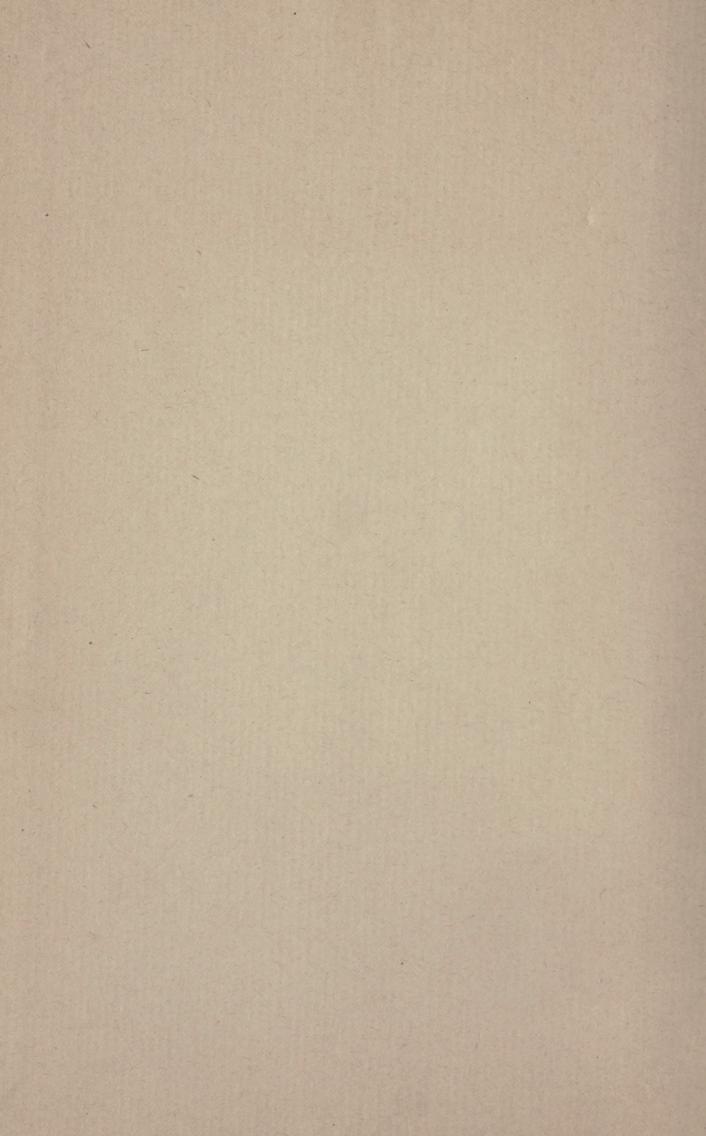
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# The Rights of a Man

By Lysander D. Childs

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### PREFACE

AM not unconscious of structural defects in this volume, as a work of fiction. But to forestall technical critics it might be said, I had a story to tell; not a fiction to create. Perhaps Brewerton was your town; Gardner may have been your neighbor; maybe Dolly played with your little girl, and Batty may have climbed to his attic from the alley in the rear of your home. Dr. Morrison may prove an old acquaintance with whom you may have sometimes grown impatient. But after all, though he may seem too prolix in conversation, I wish you to take him seriously, for his is the only remedy for the things in the book which may bring a wrench to the heart, or a tear to the eye.

I would be neither human nor truthful, were I to disclaim the wish that the little volume may become one of the "best sellers," but I have a larger wish, and more earnest desire than that improbability. It is that the book may have an understanding reading by every member of every general assembly of every state in the Union. This desire is not primarily to influence legislators to ratify the Federal Amendment, which has so large a place in the theme; the business perceptions of these intelligent men, and their sense of justice to an on-coming posterity are, I am sure, sufficient to cause them to effectuate that, the most important national justice since the day of Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

What I wish above all else, is to help them to visualize clearly, not only the rights of a man who is strong, but also the rights of a man, whom Government has permitted to become diseased and rduced to helplessness.

Perhaps, in the light of the evidence which is now being extracted from the brewers of the country by the Senatorial investigating committee, I am justified in suggesting that this story, completed six months ago, simply reveals scenes and presents acquaintances familiar to everyone who has felt or observed the debauching power of alcohol. It is as essential-

ly true in every element of its human experience as this evidence proves true the program of propaganda so, as yet, incompletely uncovered.

The action of alcohol as stated, is scientifically accurate. If Americans could have been made to believe a century ago that alcoholism was a disease, millions of men would have lived their normal lives of usefulness, and this generation would have resisted the prevailing epidemic of Influenza, with but a small percentage of its fearful mortality. Scientific truth depends not on a man's faith; it is mathematically accurate within itself, and it is inexorable. In this volume, Dr. Morrison is the exponent of scientific truth.

The language of some of the characters that live and move and speak in the book may be objectionable, even offensive to some. If such should be the case, the reader is asked to remember that the author is not responsible for the language of these people any more than he is responsible for their characters. But since he chose to record this chapter in their lives, he is responsible for the faithful portrayal of motive and of expression; and that he has faithfully striven to attain.

The Author.

St. Petersburg, Florida. December 6, 1918.

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## The Rights of a Man

#### CHAPTER I

DAVID COURTNEY

"We read the past by the light of the present, and the forms vary as the shadows fall, or as the point of vision alters."

known among his friends and intimate acquaintances as the "Gentleman of the Old South." His personal tastes were simple; a good tailor to fit his six-foot frame was indispensible, but a fortnightly fox chase was indulged in only because horse-racing was not sufficiently continuous. Scrupulously chaste in language, he swore only when other vocabulary seemed impotent to express his meaning; and his mint julep could be absolutely and perfectly mixed by none other than Sancho, the long-time family butler. His capital consisted of ability plus the energy for ten hours' work each day.

Reared upon his father's country estate, Mr. Courtney had imbibed a certain ruggedness of character usually considered a product of the soil, sometimes, perhaps, needing excusing, but never explaining. When, after graduating from the village high school, and completing a year of private tutorage, the time arrived for the selection of the college to which he should go, his father had inquired as to what he desired.

"Bob Morrison," David had replied, "is going to Princeton

and we have planned to room together."

"Where do you propose to make your home after you have finished college?" his father had asked.

Naming the city of his choice with a firmness of decision which met parental approval, his father had replied:

"Then choose your college among the people with whom you expect to labor and live."

"But you-"

"I know," interrupted Colonel Courtney, "and I love Princeton, my Alma Mater; but, in my day, we of the South had no colleges of standing. If, after your graduation, circumstances are favorable and you wish it—and I trust you will—let your degree come from Princeton."

But a month after David received his college diploma his father had passed into the great, mysterious unknown. Colonel Courtney was not a financier; on his native Mississippi River valley farm he had lived the life of what has long been known in the South as "the country gentleman," which meant that his banker had been lenient. Having a different life purpose, David, unconscious, in his own hopes for the future, of the chords which were being torn in his mother's heart, had persuaded her to dispose of the estate. After payment of his father's accumulated liabilities, he found himself facing the responsibilities of the future with little but the heritage of character unimpeachable, and an unfaltering purpose.

Just ten years to the day before the beginning of the incidents recorded in this narrative, assisting his mother over the gangway of an upriver steamer, old Sancho, the family butler, with the hand luggage and his faithful wife, Cindy, bringing up the rear, David, with his mother, had landed in Brewerton, the city of his adoption. These had not been years of ease. The position which David Courtney, counsellor at law, had attained among his fellows was self-evident of battles

fought and won.

This anniversary was, therefore, but a recurrence of others of its kind. To be exact, it was one of those days which occasionally slip into the calendar of every man to pester him with doubts of the future and regrets of the past. Today, having failed to observe the falling barometer, David himself could not have defined the cause of his mental distemper; but the day having worn itself away in plodding weariness, before

delving into his final task of reviewing the legal papers laid upon his table by his assistant, he stretched his legs by several quick turns across the room.

Stopping at the window of his tenth story office, he noticed flecks of snow, the first harbingers of winter, fasten themselves upon the pane, then disappear, while over the hills to the north great slanting, swirling waves deepened the gloom. Pressing his face against the glass he felt, in spite of his petulant mood, just a touch of that buoyancy which the first flying snow had always brought in the years unburdened by cares. Then the lights began to twinkle out over the city and pressing the electric switch, the night was shut out and he seated himself again at his desk.

The title cover to the topmost document read:

## SIMON JACOBI vs. JAMES GARDNER. "FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE."

Simon Jacobi was known to Mr. Courtney as the genial proprietor of a chain of saloons throughout the city, and familiarly called by his friends, the "honest Dutchman." He enjoyed the distinction of being "the friend of the boys," well earned as many could testify who had received loans of five and ten dollar bills, as Jacobi put it: "Schust to puy der kiddies somedings goot to eat," after the reckless fathers had spent and lost the last dime of their week's earnings in the pleasant back parlors of his saloons. If his friends had good collateral, he assured them, "It vas vun real bleasure" to make the loan as large as the security would justify.

And Jacobi was no usurer; if the wheel was running to his liking, he would advance full pay without interest on the assignment of next week's salary check. But, naturally, in all his dealings there were derelicts, and regardless of the fact that he never permitted a foreclosure of mortgage as long as the

interest was paid and the maker continued his customer, there were mortgages to be foreclosed. In all this Mr. Courtney was not concerned. The business of Jacobi coming to him through his client, the Dornham Trust and Banking Company, he was interested only in the accuracy of the work of his office. But in reviewing this particular document something familiar seemed to attract his attention.

Turning to the mortgage deed, he examined the signature and that of the attesting witnesses. The property was located in a respectable residential section of the city, of which he had no personal knowledge and he could recall no acquaintance bearing the name of the mortgagor. So dismissing the thought as only another of the day's vagrant visitors, he laid the paper completing the evening's work aside.

As he stepped from the office building, the attorney drew into his lungs deep draughts of the cool air. The streets and houses were fast being wrapped in their mantle of white, and the buoyancy of the flying snow filled the hurrying crowds. Ah, the gladness of the first snow! As he inhaled the oxygen in his lungs, it quickly dispelled the last remnants of his acquired grouch and the impulse of a saner mind returned. Throwing back his broad shoulders, he took on a swinging stride for his usual two-mile walk home.

Passing through that portion of the city where the borderland of business pushing out meets the home, on the corner in front of him he read the sign: "Last Chance," and just as he was in the act of passing the door over which it hung, a man, hurled violently out of the saloon, fell motionless at his feet, a stream of blood from a cut on his forehead staining the snow.

It was no unusual thing in the city of Brewerton to see a drunken man prone upon the pavement; neither was it an uncommon occurrence for men to be ejected from saloons if their pockets were empty and the saloon-keeper believed their presence lent disrespectability to his place; and sometimes force was necessary. For such characters few people possessed as little patience as did Mr. Courtney; yet, as he stepped around the

man to proceed upon his way, the widening scarlet in the white snow caused him to stop. Looking down at the figure for a moment half angrily, half pityingly, he lifted the unconscious stranger and carried him back into the saloon from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled.

"What's the meaning of this inhuman treatment?" he demanded.

"Ayre yez his friend?" inquired Pat O'Connell from bebind the bar.

"I don't know the man, but-"

"Then I'll introjooze yez, I will," said Pat, "and b' me father's sorrel wheeskers, I'll tell yez th' truth, repatin' t' yez the wurds I just told him. He's th' coontimptablist, ornerist, sheeftliest liar that ivver crooked a elboo over me mahogany. Mate the gintleman!" And Pat bowed low with a wave of the hand.

"But that is no excuse for this sort of treatment."

"'Twas not for that that he got it, sor," replied Pat; "it was for th' answer he handed me, both about m'self and me boss."

"Who is your employer?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"'Tis Meester Simon Jacobi, sor," replied Pat; "an' the dead-bate o' him can't call me boss names if he is a Doochman."

"But the man is in his cups; you should make allowance for his condition."

"Aye sor, an' that's the trooble with th' blarsted oopstart; he's put his home in his cups, an' becoose me boss wants his money he wants to be oogly about it."

"Who is the man?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"Gardner-Teemes Gardner, sor."

"James Gardner of Williams street?" inquired the lawyer.

"Th' same sor; I see yez recoognizes him b' me deescreeption."

Perhaps Mr. Courtney could not have explained his act

satisfactorily to himself, but the man having regained consciousness, he called a taxi and accompanied him to his home.

"Poor James!"

Perhaps those two words were not much for a wife to say at such a time, but their tone, the trembling hands that busied themselves to give relief, the gray hair that bent over the scarlet wound, and the smothered sob were all new revelations to David Courtney. It was a revelation of love and woe which he had had no occasion for knowing, and with it there was accentuated in his own mind a contempt for the man who would grieve that love by bestializing himself.

"He is not seriously injured, Madam," he assured Mrs.

Gardner.

"You are very kind, sir; I hope he is not," faltered the

wife, busying herself with tender ministrations.

For the first time he took a mental inventory of the room. The furnishings, while simple, gave evidence of refinement and better days, and inwardly Mr. Courtney railed at the debauched creature whose weakness had brought this grief.

"The wound is small," said Mrs. Gardner, as she washed

away the blood, "but I am afraid-"

Divining the unspoken desire, Courtney wondered why he had not before thought of calling Dr. Morrison; and glad of the opportunity of imposing a ride this disagreeable night upon his altruistic friend, he hurried to say:

"I trust you will not consider me impertinent, Madam, but I have a friend who is a specialist in such cases, and if you

will permit me I will call him."

It had been many months since James Gardner had received kindness at the hands of his fellows, and Mrs. Gardner had not failed to see the contempt in which he was held by former friends.

"Then you do consider him worthy of an effort to save?" she asked, as unbidden tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks.

"Whatever he may be, Madam," said he, "your love pleads for him."

Courtney was waiting at the curb when Dr. Morrison arrived.

"One of your alcoholics, Bob," was his greeting. "Hurry and patch him up. He's not worth it, but there's a woman in there that is. I'll wait for you; I want you to drive me home."

"Rather a bad hurt, I am afraid," said the doctor as he

came from the house.

"You don't consider that small injury dangerous?" asked Courtney.

"Why no, not the wound of itself, but in his condition it is quite serious. Who is he, and how came you to get mixed into such a case?"

"The white-aproned artist in the saloon where I found him said his name was Gardner. As to my getting into the affair, I guess it's my liver; that medicine you gave me, like your impractical notions about these rummies, was no good."

"The trouble with you, Dave," laughed the doctor, "is not your stomach, but your head. Let's hear the circumstances

which induced you to waste time on such a fellow."

After listening to the incidents which caused Courtney to see the wounded man home, Dr. Morrison was silent for a moment.

"Courtney," he finally said, "of all the national crimes in human experience, history records none more cruelly unjust than the legalized liquor traffic. If you'll go back into the history of this drunkard you'll find that he was once endowed with the attributes of success! I mean the power to serve his community and make a home happy. The wreck you carried home tonight is the result of disease infection through social environment enforced upon him by his government."

"O, Morrison!" exclaimed the lawyer in impatient protest, "if you insist upon wasting your time with these worthless cusses, go to it; but for heaven's sake cut out this 'government enforced infection' business. Why, men are laughing at you. This fellow is the result of his own choosing, nothing more and nothing less. The more ability he had, the more severely

he should be condemned. I presume you specialists do have your sphere of usefulness, but if you'll excuse me, old man, you do grow so narrow between the eyes. Why, you would deprive man of his highest attribute, his God-given free agency, reducing him to a government-made automaton."

"No, Courtney, I would destroy the automatic power of government, restore the God-given free agency and give man

an equal chance."

"Well," said David, slapping the doctor on the back, "here we are, and 'so endeth the first lesson.' Come in and take supper with us. Mother's been wondering what's become of you."

"I've dined, thank you, you heathen materialist; but give my respects to your excellent mother and say, "If agreeable,

I'll dine with you tomorrow."

"Good, you dreaming idealist," laughed Courtney, "and I'll have something to tempt your palate, though I warn you if you want to keep the good opinions of Sancho and Cindy, don't call the evening meal 'dinner.' It is something they can't forgive."

#### CHAPTER II

#### A DANGEROUS THEORY

"And say to mothers what a holy charge is theirs-"

HEN Dr. Morrison's car drove up, Sancho's listening ear caught the sound. His white woolly head peered through the glass, and as David stepped upon the porch, the door opened:

"I speck yo' ain't gwin't like yo' supper, Marse Dave; hit's des er dryin' up er waitin' fo you'," was the butler's greeting.

"Well, Sancho, it's all right, just so you've got enough of it: I'm ravenous."

"Yas'r, Marse Dave, dey's plenty of it sich as hit is, en I speck mebby hit'll eat putty good whut dey is uv it—but la, Marse Dave, des look at yo' shoes all kivered wid snow! Yo'll des ketch yo' def er cole. Set right down at dat big fire what I done make fo' you'; dar yo' jacket an' dar yo' slippers what been 'er warmin' fer you' dis long time."

"Where is another such fortunate man?" said David, kiss-

ing his gray-haired mother.

"You may add for me, where is another such fortunate mother?"

"Well," said he, taking her in his strong arms, "I think

there are none happier than we."

"I speck I mout make yu' mint jewlip des er leetle stronger, Marse Dave," whispered Sancho, "t' keep yo' frum takin' yo' def er cole."

"No, Sancho, you know I never increase the dose. But, Sancho, say to Cindy, if she has nothing better, I would like very much to finish supper with a plate of hot cakes."

"La, Marse Dave, Cindy, she des been er ticklin' all day bout how yo' gwin't onrapture over dat plum pudd'n wid de

brandy er blazin' on hit when I fotches hit in to yo'."

"Sancho, tell Cindy I say, Heaven bless her and cause her to live forever. And hurry up!"

"Tee, hee, hee. Yas'er, Marse Dave, I'se gone."

"Rushing to the kitchen Sancho ordered:

"Cindy, hurry up! Marse Dave say he done starve."

"Who yo' talkin' to, nigger? Ain't I done starve m'self tell I ca' speak? Don' you tell me to hurry up no mo'; I buss

yo' open, nigger."

"Dar now, what fur yo' allers wants to ruptionate like dat fur?" and walking a little closer to his spouse, Sancho whispered, "Cindy, yo' des ought'r seen Marse Dave when I tole him bout dat pud'n."

"La, nigger, yo' ca' tell Cindy nuthin'; ain't I done man-

age dat chile uver since he been borned?"

"I hope," said Mrs. Courtney, "the accident which you 'phoned was delaying you was not serious?"

"Well," replied David, "I trust it's not as serious as Mor-

rison seems to fear; it's one of his specialties."

"I suppose, if it is a police case The Dispatch will write it up again as treated by the new 'booze doctor.' I think the paper was quite unfair to Dr. Morrison in referring to him in such a way."

"Serves him right," said David. "For a man of his ability to spend all these years in study and travel and then bury his splendid talents in an effort to make over a lot of drunken sots on the ground that their bestial habit is disease, is ridiculous. If it were not for my natural love for the man, and my respect for his otherwise intellectual ability, I should cut him."

"I do not think you are quite fair to Dr. Morrison."

"But, mother, he is so extreme. If he would lend his energy to an intelligent campaign for temperance, I'd join him; but I have no patience with his absurd notion of national prohibition of all alcoholic beverages on the ground that alcohol is a disease-forming drug. Its use is one of our oldest and most cherished social customs. Because some men make beasts of themselves is no reason why I and other gentlemen should be deprived of a harmless enjoyment. What

should be done is to place a punishment upon every drunkard to force him to be temperate and decent."

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Courtney, "as Dr. Morrison says,

they can not be temperate."

"That's all bosh; any man can quit drinking or drink

temperately if he wants to."

"But," urged his mother, "you know Dr. Morrison says alcoholism is a disease which makes it impossible for one to want to quit, at least his will and purpose are overcome by the disease."

"Disease!" sneered David. "Why, mother, that is where he is so ridiculous. He says the saloon is a government incubator for disease germs; that every one who takes a drink is being infected; that even I, because I take three mint juleps a day, and something occasionally at the club, or at a dinner, am an alcoholic. He even goes so far as to say I can't quit. Pure nonsense!"

"Why," smilingly inquired his mother, "do you not give

up your toddy just to prove his error?"

"First, because I would not so dignify his silly theory, and second, because I have never been intoxicated, and being in no manner injured by its use, I have no desire to quit."

"Well," replied the sweet motherly voice, "I don't pretend to know theories and science, and all that, but my observation is that drink is a prolific source of crime and poverty and heartpain."

"That can't be denied, mother," replied David, "but it all comes from the abuse of what is intended for the use of man."

Until the recent coming of Dr. Morrison, alcoholic beverages had never been a subject of conversation in the Courtney home. Their use was a custom handed down from generation to generation and while less sacred, held of equal respectability with the Holy Sacrament. Their abuse was a vulgarism to be avoided.

#### CHAPTER III

#### PHILIP DORNHAM, BANKER

"Do not think that years leave us and find us the same."

AYING claim to the heritage of honest forbears, Philip Dornham had he wished, could also have boasted without fear of successful contradiction, that during his own sixty years no legal court had ever decreed him dishonest or unjust. His grandfather, a distiller by trade, counted among his friends and patrons the baker and the banker, the miller and the merchant, the planter and the preacher. In the age-yellowed records of Old Purity church, this entry may be read today:

"Elder Dan'l Dornham subscrybes Fiftie Galls of Rye Liquore for building of ye house of worshipe."

And notwithstanding his disagreement with the changed attitude of the latter day church, that was a record of the doings of his grandsire distinctly cherished by Philip Dornham.

Philip Dornham's father, while inheriting his father's trade, lost the succeeding pastor of Old Purity as a patron and the church lost Dornham as an elder; but at the time there were not a few worthy communicants who believed that the one was as honest as the other.

Philip Dornham chose for himself the vocation of banker, and the only apparent mementoes of his forefather's trade were the licenses of the year 1876 which decorated the walls of his private office. He had spent his years and his best endeavors to build the strongest financial institution of his state, and to attain correlative power. And he had succeeded.

The circle of Mr. Dornham's personal acquaintance was limited, apparently by preference. He was, therefore, considered cold, unsympathetic, and, by some, selfish. Political ambition never disturbed the cool, calculating brain of the financier, but it was whispered that he had named the governor of his

state for ten successive years, while the mayor and legislative representatives were supposed to be amenable to his suggestions at all times.

Whether these rumors were true or the whisperings of green envy, to Mr. Dornham they were incidental. To sit in his office and touch the tendrils that went out to factory, to railroads, to mine; to have the conscious potentiality, like the switchman in his tower, of pulling the lever that would guide these industries on the main line, or shunt one of them or all of them into the siding until it was his will to give them motion; to ordain the financial existence or the passing of men and measures, and the sound of his voice remaining within his banking walls—that, to Philip Dornham, was life.

Mr. Dornham's benevolences had a rather well-defined reputation of being of a negative character. There was, therefore, some excitement, even amid the heated presidential campaign when The Dispatch gave the exclusive announcment of the banker's purpose to build and equip a million-dollar hospital for the free treatment of disease. While stone and tile and marble were fashioned into massive elegance there were those who inquired of his physician as to the builder's health, but no one asked the reason for Mr. Dornham's plans; and Philip Dornham was not given to explanations.

During the progress of construction there was no undue heralding of the project; but when the great keystone bearing a beautifully carved American flag was set in the massive arch over the entrance, The Dispatch again exclusively announced that upon completion Mr. Dornham would transfer title as a deed of gift to the United States, and the government would accept and maintain the hospital for the free treatment of the "Great White Plague."

Long years of recondite fellowship had well-nigh inured Mr. Dornham to seclusion from social demands. On the day of the formal opening of the Dornham hospital, his experience was probably undefinable to himself. In a large sense, he held the center of the stage. The distinction of being the financial

power of the Middle West he had absorbed as by right of possession, but finding himself the center of interest in a company of professional and scientific men and women and social service workers of whose labors he was ignorant, and to whom he was a stranger, was an experience so unnatural as to cause the multi-millionaire to question the agreeableness of the occasion. At a banker's convention he knew the measure of each man; but of these, their academic degrees meant nothing to him.

Perhaps it is safe to say Mr. Dornham was bored, until Dr. Samuel P. Simms, director general of the United States public health, in his speech of acceptance on the part of the government, eulogizing the power of wealth and the magnificence of this benevolence, brought the occasion to a close.

Editorially, The Dispatch introduced a new power in national finance. In heavy type, double column, it heralded the advent of a new leader in civic righteousness. Philip Dornham was pronounced the peer of all men in constructive thought and nobility of purpose for human welfare. And it rejoiced in citizenship in a government whose liberty incites personal achievement and whose co-operative benevolence regards the sick and destitute.

#### CHAPTER IV

THE BANKER'S SON

"Can wealth give happiness: Look round, and see what gay distress! what splendid misery!"

PHILIP DORNHAM had never craved notoriety. His great ambition had been to accomplish his purpose in his own way and rejoice in his achievement, while the crowd wondered how it happened. There was, however, no doubt that he was enjoying this new experience. Having risen early, he had read the front page lead several times and was again absorbed in the editorial, when his son, Philip, junior, late as usual, seated himself at the breakfast table.

"Well, Governor," said Phil, "B'l've me, you are some preserver. If anything was lacking in your carved name over the Dornham hospital entrance, The Dispatch has finished the job for you."

"Oh, Phil!" exclaimed Helen. "Why do you speak in such a way about the hospital?"

"Why, Sis, I'm not saying anything against the hospital—it's all right; but last night as I entered the bar at the club, the whole blooming crowd of the fellows yelled, 'Embalmed Meat!'"

"And I think they had little to do to make such a remark," said Helen, stepping to her father's side and affectionately slipping her arm about his neck. "I was never so proud of Dad as I am over this splendid, unselfish act. You know Dad never had a thought of himself."

"No, I suppose not," said Phil, holding up the morning paper with a picture of the hospital and a large cut of Mr. Dornham. "I suppose The Dispatch, just out of pure love of the governor, mailed out a hundred thousand extra copies of this. That's what Tom Brown of the circulation department told me last night."

"Phil," said Helen, "I'm ashamed of you. Just because those silly boys teased you, you are in an ugly humor."

Mr. Dornham had not spoken, pain and anger were written upon every feature. Phil was his only son and, like every father, he had dreamed great dreams for him to fulfill.

"Young man," said he, "from your present attitude toward life, you will need somebody to make your name known."

"What I need more than anything else," yawned Phil, lighting a cigarette, "is some one who can make a highball without a headache."

"What you need is sense; sense enough to know that highballs are made for other people."

"So I have heard you say before, Governor; but Philip junior has a little thirst of his own that even a hospital won't satisfy."

"I'll make you thirst"—Helen pressed her father's arm. Checking himself, he continued evenly: "Philip next Monday will be your twenty-first birthday—time for you to take stock of yourself. You have refused to continue in college and, judging by your past record, I can see nothing to be gained if you should. It has been the desire of my life that you should acquire your education and take your place in the world which your ability and circumstances make possible. All my labors have been for you—and Helen, and the hope of it all is to see you take up my labors where I lay them down, and improve whatever I may have accomplished. With your final decision, your college career, disappointing as it is, is in the past. "Yet," he continued, reflectively, "my father having a different idea of the benefits of a college training, your education is as good as I had—"

"It has been repeatedly impressed upon me," interrupted Phil, "that it is better."

"I wish you to listen to me," sternly demanded Mr. Dornham.

"Sure, Governor! Say, Sis, fix the young man a brandy

and soda," begged Phil; "I can't understand good English with this think-box thumping."

"No!" demanded his father. "That is just what is to be cut out."

"Since when," asked Phil, "did the Governor become a prohibitionist?"

"Phil, dear," pleaded Helen, "now listen to Dad; you know it is for your good."

"Sure!" and the young man lapsed into listlessness.

"Can't you see," urged his father, with something of tenderness coming into his voice, "where this continual club life is leading you? Today I have an important piece of work for you to do, but it requires a man with a clear head, and you are unequal to it."

"Do I understand," appealed Phil, "that I am to be a teeotaler?"

"Not necessarily, but-"

"Then, Helen, little girl," he begged, "just a sip of that brandy and soda—what do you say, Dad?"

"Make it mostly soda, Helen," smiled the indulgent father.

"Ahm!" exclaimed Phil, draining the glass, "about two of them would fix me for any job you've got, Governor."

"That is where you are deceived, my son. Within the past few months we have lost the most valuable accountant the bank has ever had, because he would not control a growing appetite."

"All right, Governor," agreed Phil, holding up his hand in pledge, "here goes for no more headaches. Now, what's my job for today?"

"We will see when we reach the bank," replied Mr. Dornham, taking his hat from the rack.

"But the big job?" persisted Phil.

"That must wait until you are more fit."

"One would think that I am a sot," complained the young man.

"Not at all, son; but an absolutely clear brain that can think and act is what business requires."

Helen stood in the doorway as the limousine circled the drive through the broad lawn to the street and disappeared toward the city. Entering the house, she stopped before an oil portrait and the eyes of a beautiful woman seemed to give back something of her yearning.

"O, mother, how I miss you!" she sighed.

At the age of sixteen, while Helen was attending boarding school, her mother had died suddenly, rendering a shock which for a time threatened serious impairment of her health. With his usual authoritative decision, Mr. Dornham had hurried her to Italy giving instruction that with her companion she was to remain until he called her home. But her father, as vet unconscious of the fact, had imparted to his daughter something more than an unlimited drawing account; he had failed to understand that she had something of his own determined will. And having regained her health, notwithstanding the lure of travel, Helen's womanly intuition turned homeward. She knew the loneliness of the great house, she knew the need of a woman's love there, and against her father's instructions, she returned home. Inwardly, Mr. Dornham was pleased with this evidence of unselfish devotion; but Helen never knew it. He welcomed her no more warmly than he would have received a business visitor, perhaps, as affectionately as he could, and turned the management of the house over to her. That unhappiness could exist surrounded by his lavish wealth was an impossible thought to Mr. Dornham; he believed his daughter happy. She was now twenty-two, and while no wish that wealth could supply had ever been denied, the years had been cruelly cold.

#### CHAPTER V

#### AUGUSTUS BUNCH, BREWER

"He hath no power that hath not power to use."

IN THE law office of Hon. Fletcher Babson, member of the state senate and confidential attorney to Philip Dornham, Augustus Bunch, president of the Thanhouser-Bunch Brewing Company, pounded the desk of the attorney with his heavy fist.

"I am uf dis big money bay tired," he was saying. "It vas too much alreaty! Meester Dornham, he know der pankin' peesness, but he know not at all dis peesness, I know; I tried 'em. Feefty dousand dolers mit frie trinks vould haf did more goot alreaty den dese million doler bile of stones. I tells yo I grow veary mit it!"

"Mr. Bunch, did you attend the meeting last week at Peoria?" asked Mr. Babson.

"I was seek."

"I'm sorry; you should have been there."

"Vat vas done? I hear noddings."

"A good deal of very important business was transacted. It was decided to send out the report of the committee on the day the Dornham Hospital was dedicated—today. You should receive the report in your evening mail."

"Vell, if it's for more money bay, I quits."

Mr. Babson looked at the brewer as a wise parent regards a six-year-old who refuses to swallow a dose of oil; he would first reason with him.

"Mr. Bunch, who owns one-half your stock? Who holds all your bonds?"

"Let Meester Dornham run his pank; I runs my peesness."

"So you prefer your old practice of free drinks to the Dornham hospital?"

"Mr. Dornham, he vould make vun Sunday school mit der saloon. Uh! It vas no goot! Vhat der peesness needs vas not so much tam lawsmakins, Meester Papson."

"You have boasted, Bunch, that law does not interfere with your business. That is your trouble; what we have not been able to change, you have flouted."

"Vell, vhat must ve do, Meester Papson?" asked Bunch, arching his brows. "Vhen dey pass laws vhat ve like not, ve make laws mit our own vhat ve likes—see?"

"Bunch, you need a trip," said Babson, "Because the liquor business has been electing its ticket from coroner to governor, you believe Brewerton is the center of the universe—"

"No, no," quickly protested Bunch, "Perlin—Perlin vas der center, Meester Papson; den Munics und Brewerton."

"Bunch, what I'm trying to show you," impatiently replied Babson, "is that in trying to run your business over government and law, you have run it into the ground. You have made it disreputable; it hasn't one advocate of national reputation—"

"You dinks not much mit Senator Scanlan and Senator Duboise, Mr. Papson."

"Both Scanlan and Duboise are known as your tools, and you know it. The business hasn't a disinterested business man known beyond the borders of his own state who is willing to stand for it. We had to create one. Yesterday Mr. Dornham was known only as a business man of local prominence; tomorrow he will be known throughout the United States as a world benefactor. Within six days in every precinct throughout the land men will be reading to their children from their weekly papers of the great benefactor of the human family—Philip Dornham's name will be a household word in every American home."

"Vell, but Meester Dornham-"

"His relation to the business is unknown and will remain so. His stock is in my name as trustee. Now think, if you can, what influence an interview from him would have—free advertising in every paper in the United States, which could not be bought at any price."

"But, Meester Papson," still protested Bunch, "ud cost von million doler."

"Do you really not see, Bunch, that unless something is done to check this onsweep of prohibition, that within four years there may not be a distiller's worm running in these United States—not a vat brewing beer?"

"Vell now, Meester Papson, I b'lieve you lose your nerve!" sneered Bunch. "You dinks not der tam granks vill do nod-dings mit Vashington?"

"If it is prevented," replied Babson, "it will be by the use of money, and a great deal of it."

"How mooch you dinks?" asked Bunch, incredulously.

"I can only tell you the action of the Peoria committee; it decided to raise during the next four years, one hundred million dollars."

At mention of the sum Bunch sprang to his feet as if dynamite had exploded under his chair.

"O, mein Gott, mein Gott!" he exclaimed, the color fading from his ruddy cheeks.

"Why, Bunch, do you think it is too much?"

"Doo much, doo much!" gasped Bunch. "Id vill pank-roopt all of us; ve sell not so much in four years."

"O, take heart, Mr. Bunch, "Mr. Babson encouraged, "you are not informed; last year the drink bill was two and a quarter billions. But after all, the drinker pays it."

"O mein Gott, mein Gott!" moaned the brewer, "Vich is der most vorst, var mit der Allies, var mit der tam proobeechionists, or Meester Dornham's beeg notions?"

"Bunch, impatiently replied the lawyer, "if you were in mid-ocean in a sinking ship, what would you give for a life boat? That is precisely the situation of your business. Mr.

Dornham recognizes the truth, and as bondholder of the breweries of the Middle West, he is going to force such of you as are unwilling to protect him and save yourselves."

"O dear, O dear!" groaned Bunch, shaking his head from side to side, his wattles rolling like a handsome berkshire, "Vhat will ve do?"

"Do as you are bidden, and keep a ready check-book."

"But-"

"Another thing," added Mr. Babson, "see that the saloons owned by your company observe the law!"

"But vhat must ve do? Let der tam venatics run our peesness?"

"Call them by whatever name you wish," admonished the attorney, "but it is time you are learning that the latter day world has a different viewpoint of your business than your own, and if you expect it to live, take what I have said as instruction, not as advice."

"O, my poor vife Hannah! I vish dem tam proobeeshionists vas in hell alreaty."

"Well, they are not," laughed Mr. Babson, "or I think there might not be room for others of us who may some day knock for admission."

#### CHAPTER VI

#### AN ENLIGHTENED DOCTOR

"He is the free man, whom the truth makes free, And all are slaves beside."

Morrison dated from a summer acquaintance when as boys they had met at Saratoga Springs, the the summer resort of their respective families. In disposition and tastes they were as opposite as their early habitations or their later politics. Born and reared upon the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, Dr. Morrison cast his first presidential ballot for William Howard Taft, while David went down in defeat with William Jennings Bryan and from his Mississippi home wired his friend the day following election, "I'll get you next time."

Coming into possession of a comfortable fortune just after receiving his medical degree, and finding himself independent to follow his bent, Dr. Morrison devoted himself to the study of the pathology of alcoholism, a subject upon which there was an even greater division between the two friends than their politics. When he was ready for the practice of his profession, Dr. Morrison had chosen Brewerton, the manufacturing center of alcoholic beverages in the United States, as the logical place for what he hoped to be his usefulness, and in renewing a mutually valued friendship, the antipodes of the two men were thus accentuated.

"Morrison, I warned you last evening," said David at the supper table, "that I would tempt your appetite; now if you fail to have one of Sancho's mint juleps you will surely deprive yourself of the greatest beverage that ever soothed a thirsty throat or gladdened the heart of man."

"Dat's de Lawd's truf, Marse Dave, hit sho am," whispered Sancho from behind David's chair.

"Sancho, you black rascal, keep quiet."

"Yas-r, yas-r, Marse Dave; 'scuse old Sancho dis timeer-eh, Marse Dave dees yo' wants yo' glass tookened out?" and the old butler's eyes sparkled at the partly emptied glass

like those of a hungry maltese at a mouse nursery.

"Yes, Sancho, since the doctor will not join me, and you may bring in the possum and the hoecake, the second temptation. As Sancho passed into the kitchen he drained the glass and although exerting himself he failed to restrain his ebullition.

"Ahm! Bless de Lawd! Ah wush my froat was er mile

long!"

"David," reproved Mrs. Courtney, "you have completely spoiled Sancho. Imagine your father permitting the butler to speak while serving! I hope Dr. Morrison will excuse such conduct."

"I am not so sure, Mrs. Courtney," laughed the doctor, "but what it is Sancho who is spoiling your son."

"I believe you are right, Doctor," agreed Mrs. Courtney.

"Well, Mother," said David, "we will never have another Sancho; I must enjoy the old rascal while he lasts. Watch him, Morrison, eye that dish."

"Another weakness of the race, so I am told," said the doctor, as Sancho placed before David the possum baked to a beautiful brown and surrounded by a row of sweet potatoes.

"No," said David, "that is wrong; when you have once tasted it you will consider any man deficient who fails to enjoy possum properly prepared. A friend from our old home sent this yesterday, the first of the season. Last night Sancho placed him upon the roof after the prescribed fashion, allowing him to freeze, since which Cindy has been the artist. Those vams which surround the noble creature were grown on the old farm in a certain field which my father believed was the only kind of soil which would produce really edible potatoes; and this sauce is made from wild winter grapes upon which the possum in that section fattens."

"I believe you have me convinced, Dave, before tasting,"

"Mistah Moison," asked Sancho, with pitcher poised until David had finished his tribute to possum, "will yo' hab some 'simmon beer?"

"Simmon beer? inquired the doctor, while David exploded with laughter.

"Don't touch it, Bob; I warn you, it is wickedly dangerous-"

"Dr. Morrison," interrupted Mrs. Courtney as Sancho filled his glass, "persimmon beer is a very delicious beverage made from persimmons and wild honey locusts; it is entirely non-alcoholic and Sancho is quite expert in making it."

"All de white folks says"—A glance from Mrs. Courtney was sufficient to silence Sancho. "Missus does yo' wants de punkin pie fotchen in?"

"Yes, Sancho, and the coffee."

"Well, Morrison," inquired David, when they had repaired to the library, "how did you find your patient today?"

"Progressing satisfactorily, I think," said the doctor.

"He was sitting up late this afternoon when I called."

"When you called!" exclaimed the physician.

"Yes, I dropped in to satisfy some curiosity," said David.

"I have wondered all day what could possibly have interested you in that man."

"It is a rather singular coincidence; I find I once knew him."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor. "And you failed to recognize him last night?"

"He is greatly changed," said David.

"Was he addicted to drink then?" asked the doctor.

"He says not, and I have reason to believe him."

Reflectively looking into the roaring log fire, a luxury of country life which Courtney had never been willing to deny himself, he continued:

"It was—O, ages ago it seems—when I was attending the village high school some distance from my home that each day as I passed a certain cottage upon the outer border of the vil-

lage, a little girl with large blue eyes and flaxen curls who called herself 'Dolly Darden' would spring from among the roses and cry, 'Boo.' By making friends with the child, I became acquainted with her father who I learned was book-keeper for the principal store and also town clerk. On one occasion I recall that I, with some other students, was called before the Intendent, for some boyish prank. It was before the village had reached the distinction of having a mayor, and the clerk interceded for us. Yesterday I drew the complaint for the foreclosure of a mortgage given by James Gardner, and, while the strings of memory tugged, I could not make the connection. He was the village clerk. Possibly it was this vague memory which influenced me to carry him home and call you; I can think of nothing else."

"Did you learn what business Mr. Gardner is now engaged in?" asked the doctor.

"Until some months ago he was accountant in the Dornham Bank and Trust Company."

"I suppose his habits cost him his place?"

"Certainly," replied David, "nobody wants a man like that in a responsible position."

"Well, Courtney," said the doctor, "you recall what I said yesterday about this man; he is just one of the hundreds of thousands, victims of his government."

"He is a victim of his own inexcusable submission to appetite and nothing more," retorted Courtney.

"Was Gardner, when you knew him, a man of average intelligence?"

"Why, yes, I think so; perhaps above the average."

"Then you believe that he willingly destroyed his capacity for earning a living, squandered his home, the product of years of toil, and wrecked his health and the happiness of his family?"

"It is not a matter of belief," retorted David; "it is only another leaf in the world-old record of fact that men do submit to appetite and passions which destroy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the physician, "You do admit that it is a matter of submission. Then, there must be some controlling influence. Whatever that influence is—you call it habit, I know, it is a disease—by the approval and authority of government it is being spread from every distillery, brewery and saloon in the Union. The result is—Gardner!"

"Bob, I think I'll have you treated for fanatic-itis; yours is the most inflammatory case I have seen. What you wish is for the government to say to me that I shall not take a drink. Well, you may as well learn now that grown men will not submit to any such curtailment of their personal privileges; this free American people will never agree to any such government of paternalism."

"Perhaps, Dave," acknowledged the doctor, "I am passing my depth in discussing political economy; I confess it has not been in the line of my endeavors; but somewhere I have absorbed the notion that government is for the general good. Am I right?"

"Certainly," Courtney replied.

"Then whatever intervenes to impair the general peaceful enjoyment of success, subvert achievement, or destroy happiness is the business of government to correct."

"But," urged David, "government has no right, specific or implied, to interfere with my personal privilege so long as I do not infringe upon the rights of others."

"Unquestionably a correct principle," agreed the doctor.

"Then where is your complaint?" asked David.

"Why, applying the principle even as you state it, you are forced to admit that Simon Jacobi should not have been granted the privilege of selling to James Gardner a disease-creating drug, which has impaired his mental and physical health, destroyed his powers of success, his usefulness as a citizen, and the peaceful enjoyment of life."

"That," replied David, "is admitting your absurd non-resisting disease theory, which no practical man will do. I

hold that alcoholic beverages are legitimate, useful commodi-

ties of trade, subject, of course, to abuse."

"If you will prove," challenged the doctor, "that alcohol as a beverage has ever added one dollar to the wealth of the world, has stimulated the intellectual thought of individual or national life, healed disease, contributed in any measure to the general welfare, or has brought one ray of permanent peaceful enjoyment to the individual or to the home, I will admit that your theory is a basis for argument."

"Do you mean to question my intelligence by saying alcohol

has no medicinal value?"

"Well no, Courtney; I mean, if you have such a notion you have accepted an exploded theory, a cherished myth, without troubling yourself to learn the truth. But," continued the doctor, "before we leave the subject, let us dispose of the question of personal privilege and the responsibility and duty of government. It has been quite a while since my college days, but I think I can repeat Mill on that fairly accurately. He says:

"'All trade is a social act. Whoever undertakes to sell any description of goods to the public does what affects the interests of other persons and of society in general and thus his conduct

in principle comes within the jurisdiction of society.'

"This principle of government has been fully recognized and appropriated in the Pure Food and Drug act; do you contend that it was an unwarranted infringement upon the

personal privilege of the individual?"

"Certainly not," impatiently replied David; "the public has a right to demand of government protection against greed that would adulterate food and drugs, the absolute necessities for sustaining life, or permit them to be sold when unwholesome. I do not contend that these beverages are necessities; their use being social; they are useful for man's pleasures. Their abuse is a crime against society and one's self for which government is not responsible."

"All right; for sake of argument let us place it upon that basis alone and see what the responsibility of government is.

"None better than yourself knows the emphasis government places upon observance of law. From childhood men are taught respect and reverence for it; therefore, whatever law approves men accept as their economic and moral right. By legalizing the traffic, placing its stamp of approval upon the saloon, government has deprived its citizens of all apprehension of danger. Is it not plain that for whatever resultant injury, government is responsible?"

"O, I presume," growled Courtney, "you would gather all the 'heartaches and dishonored graves,' as the lecturers put it,

and lay them at the door of government."

"You will admit," replied Dr. Morrison, "that I have at no time argued the moral phase of the question; I leave that to others. My work is that of the physician; to learn the demonstrable effect of alcohol upon the human system—the body and brain—and to find, not only a remedy but a preventive. I will admit, I have discovered nothing new; my research experiments and observations extending through many years and to all the civilized, and many non-civilized races of the earth, but confirm the conclusions of Forel, Clausen, Hodge, Horsley, Cutten, Phelps and many other authorities that alcoholism is disease, the most destructive of all diseases known to medical science; and that the only prevention is annihilation of the cause."

"O, there you go again, Bob!" protested David. "Just like all these fanatical prohibitionists, when you are about to make out a case against John Barleycorn, you kill it by some extreme, unreasonable claim. Didn't you read the statement a few days ago in connection with the dedication of the Dornham Hospital that tuberculosis is the king terror among all diseases?"

"Consumption!" said Dr. Morrison, with something of horror in his voice. "I never speak that word without a shudder. We try to quarantine our homes against it, we expend millions of dollars in private and public funds as so splendidly evidenced by that great philanthropy to which you just referred; medical men, the giants of the profession, devote their lives searching for a remedy and preventive, to stay its destroying power, yet last year it claimed a death roll of 140,000——"

"Then why should you just now claim-"

"Wait, Dave," said the doctor, rising with positive dominance over his friend, "for twenty thousand of these, or one-seventh, the superinducing cause was alcoholic depletion. Brouardel, a French authority, says alcohol is 'the most powerful factor in the propagation of tuberculosis.' But alcohol has its own peculiar graveyard and into it each year sink 152,000 men, women and children."

"O, horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, who had been an

intentive listener.

"I don't believe it, Bob; you can't prove it," asserted David.

"No," confessed Dr. Morrison, "I can't prove it; it's only an estimate by men interested in arriving at facts; governments give no statistics of their number."

"Bob," protested David, "do you think you should speak

of your government in that manner?"

"I dislike to, Courtney, sincerely," replied the doctor. "Can you give me a more appropriate term?"

"Just now you spoke with warm approval of the government's benevolence in adopting the Dornham Hospital——"

"And sincerely," asserted the doctor. "I approve every measure for the relief of human suffering and the prevention of pre-natural death. The government's effort, through that institution to discover a more successful treatment for tuberculosis than has yet been found, is worthy of highest commendation. But what is your opinion of the justice or even business judgment of the same government which refuses to destroy what science has proved with absolute accuracy the most prolific cause of the disease?"

"Well, while I do not admit your statement of facts, if it were as you put it, it would be poor business policy at least, but—O, confound it! you have dragged and kept me in this detestable subject long enough; let's talk something more exciting. How's your candidate, Hughes?"

"I see by the evening paper his voice is losing power."

"I'm sorry for you, Bob," laughed David; "you started the campaign with a candidate composed of voice and whiskers, and now the voice is gone. Ha, ha, ha! What a candidate! Well, old boy, I can congratgulate you that he has retained the more impressive part."

"Mrs. Courtney," said the doctor, "because your son gets a president of his choosing once in twenty years or so, he gets gay. Well, make the most of it, Dave. In two more weeks it's my turn to—"

"Whiskers, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Courtney. "Say, Bob, come to my office the day after election and I will draw a petition to President Wilson to appoint Charlie minister to Chile, that will suit his temperament; I believe there is a suspicion that those people are also descendants of Esau. Perhaps they may adopt him and give him a job of president after all."

"O, you hot-blood!" flung back the doctor. "You Southerners can't understand argument unless it's couched in fervid eloquence; but election day will show you that the people believe in action and not in 'note writing.' But, say, what o'clock is it? I have wasted too much time already on your denseness. I am sorry, Mrs. Courtney," said Dr. Morrison, bidding her goodnight, "to have lost the opportunity of delightful and helpful converse with you, in a useless effort to convince your obdurate son."

"Well, Doctor Morrison," replied Mrs. Courtney, "you have given me information, and I might say inspiration, which might have been more useful had it come earlier in life. I hope you will not fail to inform the people generally of these astounding facts and conditions."

"O, you couldn't smother him with chloroform, mother," laughed David.

"I hope not," said she. "Good-night, doctor, we shall anticipate a repetition of this evening soon."

# CHAPTER VII

#### A DISTURBED BOSS

"'Tis a principle of war that when you can use the lightning, 'tis better than cannon."

OINCIDENT with the dedication of the Dornham hospital, by arrangement with a clipping bureau, newspaper notices and editorial comment came pouring in. It was Mr. Dornham's first visit to the office of his chief director since the inauguration of the campaign for his introduction as the new moulder of public sentiment.

"How goes it, Fletcher?" he inquired.

"Glorious!" replied Mr. Babson, pointing to the forty-eight volumes of clippings, one for each state, upon the shelf. It is a most marvelous achievement, and would probably make your head soar rather high if you would take time to read some of the editorial comment."

"It was not for that purpose," said the banker. "But with this evidence before them, what is the opinion now of the executive committee?"

"Every member enthusiastic," Mr. Babson assured him.

"That is better; I dislike to drive when I can lead. Is the machinery in operation for the collection of the funds?"

"Five hundred thousand was deposited this week, to be followed with a like sum each week for two hundred weeks."

"What is the method of collection?" inquired the banker, with accuracy of detail which had characterized all his business methods.

"The brewers and distillers will remit direct; but the bulk must come through collectors, from saloons, clubs, gaming houses, and allied interests."

"How about-?"

"They," replied Mr. Babson, "will pay according to the number of girls to the house."

"It is well inaugurated, Fletcher," Mr. Dornham commended; "but remember that system—system is the word; there must be no deviation. What further is being done in the way of publicity?"

"The exchange of editorial comment among the papers has taken care of that until now; I have here your first interview, which our news agency will send out today," replied Mr. Babson, passing it to him.

"Oh, read it if you like; that's a matter of detail for you," replied the banker.

"Philip Dornham," read the attorney, "the multi-millionaire banker and philanthropist, celebrated his sixtieth birthday anniversary yesterday. When seen at his office in the Dornham Trust Building, Mr. Dornham had just come from his visit to the Dornham hospital which he recently built at a cost of one million dollars and presented to the national government for the free treatment of tuberculosis. It is the custom of Mr. Dornham to visit the hospital each day and carry flowers to patients, and while always reluctant to speak of his benevolences, Mr. Dornham acknowledged that the gratitude of suffering humanity touches him deeply upon these occasions.

"Mr. Dornham works at his desk eight hours each day and has the appearance of a man much younger than his years. When asked as to what he attributes his splendid physical condition, he replied: 'To regular habits, sufficient exercise and the temperate use of alcoholic beverages of the lighter varieties.'"

"Those visits to the hospital?" inquired the banker, shaking his head.

"Oh," laughed Mr. Babson, "you can drop in occasionally."

"Have you secured satisfactory public speakers for the present needs?"

"I fear that is going to be more difficult than I at first contemplated. To illustrate, I thought I had a jewel in the

Rev. Ashton of Milwaukee, a brilliant, persuasive speaker; but I am today in receipt of information that his congregation has deposed him for intemperance.

For some moments Mr. Dornham sat meditating upon the report of his personal representative in his gigantic battle for alcohol. To the world at large the banker would be known as the great philanthropist whose life purpose was the relief of suffering and the healing of disease, as a business man of great achievements, and of liberal interpretation of the liberties of the American citizen. But within the silent walls of Fletcher Babson's office his voice was to be the chief in command in the great struggle of alcohol to which the centuries have pointed. He was not unconscious of the difficulties to overcome in revamping and making respectable a business which had made itself hateful, and he proposed to use respectability in bringing this reform.

"Do not be discouraged, Fletcher," said he, "by occasional failures. Modern fanaticism has unfitted most of these men for practical thinking and usefulness, others will be slow to comprehend the benefits of giving respectability to a degraded business, while others are weak as instanced by the case you mention. But do not abandon your efforts to enlist the co-operation of the clergy. Be liberal with them and you will succeed in securing at least one dependable one in almost every community. Of course, you will have a strong attorney in every county seat, and we will soon have literature which will be convincing to the medical profession."

"I can not persuade myself," replied Mr. Babson, "that we are to receive any considerable support from these professions."

"Why, I am surprised at you, Fletcher," said Mr. Dornham. "For what purpose, do you think, are we raising this enormous sum? Do you not remember the old adage: 'Pay liberally for your advertising, and buy the editor',"

Mr. Babson smiled.

"Have you met Walton, editor of the Intelligencer?"

"I do not need to; I know human nature."

"Of course," replied Babson, "I shall proceed upon your theory. So far I have met with very little encouragement to hope for anything important from these professions. Medical men are leaving their colleges nowadays with changed instructions and conceptions of the therapeutic value of alcohol, as instanced by Dr. Morrison of this city."

"Do not measure them all by one extremist," replied the banker. "That fellow has a few lectures to deliver for the purpose of introducing himself; when he has sufficiently advertised himself leave it to me; we will use him."

"The quicker the better," said Mr. Babson, "for he is undoubtedly creating the wrong sentiment for our interests."

"He has certainly made no impression upon his friend Courtney; last evening at my home he was speaking of the doctor's impracticable notions."

At the mention of Courtney's name Mr. Babson scowled. At that moment the office boy announced Mr. Samuels in waiting.

"Samuels? Send him in," directed Mr. Dornham.

Herman Samuels, political boss of Brewerton, was known among his friends as a "good fellow," and while the appellation was by no means universal, his following was sufficient to warrant his other distinction, which he valued more. He wore a suit of grey check, with light tan vest relieved by green and gold figures to which hung a heavy gold watch chain supporting a massive emblem of a popular secret social order. A huge diamond stud, a ring on the third finger of his dealing hand of equal proportion and brilliancy, and a gold-headed cane set with a ruby of rare quality, were his decorations. Measuring, possibly fifty inches around the girth, his height of five feet eight gave him the appearance of being a "well-rounded" person, while his bullet-shaped head protruding through a series of pink rolls of fat, produced an uncertainty as to whether they

belonged to his head or his sloping shoulders. When he spoke, his voice originated somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, and vocalizing over what seemed a series of files, it exploded in rasping gutturals. His nose and lips bore unmistakable testimony of an ancient and honorable lineage.

"Well, Samuels," greeted Mr. Dornham, "what are your troubles?"

"Troubles!" laughed Samuels, spreading his soft, pink hands with an eloquent palm-upward motion, "I have none."

"What do you think of that, Fletcher?" asked Mr. Dorn-ham.

"I believe," replied the lawyer, "Samuels bears the reputation of very liberally transferring his troubles to the other fellow."

"Can't be stingy in my business," chuckled the boss. "That is why I bring some of them to you, gentlemen."

"To be specific?" inquired Mr. Dornham.

"This new booze doctor."

"Well, what of him?" impatiently demanded the banker.

"Just this, Mr. Dornham," said Samuels, "with Colonel Jones' name as the figurehead at the mast of the Citizens and Taxpayers' League, I can run that institution as I proved to you by savin' the state from the dry dope the last time the blue-ribboners tried to take it from us; but that doctor jink is out of my class. I come to turn him over to you."

"O Samuels, forget that fellow; there's nothing to him."

"Have you heard his lectures?"

"Certainly not!"

"Better do it, Mr. Dornham," urged Samuels; "get acquainted. I've been—made it my biz; watched the folks, and how they perform for him. I speak it to you straight, gentlemen, his line of talk's puttin' 'em to school, and they ain't learnin' the lesson that's good for our business."

"You're excited, Samuels," impatiently replied Mr. Dornham.

"If I am, it's the first time since I was eight days old and paid my last visit to the Rabbi. But that's not changin' what I'm handin' you. That guy's goin' to raise some hell in our line of business if you don't get him stopped."

"Is that why you came?" inquired Mr. Dornham.

"Partly," replied Samuels, "and that's a plenty for you and Mr. Babson to be thinkin' about. But Bunch wants me to let up on his saloons; says they're payin' at both ends—the brewery and the saloons."

"Tell Bunch," interposed Mr. Babson, "to go to the devil. No," he said, "send him to me. But you make your collections according to program; you understand?"

"I get you," nodded the boss, rising to go.

"Samuels," called Mr. Dornham, "don't think I am indifferent to your report; I'll look after the doctor, and if he gets troublesome, we'll pull him off: How much do you think it'll take?"

"He's a new kind to me, Mr. Dornham-out of my class; just as soon bet on Jacobi's hand in a million dollar pot."

"Well, Fletcher," said Mr. Dornham, as the door closed behind the retiring boss, "what is there about this man Morrison that has impressed both you and Samuels so seriously?"

"Samuels has stated it rather bluntly, but plainly; he is informing the people of the effects of alcohol. We have tried, and until within the past few years we have succeeded in keeping the subject out of textbooks on hygiene used in public schools. The thing most damaging to the liquor business, Mr. Dornham, is not the old spread-eagle, 'blood-money' speeches of temperance lecturers, but a knowledge of the inevitable results from its use which science is beginning to promulgate."

Mr. Dornham was by no means a profane man, as profanity goes in the saloons; but such an admission from his chief counsellor came as a shock.

"Oh, to hell with science!" he exclaimed. "Fletcher, my only objection to you is your overcaution. What you want to understand is that I have accepted this task to win; we must win!"

"If human effort coupled with the power of money can win," said the lawyer, "we will win; but in my judgment I have pointed out the field of battle."

"I will think it over," said the banker, brushing a spot of dust from his hat. "Suppose you come out this evening."

"Why, if Miss Helen-"

"Certainly, she will be glad to see you."

### CHAPTER VIII

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

PON those occasions when Mr. Dornham's thoughts turned from banking, bonds, and brewing, and dwelt for a moment upon the inner circle of his home, it was to contemplate, at some indefinite time, the fulfillment of certain very definite plans upon which he had agreed with himself. It had long been Mr. Dornham's custom, in arranging the trestleboard of life, to set his men facing the ultimate goal and move them forward as the exigencies of time proved desirable. Miscarriage of the banker's plans had been too rare to cause him to consider any possible imperfection of his system. He was, therefore, contemplating the next move when his daughter entered his office.

It was Mr. Dornham's custom to take his mid-day meal in his private dining room adjoining the bank lunch room where the employes were served. Usually some business associate shared this meal, more as a time saving opportunity than a social occasion, and it was there that most of his financial plans were perfected. But upon the rare occasions that Helen received invitations to lunch with her father, they were always joyfully accepted.

"Ah, lunch time so soon?" he asked, consulting his watch.
"I came early to arrange the table," said she, holding up a
beautiful bunch of flowers. "Aren't they lovely?"

"I was just thinking about you, Helen."

"You always are, my good old dad," said Helen, stroking his whitening hair.

For a moment Mr. Dornham looked at his daughter, and concluding that it was an opportune time for what he had to say, drew a chair near his desk.

"Take this seat, daughter, I want to talk with you."

As she seated herself, Helen thought she detected an unusual tenderness in her father's voice, and before he spoke he took her hand in his.

"I understand you are about to bestow your affections upon Mr. David Courtney."

"Why, dad!" exclaimed Helen coyly, the rich color bathing her fair face. "Who has had the audacity to reveal my secrets?"

"Mr. Courtney has just left me; he came to ask my consent."

"I hope you gave it, dad," she said, nestling closer to her father.

"My daughter, you are aware of my wishes; Fletcher Babson, since you were a child, has looked upon you as his future wife!"

"Now, dad; if Mr. Babson has been so unwise as to waste these years when he should have been married, I am sorry, but it is not my fault. I have spoken plainly to Mr. Babson, and I thought when we last discussed this subject that you understood it was to be dismissed."

"Not entirely, Helen; your future is too precious too-"

"Now, my sweet old dad," coaxed Helen, "please don't insist upon discussing Mr. Babson; he is your friend and I want to think of him and treat him as such."

"All I ask," insisted Mr. Dornham, "is that you give some practical consideration to your future position and welfare and to my parental wishes."

"What is your objection to Mr. Courtney?"

"Who is Mr. Courtney?"

More than his question, Mr. Dornham's tone and manner carried his unmistakable meaning.

"Father," said Helen, the color fading from her cheeks, "I don't think you mean that."

"I mean exactly that," was the impatient reply. "What of fortune or future can he offer you?"

"I do not think you understand, father," said Helen, soothingly. "Mr. Courtney is a gentleman. He says he can support me, which I have no reason to doubt; and I love him."

"Support you indeed!" sneered Mr. Dornham. "And how? Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, father; not on Riverside boulevard, but in a perfectly respectable community, and in a home of unquestionable taste."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mr. Dornham.

"I have called upon Mrs. Courtney, his mother."

"You have called!—"

Mr. Dornham could go no further; his anger was speech-less.

"I think I'll go, father," said Helen gathering her wraps.

"Wait!" he commanded. "I order you to dismiss this man from your mind; we will discuss the other matter later."

"Father," entreated Helen, her tall figure erect, her lovely throat and bosom swelling with emotion, while from beneath her long lashes her dark eyes flashed purposefully, "I have promised not to marry against your wishes; I hope you help me keep that promise. But I have never promised to marry, nor shall I ever marry a man I do not love."

"You will be guided by my better knowledge of your welfare," said Mr. Dornham, "and I hope you will be reasonable."

"I shall never, never marry Fletcher Babson!"

Had Mr. Dornham been looking at his daughter as she stood at the door ready to leave his office, it is not improbable that he would have conceded defeat in his long cherished purpose.

In his anger he was looking in the opposite direction.

When Mr. Courtney emerged from the interview with Mr. Dornham, a scant half hour before Helen entered, he was in no mood for work; he was not only disappointed, he was both

angered and wounded. He had failed to anticipate Mr. Dornham's refusal, and conscious of being the peer of any in his profession, with an honorable and proud ancestry, Mr. Dornham's respectful but positive refusal was a shock from which he needed cool air to recover. What he wanted most was to see Helen. But that must wait.

It was one of those days when the mercury standing just above the freezing point seemed to belie the truth. A heavy fog sweeping up from the Mississippi mixed with the smoke and soot which hung low over the city and condensing upon the cornice of the tall buildings dropped in murky puddles upon the pavement, while the damp chill struck to the bone. As he turned into Forbes street a boy a little more than a dozen years of age emerged from an alley. He wore a coat from which one sleeve was missing, the other slit from shoulder to hand was pinned around his arm with rusty nails. His knickerbockers hanging their full length failed to cover his sockless legs above the old shoes several sizes too large, and held upon his feet by a cord tied around the ankles. A piece of white cloth through which a hole had been cut to allow his head to pass hung well to his knees in front and behind, upon which was scrawled: "Voat dri for my sak."

When Mr. Courtney had overtaken the shivering figure and caught the quiver of his cold, blue lips, he was instantly convinced that this was only another activity of the W. C. T. U., a company of honest but misguided women, and he felt a flush of angry impatience with fanaticism which, for the purpose of creating maudlin sentiment, would expose the boy to such weather. Approaching him, he inquired.

"Why, my little man, what are you doing?"

"Cain't yer read?" asked the boy in the language of the street. "I'm campaignin'."

"But the election's over, and you've lost."

"Yep, said the boy, "but there'll come another'n some time, and I'll win."

"Are you not beginning your campaign rather early?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"Nope," the urchin replied with decision, "the saloons is runnin' their'n night and day, and I reckons if I'm agoin' to lick 'em I got'r keep hustling. Y'er goin' t' vote fer me?"

"How much a day do you get for being a sandwich man?" asked Mr. Courtney, ignoring the solicitation.

"Whatcher mean?"

"I mean, what do you get?"

"I don't get nothin' les'n you fellers votes fer me."

"Come now," coaxed Mr. Courtney, "who hired you?"

"Oh, beat it!" snapped the boy. "I'm me own boss."

"Who gave you the sign?"

"Folks don't give cloth in dis town; I bought it."

Well, said Mr. Courtney, "I would have gotton it a little thicker for this weather."

"Couldn't, mister; didn't have de mon."

"How much did it cost you?"

"I toted four bundles," said the boy, "from Simon's store to Seegers street."

"Why, that's a mile."

"Cain't hep it if it's two, I done it."

"Tell me, little man," said Mr. Courtney interestedly, "what is your idea?"

"Well, mister," said the boy, more earnestness in his pinched face than he could put in his words, "I heard a feller talkin' on de street t'other night 'fore he 'lection, en he said 'pro'beeshun's fetchin' back the drunkard's capital'; I'm tryin' to set my pa up in business."

"What does your father do?"

"Beats me, most principal," said the boy, dropping his eyes.

"Are you hungry?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"I was yisterday, but I kinder got used to it today."

"Tell the truth now," cautioned his questioner, "when did you have your last meal?"

"A baker give me a piece er pie yesteddy for totin' out de ashes; dat's de last," said the boy convincingly.

"Why did you not buy yourself something to eat instead of getting that cloth?"

"Mister," said the boy, and hardened to circumstances as he was, tears glistened in his bright blue eyes, "yer ain't never been a drunkard's boy, have ye?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Courtney impatiently, "don't let these street preachers make a fool of you; you'll die exposing yourself in those rags. Throw that sign into the alley and come get a square meal."

"Sure, mister?" asked the boy, his face lighting like the sun peeping through the clouds on a dark day.

"Yes, sure," said Mr. Courtney.

"Batty," said the boy rubbing his stomach, "here's where yer gets a real feed. Lead me to it, mister."

"Well, throw that rag away," said Mr. Courtney, pointing to the sign.

"What! throw dis away?" he asked incredulously.

"Why yes, they won't let you go in a restaurant and eat with that on."

"Why not? Yer kiddin' me!"

"No," Mr. Courtney assured him, "they sell drinks in the restaurants and they won't like it."

For some moments the boy stood looking at the man who had spoken kindly to him and invited him to eat; hunger, which habit of abstinence had helped him to forget, had surged through him at the prospect of real, warm food; but seeing in his friend no indication of jest he sighed.

"I'm sorry, mister."

And wiping his old coat sleeve across his grimy face, he turned the corner and without looking back went his way.

Mr. Courtney stood watching the white sign of the sandwich boy wind in and out among the passers until it had reached the middle of the next block.

"The little fool!" he thought, starting on his way? But while waiting for the tide of travel to pass, the question returned to him:

"Mister, yer ain't never been a drunkard's boy, have ye?"

Slowly turning about, the great lawyer looked down the street but the boy had disappeared. Walking rapidly he sought in every direction, circling one block, then another and another, but there was no trace of the sandwich boy.

### CHAPTER IX

AN INSISTENT SUBJECT

"Who never doubted, never half believed.
Where doubt there truth is—'tis her shadow."

PON his own initiative, Courtney had suspended action in the foreclosure proceedings at the time of Gardner's injury. At the same time instructions to his grocer kept the family supplied with necessities. When he learned from Dr. Morrison that the patient was progressing satisfactorily, he concluded that responsibility for longer disregarding the instructions of his client was not incumbent. As he held the legal document in his hand, the memory of a long forgotten act of kindness made the duty particularly unpleasant. What was even more persistently disagreeable was the possible truth of Dr. Morrison's theory that Gardner was mentally and physically diseased, and therefore helpless to resist the influences which created his circumstances.

"Suppose Dr. Morrison is correct?" thought he. "Suppose Gardner is in reality a victim of social custom made possible and guaranteed by his government; that what I have believed was voluntary weakness, has become disease which has made him mentally and physically incapable of resisting the craving for drink and the demands of the saloon keeper?"

Familiar with the laws of his state, he knew that the state undertakes to protect the person and property of the unfortunate insane. But if Dr. Morrison was correct, here was a case in which national and state governments had licensed Jacobi to sell Gardner a mental and physical disease-inducing poison which had impaired, perhaps destroyed, the whole of his productive capital—a brain to think and a body to work. And by statutory enactment the state had provided the means by which he was about to be deprived of the fruits of his years of productiveness by an act committed while mentally incapable of exercising protective judgment.

"What if Morrison is correct?"

The sound of his voice aroused him as if it had been an unwelcome visitor; he was annoyed with himself for permitting the improbable and impracticable theories of Dr. Morrison to disturb him.

Having arrived at the conclusion that he would explain to Mr. Gardner the reluctance with which he was forced to proceed, he had touched the call button for his stenographer, when the office boy entered with a card.

"Show them in," he directed, wondering what object Mrs. Harriet Malcom, president of the W. C. T. U., accompanied

by her attorney, could have in paying him a visit.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Malcom," greeted the attorney. "My friend, Dr. Morrison, greatly admires vou. Hello, Lawton!"

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Malcom, that is due to the fact

that I agree with Dr. Morrison.

"I am glad his friendships are not confined to those who agree with him," said Mr. Courtney. "In all the years of our acquaintance I can recall but one thing, our mutual friendship, upon which we have not in some measure differed, but pardon me, you have business."

"Mrs. James Gardner found this letter in her husband's pocket only this morning," said Mrs. Malcom, taking from her bag a soiled envelope. "It is her first information of the indebtedness of which you write and she is greatly worried. When I took the matter to Mr. Lawton, he advised that we come to see vou."

Unfolding the letter, Courtney recognized it as one written

by himself a week before the day of Gardner's injury.

"Knowing of Mr. Gardner's condition," said he, "I have held up the proceedings, and hope very much that arrangements can be made by which foreclosure of the mortgage may be averted."

"But," protested the lady, "it would be an outrage to take this family's home on such a debt."

"Is fraud suspected, Lawton?" he asked, turning to the

attorney.

"A fact," said Mr. Lawton, "without evidence at present to prove. I have explained to Mrs. Malcom that you are helpless in the matter, but if you could postpone—"

"Why certainly, Lawton," he quickly agreed.

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Courtney," said Mrs. Malcom as she rose to leave. "In Mr. Gardner's present condition he can give no information; Dr. Morrison has some hopes that he may improve, and—"

"Why," he interrupted, "I understood from Morrison that

he was recovering."

"Until yesterday he was improving, but erysipelas, so common in such cases, has developed. He is very ill."

"Years ago I met Mr. Gardner," said Courtney reminiscently. "At that time there was a little girl—a beautiful child.

Is she living?"

"That is a sad story, Mr. Courtney. Liquor has robbed Mrs. Gardner of everything that a woman holds dear except her own clinging faith and character. Mr. Lawton will confer with you, and if possible I hope we can save her home."

"May I ask," inquired Lawton, after the departure of his client, "what is the interest of the bank in this mortgage?"

"Collateral, I presume," replied Courtney.

"You are aware, I assume, that the saloons operated by Jacobi are owned by the Gugenheim-Bunch Brewing Company."

"No," replied Courtney with evident surprise, "I did not

know that."

"It developed in a recent trial in which I was attorney. This company and allied interests own the majority of the saloons in the city; the ward boss, Samuels, is a large stockholder, and the Dornham Bank is financial sponsor."

"I do not think, Lawton," protested Mr. Courtney, "you are warranted in bunching the combination just in that way.

The bank, of course, is a financial institution for profit, and if this business is desirable I fail to see occasion for criticism. Mr. Dornham is opposed to prohibition, as are numerous others of us, but I am unwilling to believe that his political interests are identical with Samuels."

"I am unable to say just what Mr. Dornham's interests are; I confess I have suspicions that they are not all banking and mines."

Upon the departure of Mrs. Malcom's attorney, determined to make some investigations on his own account, Mr. Courtney called his friend, Richard Horlick, cashier of the Dornham Bank and Trust Company, arranging for lunch together at his club.

"I understand, Horlick, you once had a bookkeeper in the bank by the name of Gardner," said he.

"Our chief accountant and general auditor."

"Tell me something about him."

"Best ever!" said Horlick.

"How did you lose him?"

"John Barleycorn drafted him into his service."

"Could you use him again if he sobered up?"

Mr. Horlick shook his head.

"Not if he cuts it out?" Courtney persisted.

"Too late, Courtney," said the cashier; "he has gone to war and got licked—he's a cripple; heard the cannon roar too much up here (touching his head), and it won't work; inaccurate—undependable."

"How long was he with you?"

"Oh, ten—twelve years. He came from some little country town down the river and entered the bank about a year before I did. Beginning as a bookkeeper, by pure merit in three years he had gone to the top in the accounting department; I came as cashier and have kept my job by the combined pull of all my friends."

"You think his 'come-back' is all gone?" asked Courtney.

"Oh, we tried to pull him through. Kept him even after his inefficiency was of daily evidence. He's only a 'has-been' now."

"Did he make any effort to give up drink?"

"Why, Courtney, he took every liquor cure known. I have heard him say, if he had a million dollars he'd give it all to be rid of his consuming thirst for drink."

"Consuming thirst," jeered Courtney, "I have no patience

with such drivel. A man should be a man."

"I'll say this for him: he tried. Until a year ago when the boss cut it out, beer was served in our bank lunchroom and for some years after Gardner came he didn't touch it, but when he did he seemed unable to control himself."

"Well, I believe just such weakness has caused most busi-

ness concerns to put the ban on it," said Courtney.

"You ought to have heard Mr. Dornham make his temperance speech when we went in to get our last Christmas stocking. It's been business with him. 'While you draw your pay check from the Dornham bank,' he said, 'remember that booze is for the other fellow.' And to make it more impressive, the very day he learned that Gardner had given a mortgage to old Jacobi he demanded that I discharge him. I tell you, it was one of the hardest things that has come my way, and when I saw Gardner walk out of the bank, a broken, defeated, discouraged man, right there I joined the blue ribbon crowd."

"Well, I am not ready to do that," said Courtney, "until they reach a point more sane and practical than their present total abstinence and national prohibition idea. But that Gardner-Jacobi mortgage—that is what I wanted to know about. I have this instrument in my hands for foreclosure and I want to know just what relation the bank has to this and

other mortgages of Jacobi handled by the bank."

"That business is transacted entirely through the trust department; I can not say positively," replied Horlick, "but I have reason to believe that the Bunch interests and Mr. Dornham's are rather intimate."

For some moments Courtney was silent.

"Well, your old employe will hardly apply for a job; he is quite ill."

"He has not recovered from his injury?" Horlick asked.

"Nor likely to."

"I'm sorry; it's a sad case.

"I understand Morrison's illustrative use of it has caused quite a stir in prohibition circles."

"Oh, do you know," asked Horlick, "that Rose is going to have a wineless reception upon that approaching occasion momentous to your humble servant?"

"Some of your new notions of voting to deprive others of that which you do not want, I presume?"

"Not on your life; it's Rose's own idea."

"What does Mr. Roebstock think of a dry social function in his home? Some shock, I imagine, to the old gentleman."

"Well, you know Rose was expecting a scene when she proposed it. She had made up her little speech about it's being her wedding, and her right to choose the refreshments and all that, and when she managed to screw up her courage to broach the subject, her father was delighted; said he would put the price into a baby grand, rugs, and a lot of stuff Rose says we'll need."

"But Horlick," Courtney argued, "has Miss Roebstock considered the possible effect it may have upon her social position? It is something no woman who values that has yet dared to do in Brewerton."

"Truth is, strange as it may seem in this age of social scrimmage, Rose is indifferent to the approval or disapproval of society in the matter; says it's a matter of conscience with her and argues the case no further."

"Well," said Courtney, "the confounded subject has bobbed up in front of me one way or another for the past few weeks everywhere I turn. I presume Morrison will be pleased at Miss Roebstock's decision."

"Why I take it, he's the cause of it. We've all been ac-

cepting liquor and its work as a matter of course, I suppose. We've excused the weak ones of our set and condemned the down and out ones of other sets. I have attended several of the doctor's lectures with Rose and her father, and the way he bunches us all together in one great poison squad is rather disconcerting—especially when I remember the looks of Gardner the day he walked out of the bank. Rose may have to stand the gaff deeper than she thinks, but since she is doing it upon her own motion, I confess I am not displeased and will see her through."

"Well, I wish you as little rough sledding as possible, but it seems to me that Morrison is simply creating a temporary sentiment which will cause trouble for some and bring good to no one."

Returning to his office, Mr. Courtney could not dismiss the unpleasant subject from his thoughts, and the more he evolved it, the more impatient he became with his friend Dr. Morrison for his impracticable method of reforming what he himself had to acknowledge to be a sore spot in the social and economic fabric. Knowing that the doctor would probably call at the Gardner home about nightfall, he concluded to call then, inquire after the sick man and take Dr. Morrison home with him for supper. He would have a plain talk with him about his irrational methods.

## CHAPTER X

THE FRUIT OF A DANGEROUS THEORY

"Hark! to the hurried question of Despair: "Where is my child?"—an echo answers—
"Where?"

As contemplated, Mr. Courtney found the doctor by the bedside of his patient, and was quick to perceive the battle with death which was being waged. As he entered the room, Mr. Gardner moaned:

"Somehow, the sheet won't balance, Mr. Horlick." Lifting his shaking hand to the throbbing temple he groaned: "O, my head! But I'll get it—you know I always do, Mr. Horlick—I'll have the balance ready for Mr. Dornham when he comes."

Trying to conceal the tremor in her voice, Mrs. Gardner bent over her husband:

"Yes, James, that's all right, dear; don't worry, my poor, dear James!"

For a time the patient slept, his breathing became easier and Mrs. Gardner, worn and exhausted, reclining in her chair closed her eyes. In her troubled slumber she murmured the name of her daughter.

"O Dolly! Little girl, is that you?" exclaimed Mr. Gardner.

In his delirium he was back once more in the rose covered cottage in the Mississippi valley and the little blue-eyed "Dolly Darden" was there. His words were tender with love, but to the sorrowing mother they were the breaking of a new fountain of tears.

"Don't cry, Dolly, little girl," he comforted, "you've been lost—lost so long in the Great Swamp, and you're so muddy—and look; your hands and feet are bleeding. O, my little Dolly there's a great gash right over your heart! The thorns, the thorns!"

Except for the more labored breathing, the patient lay quiet, while Mrs. Gardner sobbed her uncontrollable grief. Mr. Courtney had walked to the window. There was only the glow of the fire in the room and he was looking out into the cold night. From the leaden sky, which he had observed as he entered, large fluffy flecks of snow were now falling and as he peered into the gloom a woman alighting from a taxi at the corner walked rapidly toward the house. At the entrance she stopped, looked up and down the street, then slowly opened the gate, drawing back as if frightened, she let it swing shut. Startled by the slight click of the closing latch, she walked rapidly some paces down the street, but as if irresistibly drawn to the house came slowly back. For some minutes she stood irresolute, then in abandoned despair threw her arms wildly above her head and leaning upon the gate her body was convulsed with sobs.

Again Mr. Gardner spoke, more feebly now:

"Don't cry, Dolly, little girl. The night has been so dark—so dark. But you're home now, Doll—, Dolly!" he exclaimed, as if the child was being torn from him. "Come back, Dolly—come back! It's so dark—and cold— and I can not see you, Dolly. Come—back!"

As the doctor gently felt his pulse, he gave a start:

"Yes, Mr. Horlick, I'll —I'll have the balance sheet—for Mr. Dornham—by the time—he—comes," he panted.

The woman at the gate reached out her hands toward the house in pleading gesture, and with eyes upturned to heaven she stood for a moment, then covering her face she hurried down the street.

Quickly determining to follow her, Courtney silently left the room overtaking her just as she was in the act of entering the taxi.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she indignantly demanded in answer to his interruption.

Introducing himself, he replied kindly:

"I am a friend of your family and would like to help you."

"Who do you think I am, sir?" she asked.

"You are Dorothy Gardner," said he. "I was watching you from the window, while you were at your father's gate. In his delirium he is calling for you. Your father is dying."

Convinced of the sincerity of his purpose, she led him out

of hearing of the chauffeur of the car.

"Did you say my father is ill-dying?" she asked.

"He will probably not live through the night; come before it is too late," he urged.

"Did you say he was calling for me?"

"He was living again in the days of your childhood and calling you his 'Dolly Darden.'"

"Don't, don't! For God's sake don't; I can't bear it," she cried. "Please leave me!"

"You must come at once to your father."

"Is my mother?—" she sobbed, unable to finish her inquiry.

"She is heart-broken; come," he pleaded, "and comfort her."

"No, I can not; you've tried to be kind. Now please go," she begged between sobs.

"I will not," said Courtney, taking her by the arm; "you must go."

"Will you force me to use this?" she asked, drawing a short dagger from under her coat. "I came with the purpose of letting them find me on the steps in the morning; but not just yet —unless you force me to return."

"Where are you going?" he asked, seeing further effort useless.

"To the world that society has given me," she replied; "at present to the Union Station."

"I will go with you to the station," said he, "I wish to talk with you."

"Upon one condition; that you do not spy upon me."

He led her to a secluded table in the railway dining room where she sank tremblingly into a seat.

"Please order something to drink, quick," she begged, "I'm all in."

For the first time Mr. Courtney had opportunity to observe her personal appearance, and while retaining a very distinct memory of the lustrous blue eyes of the child, he was not prepared for the superb beauty of the woman before him. The dark rings which dissipation had placed under her eyes seemed but to accentuate their beauty, and her voice was mellow with its soft southern accent. Yet there was that undefinable something which, even to a stranger, betrayed her tragedy; like the rose into which has crept some loathesome insect, the fragrance was gone.

Having gained her confidence by respectful courtesy to which she no longer laid claim as a woman's right, Dorothy replied frankly to Mr. Courtney's questions, though the pain in

her admissions was perceptibly keen.

"You ask me," she said, "what caused my ruin. I believe you are clean and on the level, and I'll tell you." Lifting her second glass to her lips she drained and refilled it. Holding it up she said:

"There. There it is! As God is my witness, there it is!"
"O," said he impatiently, "I did not ask the excuse. What I would like to know is how a woman of your kind reaches this."

"Listen!" she replied. "Had it not been for drink I would tonight be as pure as when first I lay upon my mother's breast. My father was drinking heavily and I was very miserable when he began bringing home with him friends whom he met in the saloons. Some of them were young men above my social position and I was pleased with their attention; I was human—but I was pure. At a mask ball which I attended with young Phil Dornham I took my first glass of wine. Other ladies of a social class in which I had never hoped to mingle, were drinking freely, and who was I to set at naught their customs?"

"But-"

"Wait," she interrupted. "I don't claim that there was

compelling evil in that glass, but let me finish. I do know that from that evening father's drunkenness became less offensive to me. That night I met Cecil Baker."

As she spoke the name, Dorothy's eyes dropped, her voice became husky and for a moment a tear trembled on her long lash, then wet her cheek.

"It was the beginning of his love making, in which I was unwise enough to believe," she continued. "Our wine suppers were frequent. Like other women of Cecil's friends who often dined with us, I was often intoxicated. During this experience my ideas of life and social customs were undergoing a change which I now know was ruinous. Still I was virtuous. But I fell deeply in love with Cecil. When he proposed a secret marriage and residence in another city I consented."

"Then you were married to Baker?" he exclaimed.

"A marriage ceremony was performed and I believed I was married and was very happy, but when my condition became such that he tired of me he laughed in my face, saying he thought I knew it was a joke, and offered me money!"

Covering her face in her hands she sobbed convulsively. "The damned, dirty cur!" exclaimed Courtney, rising. Pouring herself another glass of champagne, she said:

"Tracing it back, it looks like this was not the excuse, as you suggest, but the source of my trouble; and now it is my only solace. You see why I can not return to my mother. I do not wish to see my father. You've tried—you've been kind; continue it by keeping this meeting secret and not trying to find me."

As an east-bound train was called she made her way out into the great noisy shed where shuttling trains wove the woof and warp of vari-colored human purpose.

Next morning as Courtney stopped in front of the Gardner home crepe hung upon the door. One side of the balance sheet was made up.

# CHAPTER XI

#### A SEAT IN CONGRESS

"When more is meant than meets the ear."

LETCHER BABSON was one of the inheritances which Mr. Dornham valued most highly. He had succeeded his father as personal counsellor to the banker, and for twenty years he had been the legal mentor and personal friend, perhaps the only friend Mr. Dornham had in the world. In all Mr. Dornham's business, and in most of his personal affairs, Babson, only ten years his junior, was known as the voice, the shadow, the service station of the dynamic Dornham force. It was but natural, therefore, that Mr. Dornham should be disappointed, even angered by the obdurate objection of Helen to the closer union of their interests, by her union with Fletcher Babson, the desire second only to the one dominating purpose of his life.

That he loved Helen could not be doubted, yet an attitude of cordiality was as nearly an approach to affection as her father had ever been able to display. Her acts of filial devotion were repaid with gifts, regardless of price, of whatever he imagined would appeal to her taste or wishes. It was his only known method of showing appreciation. That the heart could crave more was incomprehensible to him; and that these very treasures brought tears of loneliness to a heart that craved for love was a truth which his wildest imagination could not have conceived.

That marriage should be other than a business arrangement was unreasonable and unwise, and his duty to his daughter demanded that he direct her in the way of wisdom. Upon the day Helen had defied his wishes, he had considered his parental responsibility, and when he rose from his desk his program was fixed.

During the afternoon Helen received a long letter from

David, while she was being comforted and encouraged by her dearest friend, Rose Roebstock, and together they devoured it.

"Dave is right, Helen," said Rose. "It is best for him not to call too often until your father has time to think it over. Mr. Dornham will come around all right in the end."

"You don't know, Dad, Rose; he is so determined."

"O, yes I do, Helen, and I know Dave Courtney and the girl that loves him and I have a notion they are going to show some mind of their own if it becomes necessary."

"But I've promised father not to marry without his consent," said Helen dejectedly.

"And you'll get it, too, when the time comes," Rose assured her. "But now since you have this comforting missive I'll be going. Don't forget that next Saturday is my wedding day and you are to help me decorate; I am not going to let my 'best lady' take all the honors for beauty on that great occasion without doing some of the work."

"Work will be good for me."

"And think, you'll sure see Dave then, since you two are to be the important supporting pair."

The contracting parties were not more impatient for the arrival of the wedding day than were David and Helen. Mr. Dornham had refrained from any reference to his rejection of Courtney's proposal, or his disastrous interview with Helen. Upon the contrary he had exercised his brain in ways and means of pleasing her, among other things surprising her with a new electric coupe, and the suggestion of a winter at Palm Beach. "Never drive if you can lead," was a maxim which he both preached and practiced.

Just how to impose his objection on Courtney, and retain his co-operation in his larger plans and purposes, was a question which had given him more concern. In his experience with Courtney, he had not failed to discover his unyielding temperament and an independence which at times vexed him. But Mr. Dornham was selfish and he was unwilling to be deprived of that which was useful to him.

Therefore on the evening of the Roebstock-Horlick wedding, when David called for Helen, Mr. Dornham's plans were fixed and he received him in the most cordial manner.

"I was very much pleased to learn today, Mr. Courtney," said he, "that you are slated in this district to succeed Beeker in the next congress."

"Why, I thank you, Mr. Dornham, for your expression of approval of the rumor, but there is nothing to it," replied Courtney. "I could not even consider the matter."

"It is not always wise to disregard the political demands of one's community," urged the banker.

"I hardly think it could be called a demand, Mr. Dorn-ham."

"Well, as you know, I take very little part in politics, but I am informed that there was almost a stampede of the Citizens and Taxpayers League to you in the last election and that nothing can prevent it in the next. You know the endorsement of that organization means success. The only thing necessary is to keep the league intact and combat certain disturbing questions which may develop. And certainly it is going to devolve upon our strongest men to maintain the equilibrium of the business and political pendulum."

The entrance of Helen prevented Courtney's reply, whatever it might have been. For a moment she stopped upon the lower step of the broad stairway and as David rose she stood framed in the silken folds of the portiere.

"Ah, my daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Dornham in genuine admiration, "I'm proud of you."

"Oh, Dad!" she exclaimed, clasping her arms around his neck, "I have always been conceited enough to believe you were, but that's the first time you ever told me."

"O, I don't know about that," replied her father, "sometimes words are very meaningless."

"That's true, Dad," said Helen, sorry for her words, "you have told me in a thousand ways, but this sounds so good I must give you an extra kiss for it."

"Perhaps I do forget sometimes—why, I'm about to do so now," said he, feeling in his pocket. "Here, I think this trinket will look better on you than the one you're wearing." And he clasped around her lovely throat a superb necklace of pearls.

"O, you dear old Dad!" exclaimed Helen. "How perfectly it goes with my gown! and how on earth could you have known. I am sure I have not talked in my sleep! Look Da—Mr. Courtney!" she checked herself.

"It is appropriate for its queenly setting," said David, with a warmth quickly detected by Mr. Dornham.

"Well, it wouldn't do to let a little thing like a string of beads delay a wedding. Run along and put away what you are not going to wear," and he leaned forward for Helen to kiss his cheek.

"I hope," said he as Helen left the room, "she will never be in a position to be denied anything that wealth can supply.

"Or," responded Courtney, "that the heart can wish."

"The heart is not always a safe guide for what is best for us."

"But," replied David, "nevertheless the most potent factor in life in the quest for happiness."

Upstairs, Helen stood before her mirror holding in her hand the diamond lavalliere she had removed from her neck. She was genuinely enjoying the magnificence of the gift she had just received, but as she unlocked her jewel casket to replace the discarded ornament the disgust of satiation marred her pleasure.

"O," she sighed, "for just a little simple love!"

"Helen," exclaimed David as they entered his car and he pressed her to his bosom, "as you stood in the folds of that

curtain, you were the most beautiful creature I've ever seen; the scene will remain—"

"Hush, Dave!" she interrupted, coyly, "the supply was completely exhausted by Dad."

"Well, 'Dad' seems more generous this evening than you are; he gives you the wealth of the seas and offers me a seat in congress. Perhaps he means to recompense us for what he has denied us, but I don't quite like the new tactics."

"I hope he'll come around all right by and by," sighed Helen. "How did he receive your proposal to relieve him of his daughter?"

"Very courteously, indeed," said David. "Expressed his sincerest appreciation of the compliment paid to him and his daughter, but regretted that I had wrongly interpreted her feelings toward me, and in a kindly business-like way advised me to dismiss the thought from my mind."

"Which you very promptly did," she teased.

"Your wise father has somewhat to learn, I think."

"Now don't get cross with Dad, Dave; I am sure he is thinking only of my happiness, however much he may be mistaken."

"Undoubtedly true," agreed David, "but as he said just now, he does not think the heart is a safe guide; he insists upon applying banking rules, Helen, I don't like this new turn your father has taken; he orders you to dismiss me from your thoughts, yet offers me honors for which I care nothing. It is you and only you and your love I want."

"Why, were you discussing the matter this evening?"

"O, no; it was only a remark for my benefit. By the way Horlick tells me he saw a real victorious queen come out of the 'throne room' that morning."

"Dick shall be discharged for divulging bank secrets."

"Well, he said something, being a Republican, you may not like."

"The tell-tale-tattler talks, talks talks," she quoted. "What's the gossip's tale?"

"He says you certainly wore the winning Wilson look."

"The rascal!" pouted Helen. "Just view my landscape jaws. Really," she continued, "I was very sorry that occurred. It seems you had just left Dad and he had not had time to get used to our notions, so he said some things which I think he did not mean and I said some other things which I did mean—Ah!" exclaimed Helen, at the moment coming in view of the Roebstock home, "isn't the illumination lovely?"

# CHAPTER XII

A SOCIAL JOLT

"Great things astonish us, and small dishearten: Custom makes both familiar."

HE wedding of Rose Roebstock and Richard Horlick was the social event of the season and the first of a series staged for the midwinter months. It was an occasion to which society had been looking forward with keenest interest, and the innovation of a wineless reception was a social shock which the guests were illy prepared to receive. Famed as the manufacturing center of alcoholic beverages in the United States, Brewerton had grown powerful in a wealth intolerant of ideals other than the enthronement of Bacchus, and a social function at which he failed to preside was considered both impolite and a breach of hospitality.

The restraint which pervaded the early hours of the evening was, therefore, but a natural sequence. The question had been discussed with various shades of opinion in groups and pairs, but not until the wedding banquet was in progress did it impress itself as a dry reality. It was generally assumed that at least one course of light wine would be served with which to drink the health of the wedding pair, but as the last course was being removed and neighbors were asking each other, "What will it be?" Dr. Morrison arose and held aloft his glass:

"Somewhere in the great realm of thought," said he, "it is written that when the earth was formed and light was separated from darkness, only turbid waters flowed through the valley of Eden, of which Adam drank and was satisfied; but when Eve awoke beside her mate she thirsted, but from the murky stream drew back and would not drink. A pitying angel looking down upon the most beautiful of created beings, winged his way above the clouds and plucking from the vaulted heavens a star, flung it into space. Striking upon the

pinnacle of Mount Everest, it broke asunder and wherever a fragment fell upon the earth there sprang forth a spring of crystal water purifying all streams. From these, our Mother Eve, bending o'er their verdure-covered banks, mirrored therein the supreme handiwork of God, and drank; then watched flow on to bless the race of man.

"From one of these—of heaven's classic fountains—we drink the health our purest, sweetest hope of bride and groom."

As the doctor concluded, spontaneous applause greeted the toast while a two-step announced the opening dance.

Dr. Moreland, the officiating clergyman, genuinely delighted with the evening, congratulated Mr. Roebstock and Mr. Horlick upon breaking a custom which he had reluctantly concluded was pernicious, and as he smilingly mingled among the young company warmly supported the innovation.

"You will feel better tomorrow young ladies and gentlemen," said he, coming upon a group and divining the subject

of conversation.

"Doctor Moreland," said Hubert Mycliff, "I've just made a wager of five dollars to go to your community work if I can not repeat one of your texts of more than six months ago."

"I am complimented, Hubert," said the divine. "Do you wish me to decide the question?"

"It was during Lenten season, and the text was, 'And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.' Am I right?"

"I do indeed remember that sermon, the text of which you have correctly recited," replied the rector, "and I am gratified that it left such lasting impression. Now do you recall who the subject of that discourse was, and why he was tormented?"

"Why, er-eh-his name was Abraham-no, Hades."

"Is he correct?" Dr. Moreland smilingly appealed to the group.

There was no answer; Molly Singleton giggled.

"It seems, that no one knows," laughed the minister.

"That's not the question, Dr. Moreland," explained Hu-

bert. "I was only trying to prove to the ignoramuses that we

are not the first people to suffer."

It may not be the first, but this is the most abominable situation I have dropped into in some time," complained Cecil Baker to Ralph English, as the little company separated. "How on earth are we to get through with it?"

"Oh, I think I'll manage to live through the experience all right until I reach the club; but believe me, it's the hardest

social jolt John Barleycorn has had in my experience."

"You needn't worry about John Barleycorn, he'll take care of himself and don't you forget it; it's the personal equation that bothers me. I'm as dry as a powder horn and as dull as a meat ax. I can't make conversation."

"Perhaps what you do make," teased Ralph, "you will remember."

"Yes," growled Cecil, "and if I should happen to say just a little something which some tempting femininity should think I ought not to say, I'll not have my friend John B. to make excuses for me."

"Condoling each other?" inquired Mrs. Richards, joining the young men.

"Well, er-"

"No excuse necessary," said she; "for my part, I think it is very silly as well as presumptuous for a young bride to try to break down old standards and set up new social customs. Rose will probably repent when it is too late."

"The frost The Dispatch will give her in the morning will

probably make her sit up," said Cecil.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Richards, "there is Dr. Morrison speaking with Rose; I understand they are quite chummy."

"Indeed!" said Cecil, shrugging his shoulders, "I wonder what the high-minded Courtney thinks of his friend's interest in the bride?"

"O, you naughty boy! You try to twist everybody's meaning. What has become of the blue-eyed belle you were raving over some months ago—what was her name?"

"I believe I have quite forgotten it," said Cecil. "But really, if she had not insisted upon spoiling those eyes with tears, they were the greatest ever."

"So, the great heart-breaking time has come, has it? Oh, you wicked boy! Now I am going to leave you," laughed Mrs. Richards, "I want to meet Dr. Morrison and discover the attraction."

"Oh, Dr. Morrison," she exclaimed, as Mrs. Horlick presented the doctor, "that was such an exquisite toast; where did you find it?"

"In the bride's face; where else could it be?" gallantly replied the doctor, joining her in a promenade.

"I understand you and Rose are great friends?"

"She and Mr. Horlick were among my first acquaintances in the city and have very graciously admitted me to their friendship," replied the doctor.

"Well," persisted Mrs. Richards, "it must have required quite an influence to have accomplished this dry occasion."

"As to the exclusion of wine this evening I disclaim any credit," Dr. Morrison replied. "I think more people than we imagine are willing to do the same and right thing when they understand what it is."

"But don't you think such radical infringement of a social custom established generations before Rose was born will react injuriously to real temperance?"

"I have not consulted Mrs. Horlick as to her motives, but am unable to anticipate the injury."

"Why don't you know that every one of us who is accustomed to stimulants on such occasions, and that means all of us, feeling so terribly let down, will take a larger quantity when we return to our homes? And the men will be positively intemperate at their clubs."

Dr. Morrison observed the lady interestedly.

"Have you children, Mrs. Richards?" he asked.

"Only one," she replied sadly. "We never speak of our poor boy."

"I beg pardon!" quickly apologized the doctor.

"O, it is different you know with physicians," she replied reassuringly. "The poor child's trouble is mental—Ah, here comes Arthur Wayne! Why, Mr. Wayne, I thought you were in New York; meet Dr. Morrison, Mr. Wayne."

"Ah, Doctor—er—. Why yes, I returned from the drought, you see!" said Mr. Wayne, leading Mrs. Richards into the conservatory.

"Why, Arthur," she mildly protested, "you were positively rude to Dr. Morrison."

"That fellow must be put down."

"He's not good for your glass business, is he?" she laughed. "That's what Mr. Richards says about him, too. Thinks his engraving business may lose some labels I think. I don't believe you'll have as easy a time disposing of him as you have had with most of the disturbers of your peace."

"He's like all the rest of them, a fake at bottom and if the truth were known, drinks as much as I do," said the glass manufacturer.

"Does his friend, Mr. Courtney think he's a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde?" Mrs. Richards inquired.

"O, no; I wouldn't even like to have Dave know I said that; he thinks he's only a sort of hairbrain enthusiast, but I know the breed."

"Well, he's your problem, remember my words—but the guests are leaving."

As he and Helen stood with the bride and groom bidding the guests good night, Courtney was astonished at their expressions of universal approval of the evening's innovation.

"My dear Rose," said Mrs. Richards in her most gracious manner, "we are so indebted to you for this delightful evening and I hope we shall learn by your splendid example. Good night, dearie!"

Mrs. Horlick had counted the cost, or thought she had, of affront to the ancient god and she was willing to pay the price.

These evidences of support and approval were, therefore second only to the supreme happiness of the day.

"Oh, wasn't Rose a lovely bride?" exclaimed Helen as they

were making their departure.

"I know of only one who will be more beautiful," agreed David.

"And," said Helen, ignoring the compliment, "such a perfectly delightful reception! It is the first I have ever attended where intoxicants were not served and it was so refreshing to be free from the odor of drink and its annoying influence upon some of the men."

"Yes, if Morrison keeps propagating his total abstinence theories he will famish us all."

"God speed the day!" said Helen solemnly.

"Well, what has gone wrong with the world anyway?" exclaimed Courtney. "Until recently we never heard of the 'destroying evil' except by some fanatic whom one could avoid; but for the past few months the abominable subject has met me like the death-head on the druggists's label at every turn."

"Perhaps it has been here all the while and we have not seen it. I know when I thought a tipsy man was amusing,

but it is tragedy now; I am worried about Phil."

"O don't fret about Phil; he's only planting his little

crop."

"To reap tares, I fear," replied Helen, "Phil is a fine, generous boy but he is changing so. He seldom comes home before midnight now; and often in a bad way, and father is so

impatient with the dear boy."

"I confess," admitted David, "that some things have forced themselves upon me recently which, while not of themselves convincing, have disturbed my former very settled opinions to some extent. Morrison insists that my opinions are not convictions, but only traditions and has challenged my intelligence, as he puts it. He offers to prove that alcohol within itself is an evil, being a deterrent of both body and brain and as resistless as any lurking germ that inflicts the human race.

I know this to be a preposterous statement, and I have declined to waste my time with it."

"Dr. Morrison tells me his next lecture is to be on 'Al-

coholic Mental Degeneracy;' I invite you to take me."

"I will make the scamp lecture every evening," laughed David. "This lecture is probably connected with his proposed demonstration."

"In what manner does he make the test?"

"He wants me to select three subjects; one a heavy drinker; one habitual, but temperate, and the other one who barely escapes the odium of being a teetotaler. He proposes to feed them on liquor of varying strength and observe its action. If I consent, I am going to select Kenneth Wardlow for the last."

"O, Dave!" protested Helen. "Get someone else."

"No, he insists that I with himself am to drink Apollinaris and colored water, and if I am to take any such persecution I propose to give his boasted demonstration a knockout blow, and I know Kenneth is one man that John B. can't unhorse."

"If any man can hold his own, I believe it will be Kenneth," said Helen, "I will be anxious to know the result."

"And I will be more anxious for Bob's next lecture, since I am not to see you until then. Your father is a mystery, Helen. I don't understand him."

"I presume patience is our present most important culture," said she.

"I can not be patient, Helen. Through these years that I have loved you more than my life, I have chafed at circumstances which made the declaration of my love unfair to you, and now when I have won that success which justifies me in speaking, and you have given me your love it is not human to be patient. Your father is unreasonable."

"Don't, Dave," pleaded Helen, looking up into his impatient eyes. "Don't feel bitter against Dad; he does not understand. Father never has understood me; but he is so noble and good. I know he is thinking only of my happiness. Let

us be patient and wait."

#### CHAPTER XIII

THE BANKER MOBILIZES HIS FORCES

"Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colors wave!"

O THE mobilization of the vast forces of Alcohol, Mr. Babson's energies were now entirely devoted. Week after week the propaganda of sentiment by and through the subtle influence of the name of Philip Dornham, philanthropist, had progressed with uninterrupted precision. Shrewdly, resourcefully and with studied system Babson had perfected organization in every city and town on proportions and with efficiency which had never before been conceived. For Fletcher Babson in one respect was Biblical; he did not permit himself to be deceived in his antagonist. He knew the history of Alcohol and the antagonisms in its pursuit of gain, but he knew that for the first time in all history, business, science and religion had formed an alliance; that civilization had decreed its death, and against this far-flung battle line he had set his task. Babson was not only of that lineage and training which breeds a love of contest, but his association with the Dornham power had inspired him to brook no failure, and now with his supreme ambition and chief desire of making Helen Dornham his wife still unfulfilled, he faced what he knew to be not only a life or death struggle for the fulfillment of Mr. Dornham's ambition, but also for his own hopes. For Philip Dornham excused no failure.

And while at times he suggested to his chief the possibility of defeat, his war cry to his assistants was vibrant with certain victory, and every plan was laid upon the foundation of assurance.

"The organization is now perfect, Mr. Dornham," said he, presenting his condensed report to the banker, "and ten years—even three years ago I would have been confident of our overwhelming success. Whether we shall be able to overcome the

new system of the opposition and check the rapidly changing sentiment towards the business, only the future can tell."

"To what do you refer as the new system?" asked the banker.

"Perhaps that is not just the right term, but the time has not been long since we were content to pay only passing heed to what we termed the ravings of irresponsible zealots who raised their voices against us. It is no longer so; I am not exceeding facts when I say the majority of the brainiest and most influential business and professional men of the country are more or less actively opposed to alcoholic beverages, and their opposition is both intelligent and convincing."

"Were it not for these facts, Fletcher, we would not require the enormous sum of money we are raising; it is for that very

purpose, and with it we will cure this discord."

"We must not forget, Mr. Dornham, that conditions generally are not what they are in Brewerton where we have but one newspaper which even mildly advocates prohibition, one physician who is actively opposing us, and where the influence of the brewery and the saloon have been dominant since the memory of man."

"Have you not yet discovered the price of that fellow, Walton?"

"Declining to accept our advertisements," replied Babson, "your theory of purchasing the editorial columns is ineffective. You understand, Mr. Dornham, Walton is not opposed to the legal sale of liquor, but he is opposed to the political influence of the brewery and the saloon. Seeing no way to correct a condition which he believes is dangerous, he says the only other thing to do is to stop the traffic."

"This is only one instance, there may be a few others," replied the banker, with his usual determination, "where we will have to force him into submission. Find out his financial connections."

"I hope you will understand me, Mr. Dornham," said Babson apologetically. "I am speaking now with the caution of an attorney preparing his case, and within these closed doors we must be frank with ourselves. Editors as a class can not be bought. I am using them in an effective way through your benevolences, but it is about all we can expect from the press. There are, of course, exceptions."

Fletcher Babson knew he was crossing his chief's opinion at its most vital point, and while he was unwilling to assume responsibility for what he knew was impossible, he was unprepared for the display of impatience, even temper, evidenced by his employer.

"Enough of this discouragement, Fletcher," he peremptorily commanded. "I will not hear it! Who, I ask, better than I, knows the value of money? I tell you the man has not been born who hasn't a price, if only the correct approach is found."

At the moment an evening paper was laid upon Mr. Babson's desk.

"Why! What have we here?" he exclaimed, pointing to the featured story.

"What!" Mr. Dornham fairly screamed. "Scanlan introducing a prohibition bill!"

Within ten minutes Mr. Dornham had Senator Scanlan on his private telephone wire, fortunately uncensored. While somewhat reconciled, at the end of the volcanic conversation he was distinctly disquieted.

When Senator Scanlan introduced his bill known as the "Scanlan Amendment" providing drastic federal prohibition of interstate shipments of alcoholic beverages into those states which by legislative enactment prohibited such shipments, opinion among opponents of prohibition was much divided as to the wisdom of such a move. As later developed, Senator Scanlan, although the representative of the brewery interests in the higher branch of the national Congress, had not consulted this particular constituency. In a fit of fretful anger the senator introduced the bill, thinking it a shrewd move to test the theory not only of himself, but the theory which Alcohol had long flung into the face of prohibitionists that they lacked sin-

cerity and would decline support of law which would actually effectuate the theory of prohibition. Confidently he expected to see the bill promptly buried by prohibitionists, thereby exposing the insincerity of their motive and effectively placing a

period at prohibition agitation in the national Congress.

Immediately following the introduction of his bill, Senator Scanlan was distinctly encouraged, advising Mr. Dornham that his "bait" was being swallowed. But during those days prohibitionists were slowly recovering from their shock. Had the vote been taken upon the day of the introduction of the bill, chances are its fate would have been doubtful until the last vote was cast. They were looking for the "joker." But as the purpose of the senator gradually dawned upon Congress and enactment of the bill became daily more sure, certain consternation broke loose in pro-liquor ranks evidenced by an avalanche of protesting telegrams to Philip Dornham while others went directly to the senator.

During the epochal-making history of the early days of the Sixty-fifth Congress, the fact that relations had been severed with Germany and that threatening war clouds hung like a pall over the land, did not interest Philip Dornham. While other men rose from their beds at break of day and sat by their front doors waiting for the news of the world, while mothers stole in and with flickering candle lovingly watched their sleeping sons, and then on bended knees prayed for peace, the while in their heart of hearts dedicating those sons to their country's cause, Philip Dornham slept. He was interested only in the working hours of Congress. For days he had sat by his leased wire in hourly conversation with his senator, and the strain was telling on him.

"Why kill the Scanlan Amendment, Mr. Dornham?" asked Samuels.

"Why not lie down and quit!" roared the banker. "Why not invite the irresponsible fools to confiscate our homes, and our banks as well as our breweries? Why not ask them to screw down our coffin lids?"

"But Scanlan is right, Mr. Dornham."

"Looks like it, don't it?" he mocked. "Scanlan himself acknowledges there is no way to prevent its passage."

"Sure, Congress will pass the bill, cause Congress is stampeded, but let it go to the people—let 'em get a taste of real prohibition like that bill 'll give 'em and in two years they'll be eatin' out of our hands like orphan lambs."

"The people be damned! Aren't they behind it all?"

"That's where you make a mistake just like Congress is doin'. Congress is listenin' to the loud-mouthed hypocrites thinkin' it's the 'people.' Wait till this law fixes it so these howlers can't slip around and get their liquor and you'll hear 'em howl."

"And what will being shut out of the prohibition states two years cost us?" demanded Mr. Dornham. "No, damn 'em! I'd rather spend ten millions on the greedy devils and stop it now. Every one of them has his hands behind his back. I can kill the damned bill, and I'll do it."

"Pretty expensive for one bill, Mr. Dornham," said Samuels.

"Not so expensive as this infernal lawlessness of the saloons," Mr. Dornham growled as if charging it as a personal grievance against Samuels. "There's that O'Connell-Gardner case. Babson says it will cost us thousands of votes."

"Well, I'm puttin' good money on a 'not guilty' verdict," replied Samuels, "and if you and Mr. Babson will attend that trial I think you'll both change your notions."

"Notions, hell!" Mr. Dornham exclaimed angrily. "Don't I see the reports coming in from all over the country? I tell you this lawlessness has got to stop."

"You ain't never been about saloons much, have you, Mr. Dornham?"

"I have no desire to be about saloons as they are run," snapped the banker. "The object of the saloon being business for profit, what I can not understand is, why the saloon-keeper

will jeopardize his existence by making or permitting his place to be looked upon as a hotbed of lawlessness."

"Well," smiled Samuels, "they ain't much of a Sunday-school-love-your-enemy sort of places, I'll admit that; but the boys may think you're puttin' a pretty stiff job up to 'em."

"Other business—the soda fountains have no difficulty in

keeping order in their places," fumed the banker.

For a moment the ward boss studied Mr. Dornham quizzically, not quite certain as to whether he was honest or subtle.

"Soda water," said he, with a touch of a snarl in his grating voice, "won't make a cryin' baby fling hot coals in the Kaiser's face neither. Soda water jerkers won't come across with a hundred million plunks when they're told to neither. And if my recollection's good you ain't been puttin' up ten to fifty thousand for the past dozen years to buy 'soda water' on election day to 'thuse the boys."

For a moment Samuels waited, ruddy of face and breath-

ing heavily. Mr. Dornham bit his lips viciously.

"Far as I can see," the boss continued, "it's up to you to choose prayer-meetin' or the saloon as it is—damned if I know how to change it, nor care to if I could."

Samuels had been patient with Mr. Dornham's hobby of "reforming" the saloon, believing it only a part of the general scheme by which he was trying to make himself believe—that he was a "reformer." But when criticism became personal, he usually had an understanding.

When he had gone, the banker sat long, considering the suggestion of the political boss upon whose judgment he was becoming more and more dependent. Returning an hour later from Fletcher Babson's office, he instructed Senator Scanlan to let the Scanlan amendment pass. When he hung up the telephone receiver Mr. Dornham smiled—he chuckled aloud.

"After all, we'll help the hypocrites hang themselves."

### CHAPTER XIV

A COURAGEOUS REBEL

"Some of us will smart for it."

VERY woman has her shrine. It may be studded with jewels without and made soft with silk within, or it may be a simple box of pasteboard; it may, perchance, be a piece of brown paper wrapped and tied with twine, but it is the sacred place where every woman hides from irreverent eyes the things most sacred. You will never find her jewels there; but a faded, fragrant flower from her wedding bouquet, a little lock of the silken hair of her first born, and the newspaper account of her wedding, will each have its place.

At the first break of their wedding journey, before they went to their hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Horlick stopped at a news stand and bought The Dispatch and The Intelligencer, the principal morning and evening papers of Brewerton. Throwing them upon the floor, Rose seated herself upon the soft rug. "Will it be on the front page?" she asked herself, as she reached for The Dispatch. Then she laughed. "O Egotism;" she exclaimed, seeking the society section. Glancing through the large headlines and failing to see their names she looked to be sure that it was the date she wanted. It was dated Sunday, October 28, and her wedding was the evening before. Wonderingly she turned the pages through the entire edition.

"Had she not spent an hour with the reporter a week before, giving the details; had she not posed in her wedding gown especially for a photograph for the papers? Where was it?"

Again Rose turned to the society section and as her eyes, now blurred with tears, raced over the pages she saw a notice under the heading, "weddings."

"Richard W. Horlick and Miss Rose Roebstock were married last evening at the home of the bride's parents, on Euclid Boulevard. Mrs. Horlick is the daughter of Seymour H. Roebstock, a prominent coal dealer. Mr. Horlick is an employe of the Dornham Bank and Trust Company."

"Dick!" called Rose. She could say no more; and as her husband took the outstretched paper she covered her face and sobbed.

For a moment Richard stood reading the notice. Crushing it in his hands he threw it upon the floor.

"There!" said he, "The Intelligencer is more decent." Smiling through her tears she asked:

"But, Dick, what's the meaning of that?" pointing to the crumpled paper.

"The Dispatch, my little girl," said he, "is owned by the brewers, distillers and their friends. It is your punishment for breaking a custom which is valuable to them."

"Oh! Not really?" asked Rose, incredulously.

"I only hope," said he. "the powers will consider this sufficient punishment."

"But," protested Rose, still unbelieving, "will the liquor business presume to dictate to me how I shall entertain my guests in my own home?"

"There," he replied, pointing to the floor, "is the answer. Have you ever known of that sort of treatment being handed to one in your set before?"

Here was a phase of the problem of alcohol which Rose had not met and which she had not contemplated. She had conscientiously and, as she believed, intelligently, reached her conclusions and she had adopted her course without thought of more than criticism by some of her social set and compliments from others.

"Well," said she, eyes flashing, "they have called my father—the largest coal mine owner in the Middle West—a 'coal dealer,' and my husband, second only to the president in the largest bank of the same section, an 'employee,' and given me a

six-line wedding notice; I don't know just what other punishment they have, but my answer is: "Lay on Macduff."

"Oh, you darling little rebel!" exclaimed her husband, crushing her to him, "Call it two of us!"

But Rose did not know that on that very day Philip Dornham, while extending a note for her father, had mentioned the displeasure of certain of their mutual friends at what they feared would be a disastrous example, and that he had let fall the suggestion that upon her return a reception might be given by the bride arranging for the publication of the usual Brewerton menu on such occasions, thus remedying what was probably the thoughtless impulse of a young girl. She did not know that her father had replied rather bluntly that the choice of his daughter was with his consent and approval, declining any dictation in his private affairs by the friends whom the banker had quoted. She did not see the cloud come over the banker's face. So, clipping the wedding notice which was pleasing to her, and carefully folding it, she hid it away for her sacred archives and forgot the only shadow of her honeymoon.

#### CHAPTER XV

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AGES

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

JPON the evening of Dr. Morrison's lecture to which Helen had invited Courtney, as they came from the auditorium he was critical.

"Morrison," he said, "that dry stuff of yours has literally famished me; come, we're going to De Lancy's for some supper and I will prove before Helen that some of that so-called scientific talk you gave us is neither fact nor logic.

"Do come, Doctor," said Helen, as he hesitated, "I have

always wanted to be Portia; I'll judge the cause."

"'O, upright judge,' "laughed the doctor, entering the car. Now, my thirsty Shylock, drive to the place of your undoing."

As they entered their private apartment and stood looking through the silken portieres upon the brilliant scene in the large dining hall with its music, dancing and clink of cut-glass, Courtney prodded his friend:

"That, Bob," said he, "is what you would deprive those people of if you could, simply because it does not appeal to

your taste and mental attitude toward life."

"On the contrary, I wage no fight on good suppers and congenial company, if one's stomach and purse can stand it. But alcohol is neither food nor conducive to good fellowship; this place, alluring as it is, is only one end of the journey by way of Jacobi's saloons."

"Then, I suppose, you would say it is not respectable?"

"O, custom," said Dr. Morrison, "has made it that; society has registered its approval, and therefore it is eminently respectable. But it is doubly dangerous. Do you see that young lady over there, Dave? Yes, at the third table, with the handsome brown furs. Look at her eyes, Miss Dornham; she's drugged."

"What!" exclaimed Helen; "you do not mean-"

"O, no; this respectable place is not where the detective story type of knockout drops are administered; but she is as actually drugged by the narcotic effect of alcohol and to a condition where discretion is not normal or safe."

"That is just where I call your lecture, stuff," said Courtney. "You made the statement in your talk a while ago that alcohol is not stimulative but narcotic. I am glad you called attention to that girl. Now, I want you to watch her closely, Helen; you see she is in the very ecstasy of exhilaration; observe the flash of her eyes. Why, every fibre of her pretty self is responding to the stimulation of her wine. This is not a matter of theory with me, Bob; there, before your eyes, is an indisputable example. And while never intoxicated, I have myself experienced the stimulating effect of alcohol. How do you expect a practical mind to accept this theorizing which the yaps who go to hear you are drinking down?"

"Well," said Helen, "Portia prefers to be seated before hearing more of the case; and, really, Dr. Morrison, I believe you are going to need some supper before making reply to that lawyer-like argument on the reality of things."

But the doctor was not thinking of supper just then; he was thinking of a social prejudice which had so thoroughly wrapped itself around his friend as to exclude truth which had well-nigh become common knowledge. Here was a man of powerful intellectual faculties; a man who had mastered the science of law as few man had mastered it, who could measure information creditably with the best informed upon the topics of the day, and whose heart was large for human welfare, yet cramped by the environing conditions of a social custom both pleasing to his tastes and responsive to his ideals of personal privilege, who had declined seriously to investigate truths which were forcing themselves as problems of the most serious nature upon the nations of the world.

"Courtney," he asked, "would you really like to know the

psycho-physical change which took place in you during that personal experience which you mention?"

"Upon one condition; that you state it in plain English."

"Barge fire him, Doctor," laughed Helen; "I really believe you have the advantage if for no more substantial reason than that medicine has more unpronounceables than law."

"What his brain can not grasp," the doctor laughed, "it may absorb."

"Anyway, to be convincing, there must be facts—demonstrable facts," said Courtney.

"Just two minutes after you swallowed your wine, champagne, or whatever your beverage may have been," began the doctor, "by its chemical attraction, the alcohol was being obsorbed into the blood, rushed to the brain and out to the capillary system of the body. In its passage through the arterial and venal system, like a highwayman. it attacked and destroyed the white corpuscles in the blood, whose mission and active service is to fight and destroy invading disease germs. By its hardening action upon living tissue and cell life, it is responsible for three-fourths of all cases of valvular heart disease and cirrhosis of the liver, and you have invited disease of these organs."

"But," protested Courtney, "you are describing the results of excessive drinking, something I do not defend."

"I am stating the universal physiological action of alcohol in only a small sphere of its perniciousness; follow it out and we have a nervous degeneration which has lowered the physical vitality of the race more than any one cause known to science, while all known causes combined are not equal to its destruction of brain force and consequent hereditary fatuity. You were 'Gardner at this end of the road.'"

"Really, Bob, you are interesting, if not convincing. But you know you started out to prove to me that I was anaesthetized and not stimulated, and I don't propose to let you duck your own boomerang."

"What the doctor has already told us," said Helen, "makes me think champagne bottles should be labeled with the skull and cross-bones instead of the alluring pictures which adorn them."

"What he says, if believed," replied David, "I confess would not be calculated to make me enjoy old Sancho's mint julep more than in the past, but I call Bobbie Burns to witness that:

"Twill make a man forget his woes;
Twill heighten all his joys;
Twill make a widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tears were in her eye.'

And I call that stimulation."

"If you will go further back in literature, Courtney, you will find that Grecian civilization regarded wine, song and art synonymous, holding that intoxication liberated the highest powers of the mind from animal impulses. But the end of the feast usually found the banqueters under the table, proving then as now that alcohol's predominating psychological quality is its power to create delusions. No doubt you believe you make a more effective after-dinner speech under the excitant effect of champagne."

"I know I can not make one without it," laughed Courtney.

"But you do not want it—not yet, for your argument before the court where every faculty of mind must be exercising its highest effciency."

"Again I call you; the best speech I ever made in the court room was after a rather stiff highball."

"Only another evidence of its power of delusion," said the doctor.

"Now let's see just what did take place on that occasion: Your brain—let us liken it to a fortified citadel, the great fortification of Thought, than which man—aye, God himself has created nothing greater; the force behind, beneath and above all power, for it is God in Man. Such was your normal brain supported by all its faculties in correct relation one to the other.

"Two minutes after you swallowed your highball, absorbed into the blood, alcohol laid seige to the brain—Thought—as actual and as relentless as the onsweep of German hosts against Liege, the fortress that guarded all that was sacred to Belgium. You recall that upon the occasion of that rape of national rights and human justice Germany did not attack the lesser forts, but with weapons more powerful than any known in world warfare directed her destroying power upon the commanding battlements.

"In the same ruthless manner, Alcohol, by its narcotic influence, laid siege to your brain, and one by one, those most sensitive, most sacred faculties, Reason, Judgment, Justice—those faculties of Thought which balance conduct, were anaesthetized into a state of depletion, inaction, or temporary helplessness in proportion to the attack—the quantity of alcohol consumed.

"Dave, what remained of the citadel of Thought? Only sense feelings, animal emotions. Thus deprived of the governing power of reason and judgment, those faculties of proportion, you were deceived into believing yourself more efficient, whereas you were a mental cripple."

For a moment Dr. Morrison sat drumming the table with the tips of his fingers, then added:

"I declare to you, Courtney, the tragedy of all ages is the licensed commercial rape of the human mind made in the image of God."

When the doctor ceased speaking there was silence. With the handle of her spoon Helen was imprinting grotesque figures upon the linen tablecloth; lost in thought, Courtney gazed into the brilliant scene adjoining.

"Morrison," he asked, "can you demonstrate this action of alcohol by convincing evidence rather than mere highly colored theory?"

"That is just what you have persistently declined to permit me to do," replied the doctor.

The question of prohibition was one which had not interested Helen Dornham. Perhaps, other than an impression which she had gotten from conversations of her father and brother that it was a theory advocated by a sect or company of ignorant, misguided enthusiasts who wished to forcibly impress their opinions upon others regardless of the consequent destruction of vast money interests and the violation of their rights, she had not considered it. But here was a condition stated so plainly and so appallingly that she did not fail to catch the import of it.

Still combative before the little company separated, Courtney had unwillingly consented to witness the proposed demonstration.

## CHAPTER XVI

DR. MORRISON PROVES HIS THEORY

"The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness."

SEATED in his office waiting for the coming of the doctor to proceed to his club where he had arranged for the tests, Courtney revolved the business of the evening in his mind. At times he did so interestedly, at times peevishly, for permitting himself to be persuaded into a matter from which he expected nothing enlightening or convincing. During the day, in the study of a case, he had had occasion to review the subject of criminal jurisprudence, and more than once he had been forced to confess the bare possibility of the truth of the doctor's theory. But each time his combative mind would ask:

"Will the facts support the hypothesis?"

"If so," he was forced to admit, "if this renowned specialist demonstrates this evening what he proposes to do, there can be no defense of a system by which government not only approves alcohol as a beverage, consenting to its manufacture and sale, but by accepting money for that privilege becomes coequal in responsibility with the distillery, the brewery and the saloon. If Morrison proves his case, governments and every individual supporting the system are not only guilty of accomplishing economic waste of property and physical power, but the more appalling weakening and oft-times destruction of the mind of man. "Here," thought he, "was the most offensive example of that principle of government most obnoxious to him; a paternalism by which government implanted the destroying death bacilli in the arteries of its very life."

But he was by no means ready to admit this as truth. The whole experience of Courtney had been environed by the easy use of alcoholic beverages; that use which, genteel and social, is accepted without question. Among his earliest impressions

was the decanter on the sideboard as familiar and as necessary as the hourly striking of the great hall clock. His father's three drinks a day had been as regular as his meals and without the suggestion of intoxication. It had been his own privilege to partake of the parental decanter at will. Now, at the age of 32, he was no worse for this personal liberty. Certainly he was unconscious of having experienced any such action as the doctor had described, and he could recall no occasion when he had observed it in any of his numerous friends with whom his convivial evenings were but pleasant memories. When Dr. Morrison arrived he was in his usual combative mood.

"Well, Courtney," said the doctor, "I'm sorry, if you have closed your mind to reasonable conviction. Just now, you mentioned your father, whose courtesies I can never forget. How old was he?"

"Sixty-two," he replied, "and with the exception of rheumatism had enjoyed excellent health to the hour of his death."

"Of what did your father die?"

"Apoplexy."

The doctor remaining silent, his friend inquired after some moments:

"Why, do you ask, Bob?"

"I'm sure you'll understand me, Dave; certainly I would regret it if you didn't, but—" and the doctor hesitated.

"Certainly, Bob, I know nothing offensive to me could

have place in your heart."

"Thank you, Courtney; you may always be sure of that. What I was about to say was this: I am very positive, as you say, that in the ordinary meaning of the word your father was never intoxicated. But it has been demonstrated until it has become a positively known fact that one who consumes even the amount of alcohol which your father took daily is never normal. Apoplexy is due to the rupture of a blood vessel because of cirrhosis, or the hardening of artery tissues. Slightly more than one-fifth of all cases of apoplexy are the results of alcoholic cirrhosis."

"If these statements which you are continually firing at me," said Courtney, "are true, why are they not published

and taught?"

"After a great struggle, science has succeeded in getting the facts in hygiene text books and they are taught to some extent in our public schools. But do you not see how almost impossible it is to impress their seriousness upon men's or even children's minds when government puts approval upon the brewery and the saloon? Such appeal to reason is well-nigh powerless in the face of the appeal of saloons to appetite."

"Well," said Courtney, wearily, "let us keep our appointment with the 'poison squad.' What part do I play in this

evening's work of debauchery?"

"First," said Dr. Morrison, "I want you to be particularly careful that only the purest, high-grade beverages are served. But before anything is served we will engage the subjects in conversation and observe their normal minds. Then as intoxication ensues we will follow them in conversation but will never lead. I took the liberty of inviting Walton of the Intelligencer to be with us. Have him also served with substitutes."

"No idea of publicity in this?" Courtney demanded.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "His opposition to the saloon is purely political; he is quite as skeptical upon the eve-

ning's experiment as you are."

Of the subjects selected by Mr. Courtney, Judge Proctor in the criminal branch of law had stood well at the head of his profession. His retention as counsel had for many years been regarded as a case half won. Although but 50, he was now in the decline of life, the heavy pouches under his eyes, the capillary engorgement of the nose and his unsteady hand telling the story of alcoholic congestion and nerve disturbance. Herbert Stanton, for his years, was the best known banker of the Middle West. In addition to having taken a leading role in national finance, he was the author of several bulletins issued by the Federal Reserve Board upon the correct attitude of

banking to small business and of capital to labor. His advanced position upon business democracy had succeeded in placing his name prominently before the country as a possibility in the formation of the second Wilson cabinet.

The third, Kenneth Wardlaw, although as yet having attained no unusual distinction in his profession as instructor of Greek in Vanderslip University, was esteemed by all who knew him for the purity of all his conceptions of life. His lecture, "The Mothers of Men," in which he strongly arraigned the social evil, holding that he who violates the law of social purity conspires to break down the fountain life of the home, weakens the race in its most vital spot and is an enemy to all virtue, had given him prominence upon the Chautauqua platform. Professor Wardlaw was therefore one in whose presence men of loose tongue regarded their speech as in the presence of women.

The first few glasses of wine put Herbert Stanton in excellent humor, while the professor only affected unnatural dignity in attempting to conceal its influence. The evening advanced. Wardlaw declined to keep peace with his fellows, and became more reserved in speech. Courtney pressed Dr. Morrison's foot under the table in triumph. For while Judge Parker gulped, Stanton more moderately drained his glass and the college professor sipped. It was not until after Stanton had evidenced his submission to the master of men's minds that the symptoms which Dr. Morrison had foretold became manifest in Professor Wardlaw.

Abandoning his defense of business justice which had distinguished him among men of his class, Herbert Stanton defended the principle of the right of might, if perhaps, with less logic, with all the boldness of Herr Von Bernhardi.

"If he's poor, damn him, keep him poor!" he exclaimed.

"But," persisted Mr. Walton, the more fully to develop the full swing of his mind, "without some curtailing of the combination of capital the average man would be crushed by the bourbonism of wealth."

"O, to hell with the average man!" exclaimed Stanton. "What has the average man ever done in the big game of finance? Nothing! The only man with the power to do things is the man who has something to do things with. Capital creates the payroll!"

"But," urged the editor, "labor being the source of wealth,

labor and capital must be equally safeguarded."

"Let me tell you something," replied Stanton irritably, "business—big business—will never do its best for itself and for labor as long as it is hampered with politicians pandering to the whims of the idle, lazy poor!"

"But," said Courtney, "that has not been your creed, Her-

bert."

"Creeds be damned!" was alcohol's reply. "That's theory; but when we come down to business we're all alike, 'Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost!"

"O, I'm tired of this speech makin'," exclaimed Professor Wardlaw; "who cares for the rich or the poor? Both's tryin' to get what the other's got. What I want and what you want is to see some good lookin' high steppers—. Say, Courtney, ain't you got any high kickers you can show us? If not, let's hunt up some."

"Why no, Kenneth," said Courtney in actual confusion, "I

hardly dared to provide that sort of amusement for you."

"What the devil you think a fellow wants—to go to Sunday school? Well, I guess not tonight! Say, fellows, come on; let's hunt 'em up."

"Speaking of good looking kickers, Professor," said Dr. Morrison, handing him a photograph, "what do you think of

that?"

"O, Zeus!" exclaimed the professor, his eyes feasting upon the picture, "what new Psyche have you brought us? Say, Dock, Eros would have been a fool to leave the side of that peach."

Like a great steamer which once proudly rode the ocean waves, but with the rudder gone, is cast upon the beach, heav-

ing only with the ebb and flow of the surging tide, Judge Proctor, leaning upon the table, slept in drunken helplessness.

When the company was about to separate, Ben Walton de-

tained Courtney and the doctor.

"Dr. Morrison," he asked, "are you positive—of your own knowledge—that the action of alcohol is always the same?"

"The physiological action of alcohol is devious and varied in its effects," the doctor replied; "the psychological operation, while varied in outward expression, is unchanging—immutable as the law of cause and effect."

"Do you mean to say that Stanton under the same degree of intoxication would put his creed into practice?"

"Undoubtedly if unrestrained by public opinion and uncurbed by law," replied the doctor.

"Then you claim that Stanton was a different man tonight from what I have known in the bank."

"No," Dr. Morrison corrected, "that man tonight was only a portion of the man you have known in the bank. The banker you have known—that man of honor and justice—was wounded and helpless.

Courtney had seated himself at a little distance from the doctor and Walton and sat looking into space, absorbed in his thoughts.

"Dave," called Dr. Morrison, "knowing Professor Wardlaw as you do, normally, what would have been his reception of the obscene picture which so delighted him tonight?"

"He would have insulted you."

"Well, I don't know what you think about it, Courtney," said Walton. "I've been pretty firmly set in my ideas about alcoholic beverages and social custom, but I'm ready to admit that Dr. Morrison has made out a damaging case against alcohol."

Courtney did not reply. Other than the short sentence in reply to Dr. Morrison, he gave no indication of what was passing in his mind.

# CHAPTER XVII

#### DAVID COURTNEY STANDS UP

"One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up."

DUT the following morning old Sancho received a shock

for which he was totally unprepared.

"Dar, now; I kin des see m'self in 'em," exclaimed the butler as he finished polishing Mr. Courtney's shoes and carried them to his room to call him for breakfast.

"Which will yo' hab dis mawin', Marse Dave, brandy en sody, er des er sweetened toddy wid er leetle lemond juice in hit?"

"I will not take anything this morning, Sancho," he replied, yawning sleepily.

"Whut—whut dat yo' say, Marse Dave?" inquired Sancho, holding his hand to his ear, although boasting that his hearing and sight were "des as good as eny ob dese young niggers."

"I say I will not take anything to drink this morning!"

"Yas'r, yas'r, Marse Dave; I hears yer, 'dout yo' hollerin' so loud, suh."

Preparing his employer's bath, he hung a fresh suit by the radiator, during which performance he had consumed much more time than usual, punctuating it at frequent intervals with something between a groan and a sigh, once his disturbed emotions betraying him into a half smothered exclamation:

"Uh—eh! Wonder whut de mattah wid Marse Dave? Den I wonder whut gwin ter be de mattah wid ole Sancho dis cole mawnin' 'doubt sup'n to warm him up!"

Finding nothing by which he could make excuse to prolong his stay with the hope that Mr. Courtney might reconsider, Sancho left the room. But still hoping to be called back he stopped at the top of the stairs and listened. Hearing nothing, he cautiously cracked the door.

"Marse Dave, did you' call ole Sancho?"

"No, Sancho."

"Well-er, Marse Dave, is yo' ailin', honey?"

Springing from bed he swung his Indian clubs about the white wooly head:

"Why, I'm as fit as a woodchopper, Sancho."

"Yas'r, yas'r, Marse Dave, I sees yo' is, suh," said Sancho, dodging and ducking. "I'se sho' glad yo' ain't ondisposened." And as he descended the stairs he chuckled:

"Dat sho' am one monstr'us fine white gen-man."

But by the time he had reached the kitchen the calamity of a cold, frosty morning without his usual bracer had shut out the vision of the elegance of his employer, and he entered shaking his head in the most doleful manner.

"Lawdy, Lawdy! Whut's done perspired to disrup' Marse Dave?"

"What de mattah wid you', nigger?" demanded Cindy.

"Lawdy, Cindy, Marse Dave say: 'Sancho, don' fix me nuthin' ter drink dis mawin'.' Whut yo' expose dat chile's Pa'd say ef he hear dat? Sides, when Marse Dave don' get nuthin' Sancho don' get nuthin', and whut's I gwin do dis cole mawin'? Dat's whut I'se axin' myself."

"Whut yo' gwin do? Yo' ax me whut yo' gwin do, nigger? Yo' gwint er de wood pile and fotch me in some stove wood, dat's whut yo' gwin do!"

"O, Cindy," complained Sancho, moving toward the door, "whut make yo' ack so much lack a nigger? En yo' been riz en livin' wid white quality ever since yo' been borned. Why'nst yo' say, 'Mistah Co'tney, ef yer please, suh, fotch me in some fewels?"

Sancho had kept an eye on the rolling pin and, as he finished, discreetly slipped out of the door towards the woodhouse.

"Tee, hee, hee!" laughed Cindy, "dat ole nigger ack des like er young boy wid his foolishness."

Sancho served breakfast in silence. Mr. Courtney did not return at midday dinner, but when evening came and there was no mint julep at supper, and the instructions of the day before were repeated in the morning, the butler was in the depths of despair. As he assisted Mr. Courtney into his overcoat, he whispered:

"Marse Dave, old Sancho's feelin' monstrous onlikely dis mawin'—ouch! Dar, dot old mis'ry kitch me in de back ergin. Cain't you give de ole nigger des er drap er sup'n, Marse Dave?" And Sancho stood drawn to one side as if in great

agony.

For some years Mr. Courtney had found it necessary for the sake of peace and good order in the kitchen, and to insure himself a drink when he wanted it, to keep his liquors under lock.

"You old rascal!" he laughed, handing him the key, "See what's in there." And by some mysterious means, having forgotten his pain, Sancho moved quickly to the locker, returning with a half empty quart bottle.

Never in his experience could he remember experiencing a craving for drink, but as Courtney drew the stopper and caught the pungent odor there came an almost overwhelming desire to place the bottle to his lips and drink. Tremblingly he set it upon the table and walked to the window.

"Marse Dave," pleaded the old servant, seeing in his face the reflection of the tumult that raged within, "let ole Sancho fix yo' a mint jewlip; yo' knows how de ole nigger can—"

"Hush, Sancho," commanded Courtney. In that moment had come the memory of his mother's patient reply to his own objection to abstinence: "Dr. Morrison says they can't want to quit," and he knew now what it meant.

Tenacious to a custom which appealed to his own social instincts, and jealous of what he believed to be the inherent right of a free American citizen, Courtney had refused to accept as convincing evidence the argument against alcohol which its abuse alone produced. He had stood by the death bed of James Gardner and knew that alcohol was his slayer, but he

believed that the weakness of James Gardner and not the power of alcohol was at fault. He had listened to the tearstained story of Dolly Gardner and his anger was keen against the man who had wronged her, but he believed she had related an excuse and not a cause.

On the night he had witnessed Dr. Morrison's demonstration, with his own perceptions clear, he had seen alcohol invade the sacred temple of the mind; he had watched the ruthless onslaught upon reason and upon judgment, and he saw all that is divine in man silenced into helplessness. On that occasion his intellect needed no argument, his sense of justice required no appeal.

It had not been the intention of Courtney to mention to any one his mental attitude. He had made no pledge, not even with himself; he had arrived at the parting of the ways and had chosen his course. This morning, seating himself beside his mother, he took her hand.

"Would it give you pleasure, mother," said he, and his voice trembled just a little, "to know that no more of that will ever come into our home?"

Mrs. Courtney looked at the bottle on the table, then at her son. There was something more in her beautiful, wrinkled face than he had ever seen before-something more of a mother's yearning love quivering betwixt hope and fear.

"Do you mean it, David?" she asked.

"I have taken my last drink," said he with frank finality.

"God bless you, my noble son!" It was all that she could say, for it was the moment of triumphant answer to years of unwearied prayer.

For some moments Sancho stood statue like in bewildered amazement. Born in slavery upon the Courtney estate, as was the law of slavery, he bore the family name. He had known no other employer, he had rejoiced with the family at their weddings and had wept with them at their funerals. During the four years of Colonel Courtney's service in the Confederate army, Sancho had been the bodyguard of the home, providing for every possible comfort for his mistress. He had slept at the threshold of her door to guard her person from harm, he had nightly lifted his black face toward the twinkling stars in prayer for his master upon the battlefield. During the years that followed he shared their poverty with the same conscious aristocracy of which he boasted in days of plenty. He had been nursed in sickness, fed and clothed and paid his wage in health, and when troubles came at Blackswamp Campgrounds, as they often came, he was bailed out and furnished with counsel, and if his wits and ready tongue could not deliver him, "De cunel could," and did.

Upon the day David was born, Sancho had refused to go to his cabin until he had looked upon the baby and cuddled him in his arms, and from that day he had been the apple of his eye. Perhaps but one other devotion was so keen, it was the tenacity with which he defended the aristocracy of the name of Courtney-his own white folks-and their customs. And to Sancho there was no greater evidence of "quality folks" than the mint patch in its own corner of the garden and the decanter upon the sideboard. The old "coach and four," a sacred memory of the Sundays when he had driven with his master and mistress to church, could be duplicated by common "white trash" if they happened to become prosperous, but only "quality folks" could have their mint patch and drink like gentlemen. Therefore, the tri-daily mint juleps which Sancho had served to Colonel Courtney and later to his son were a far greater evidence of aristocracy—a distinction cherished more by the old slave servant than by the master-more even than the family coat of arms done in bronze which rested upon the mantel.

It was not strange, therefore, that Sancho heard with alarm the announced purpose of his young master.

"Mis Mary," said he, weakly, "kin yo' step here des er minit?" hobbling along to draw Mrs. Courtney further from the door.

"Miss Mary, is Marse Dave bad sick?"

"No, Sancho; what makes you think Mr. David is ill?"

"Miss Mary, Marse Dave ain't nuver ack lack dis befo'; lemme foam fer Mistah Doctor Mahson."

"Sancho!" called Courtney. "I'se comin', Marse Dave."

"Sancho," said he, pointing to the bottle, "you and I have quit."

"Is we, Marse Dave?" asked Sancho dolefully. "O, O! Dat mis'ry sho am scrushimatin', Marse Dave."

"Yes, I'll get you a rheumatic remedy.

But seeing what he considered the honor of the family at stake and the alarming prospect of his own deprivation, the old butler made one more, and what he believed the supreme argument to prevent so great a calamity.

"Marse Dave, what dem fine white gen'men's gwin say 'bout yo' when dey comes to see yo' and yo' don' ax em' to hab nothin' wid vo'?"

"Perhaps they-and you-will miss it, Sancho."

"En yo' Pa? He wouldn't lack dat, Marse Dave." And there was pleading in his voice.

"Well, Sancho, that's settled. Now take this remnant and

it will make you and Cindy an eggnog next Christmas."

"Thank yo' suh, Marse Dave; thank yo' suh. But Marse Dave, hit sho am er long way till Chris'mus," said Sancho, slipping the bottle under his coat as he nimbly went to the kitchen.

When David returned to lunch, Sancho was not in evidence, and proceeding to the kitchen he inquired of Cindy. With her hands akimbo on her ample hips, the cook stood in the center of her undisputed domain.

"Marse Dave, yo' orter know whar Sancho'd be wid dat licker in him whut yo' give him."

"But I gave him that for your Christmas."

"Marse Dave, don' yo' know er nigger? If hit was Jedgment Day en Marse Jesus wus er comin' in de clouds, Sancho, he couldn't er he'p drinkin' dat licker."

To his inquiry as to where Sancho could be found, Cindy

pointed to their quarters in the back yard. Sancho was lying upon the floor just inside the door, a razor in his hand and one eye swollen large. Throwing a blanket over him David returned to the kitchen.

"What's the matter with Sancho's eye, Cindy?" he asked.

"La, Chile, yo' nuver kin tell whut gits de mattah wid er nigger's eyes when ole Marse Licker gits in 'em."

"He must have had a falling out with his razor; I see he has it in his hand."

"I speck he did, Marse Dave; 'do I heard 'im pestern roun' here in my kitchen er while ago. Mabby some er my skillets flewd up en hit 'im."

"I thought Sancho had learned the habits of your kitchen furniture, Cindy."

"Marse Dave, don' yo' know a drunk nigger don' 'members nuthin'? Yo' got'r show 'em de same way eber time."

"Perhaps they are not very different from the white ones in that, Cindy," said Mr. Courtney.

"Dat am de Lawd's truf, Marse Dave," said Cindy. And as he left the room Cindy took up her interrupted hymn:

"On Jor—d—an—s st—or—my— ba—nk—s I—sta—nd—. Speck I bettah be gwin ter see 'bout dat ole nigger."

# CHAPTER XVIII

COURTNEY SPURNS THE BANKER'S GOLD

"Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell, Civil dissension is a viperous worm, That gnaws the bowels of the Commonwealth."

ERHAPS the most severe shock Philip Dornham ever experienced was prohibition for the District of Columbia. Such action upon the part of Congress did not occur to him as a thing possible, in which conclusion he was encouraged by the leaders in Washington. Soothed by his confident faith in the history of the past, he had watched the growth of his treasury in sums of millions persistently disregarding and at times impatient with the cautionary advice of Fletcher Babson. When there were only days before the ballot was to be taken, he awoke to the possibility, even the strong probability of the passing of the bill. He had demanded its death at the hands of Senator Scanlan, advising him the exact amount upon which he could draw. But Senator Scanlan knew Congress better than did Philip Dornham; he knew the Congress of the United States of America was unpurchasable. Unwilling to incur his displeasure by acknowledging his lack of confidence in the power of money, the senator chose to adopt the tactics of minimizing the effects of such legislation. But when the enacted bill was signed by the President and he realized that the national Capitol, where in times past alcohol had played so important a part in the history of the nation, had been wrested from the brewers and the distillers, it was a blow from which he did not easily recover.

When he had had time to renew his hitherto unflagging determination, it was with increased faith in the power of money to sway the misguided or stubborn conscience of legislators as well as individuals.

Collections were pouring uninterruptedly into the gigantic treasury at the rate of a half million dollars a week and an

organization was now perfected in every section of the country spreading and converging like an enormous wheel rimmed by the Atlantic, the Gulf and the Pacific, with Brewerton the hub. Only those states where prohibition was in operation had presented a problem considered serious in the matter of propaganda, and it was to this condition that the three leaders were directing their attention.

"Stir 'em up, damn 'em!" counseled Samuels. "Get 'em to boilin' and they'll be ready to swallow our medicine when the time comes."

"But," objected Mr. Babson, " this is not election year."

"Every year's election year if we're goin' to win," said Samuels. "Listen: Durin' the fat days of the old 'Tillman Gin Mill,' as we used to call it, I played poker with a chap down there that bet me a thousand that he'd be governor in four years. He started without money, without friends, and without—well, the most he had was a loud mouth and brass to shame the devil. He was backin' up that old Graft Machine that was dyin' of internal gangrene-enough to swamp any man-but he started out cryin', 'Nigger, Nigger!' The nigger, mind you, wasn't doin' anything but hoein' cotton. But that chap kept hollerin' 'Nigger' so long and so loud that in two years he got the durned fools mad at the nigger and mad at each other till they were ready to cut one another's throats. At the campaign meetin's they were carryin' him around on their shoulders. In two years more they landed him into the governor's chair. Nothin' to it but makin' 'em mad at somethin'-don't make any difference what it is."

"Can we use this man?" asked Mr. Dornham.

. "He's already busy," said Samuels. "He's makin' speeches now against the war and against the government draft system."

Philip Dornham was not slow to see the wisdom of Samuel's program of discord and unrest.

"Looks like good business to me, Fletcher," said he.

"But dangerous," cautioned Babson.

"Only for the agitators," said Samuels. "Let 'em look out for their own hides. You must acknowledge that the cash we've sent to the I. W. W.'s ain't a bad investment."

"Organized labor is our most important effort now," Mr.

Dornham suggested.

"Glad to hear you say that," replied Samuels. "I've been takin' a little fling at that as an experiment. You just watch the papers for the next few weeks and see what happens."

"You're quite a wonderful fellow, Samuels," Mr. Dornham

complimented.

It was plain that Fletcher Babson was not enthusiastic over this particular phase of the campaign. But at the conclusion of the conference it had been adopted as a part of the Dornham "system" under the direction of Samuels, the father of the program of unrest.

"Do you realize, Fletcher," said Mr. Dornham, when Samuels had retired, "that this is the most colossal political campaign ever inaugurated? I, perhaps, am too old but its effects

may yet turn your face toward the White House."

"I have hardly permitted myself to think-and yet-"

"At present we must think of but one thing, we must have

but one purpose. The other will follow."

"Each day the outlook grows brighter," acknowledged Babson, whose conservatism had been an irritant to his chief. "And I confess this campaign of discord and unrest, if it can be conducted safely, presents a promising seed bed for our harvest, and under present conditions one of the easiest of accomplishment."

"We must now turn our attention to local conditions," said Mr. Dornham. "Beeker is a weakling. If we had had a strong congressman with Scanlan that District of Columbia bill would never have passed. We must have a better man in his place. I have about decided to send Courtney to Congress."

"Courtney!" exclaimed Babson with a tone of protest.

"Regardless of our personal opinions, he is the strongest man we have."

Mr. Dornham had anticipated a scene with Babson at any suggestion of preferment of Courtney, but he only asked:

"Have you heard that he is to appear as assistant prosecut-

ing attorney in the O'Connell-Gardner murder case?"

"By whom employed?" demanded the banker.

"Presumably, of course, by the wife; but District Attorney

Hamlin thinks the W.C. T. U. is financing it."

"I am surprised to hear this of Courtney," said Mr. Dornham, thoughtfully. "Yet I believe you lawyers claim the privilege of accepting clientele irrespective of your personal attitude, and he is, therefore, at liberty to take the case. I am unable to understand, however, why he should have been sought, being unidentified in any manner with their cause."

"I, too, was unable to understand it," replied Babson, watching the effect of his statement upon Mr. Dornham, "until last evening at the quarterly banquet of our Bar Association. I sat opposite him and noticed his champagne stood untouched and I heard him make the statement to his neighbor that he had very reluctantly come to the conclusion that alcohol as a beverage has no place in civilized government."

"Why, Fletcher, you astonish me!" exclaimed Mr. Dorn-

"What could have brought this about?"

"O, he and this specialist, Morrison, I understand, are quite close friends. Perhaps he has caught his fanaticism. I think you'll be disappointed in Courtney when you find him out."

For some minutes Mr. Dornham was thoughtfully silent. "We must not lose this man!" he finally announced. fear you do not appreciate the importance of Courtney to our cause. His ability as a public speaker, his legal knowledge and his qualities of leadership make him invaluable to us. We must bind him to us before there is further dissatisfaction. I will also silence—or better—use this fanatic, Morrison."

"For my part, Mr. Dornham, I don't see anything good in Courtney. But since you want to make him congressman, all right. I hope you'll have better luck than I am having with

Walton. He's getting strong in his fight on the saloon."

"Where does he bank?" asked Mr. Dornham.

"First National, and is not a borrower."

"And he still refuses to take your advertising?"

"At any price."

"Then take away what advertising he has," instructed Mr. Dornham. "We'll see how long he'll bank without borrowing."

As Mr. Babson retired, the banker telephoned Courtney. Mr. Courtney was not in, the answer came, but would be advised that Mr. Dornham wished to see him immediately upon his return.

At that previous time when Mr. Dornham had offered Courtney a seat in Congress, he was sincere. He believed that hope was sufficient to hold him faithful, but with this alarming information which Babson had just given him he was unwilling for an hour to pass without securing him by stronger ties.

In his morning's mail Courtney had received a letter from the bank inquiring as to the status of the Gardner mortgage. Though conscious that it was detail with which the banker did not burden himself, he decided to take the case direct to Mr. Dornham. He was on his way when the call from the banker came.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Dornham, "I am glad to see you."

Each ignorant of the other's purpose, the lawyer proceeded to state his case, together with some of the facts of his personal acquaintance with the dead man.

"There are features of this transaction I do not like," said he. "I want your advice."

For the twinkling of an eye there was the expression of petulance in the banker's face. Then it changed. The subject which the attorney had brought for discussion had not only created a perspective of the character of the man with whom he was to deal, but had opened an avenue of approach to the more important subject for which he had not hoped.

"It was for a conference on just such a matter that I telephoned, asking you to call," said Mr. Dornham, "and I am pleased that you have brought this matter direct to me. The staunchest friends of the saloon can not deny that they have become offensively corrupt." And watching the effect of this statement, the banker continued: "However improvident Gardner may have been, I have no doubt that Jacobi permitted him to borrow at times when he was incapable of transacting business. While not technically fraudulent, this was unwise, and from a moral viewpoint, unfair. It is just such acts as this and the consequent violence of the bartender, which are now threatening the extinction of a legitimate industry and the unfair destruction of millions of dollars of invested capital."

To the hesitation of Mr. Dornham, an evident invitation for comment, Courtney did not respond. Having caught the statement that the banker had requested his visit, he was waiting the expression of the business in question in the banker's own way.

"The business, as you know, is interwoven in almost every fiber of commerce and politics," continued Mr. Dornham, confidentially, "and I believe that any radical action on the part of the government would have a most destructive influence. For this reason and for the ultimate purpose of effecting temperance, I have consented to do what I can to restore to it respectability. I mean to force it within reasonable legal bounds. To do this, we must have men of brains and character, both as legal advisors and as representatives in the National Congress; men of your type, Mr. Courtney, who will not tolerate dishonest practice or stand for unwise legislation."

"This expression of your good opinion, Mr. Dornham, is very kind and something which I sincerely appreciate, but—"

"Only a statement of fact," interrupted the banker. "I sometimes think we business men are not frank enough in our expressions of esteem of our fellows, but I have tried in a more substantial manner to show my confidence. A customer of the

bank has applied to me to suggest an attorney of the kind which I have described, and I have named you. You will find this client liberal; I am authorized to say your annual retainer will be sixty thousand dollars, payable in equal monthly payments."

"One would be greatly lacking in appreciation, Mr. Dornham," said Courtney, sincerely, "who could fail to be grateful for your kindness in this matter and your good intention; the retainer is certainly most liberal, but—"

"I thought it was quite liberal, Mr. Courtney; and yet, the service of men of your kind is not procurable every day. However, I am pleased that it meets your approval. And now," he continued, "I have a commission which I wish to intrust to you on my own account. I understand you are a friend of Dr. Robert Morrison?"

"We have been intimate since boyhood," said Courtney, wonderingly.

"I am sorry I have not the pleasure of knowing him, but I hope to have that privilege; he is said to be both learned and capable?"

"His advantages have been all that one could ask, and I think he has made the most of them. I consider him a man of excellent technical equipment and good common sense—probably an unusual combination."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Dornham. "Common sense! That is fine; so many men are lacking in the practical application of knowledge to conditions as they exist. Just the man I have been looking for!"

"I shall be pleased, Mr. Dornham, to arrange for you to meet Dr. Morrison," proposed Courtney.

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Courtney, and I shall not forget it. At present I shall entrust the commission to you. While the service I require is, I might say, simple, I have been unable to find the person with the technical knowledge and

force of practical expression which is necessary. What I need is an article of not more than one thousand words, written from the standpoint of the analyst and logically convincing, upon the food value of beer."

"I think," suggested Courtney, "that it would be best for you to consult Dr. Morrison himself, Mr. Dornham. The nature of such a paper would naturally fix its value to you. Perhaps you are not aware that he has some very positive opinions on this subject?"

"O, probably true, probably true! But you just mentioned that Dr. Morrison is a practical man," said Mr. Dornham, leaning toward Courtney and lowering his voice. "When you explain to him my purpose he will understand what I need. Such an article from Dr. Morrison is worth a handsome sum—I might say a princely sum. It is worth one hundred—thousand—dollars!"

The last sentence was spoken slowly, ponderously. To the banker it was as if he were the leader of a mighty orchestra rendering the national anthem, when all men should stand and bare their heads.

Slowly Courtney rose to his feet, the blood tingling in every vein. He had waited for an opportunity to explain to Mr. Dornham his own changed attitude toward the business which he was solicited to serve. He sincerely appreciated all that the offer for his legal services would have meant to him, a few weeks before, and what he believed to be the sincere mental approval by Mr. Dornham of his ability. But in the last proposition Mr. Dornham had offered to buy his honor! In a moment his mind swept the field of his whole experience; he saw his father laboring under a life-long burden of debt, but there was no dishonor. Quickly reviewing his own struggles and temptations, there was no place where one had so dishonored him as to offer the insult of a bribe.

Disregarding the loss of the Dornham Bank as a client, he was forming his indignant reply, when the vision of Helen, the woman he loved, came before him. Standing there he struggled with the contending forces as the wild roe writhes under the tightening coils of the python. Perhaps the call of his own heart prompted the thought, but would he not be unjust to Helen to create a breach between himself and her father?

Mr. Dornham leaned back in his chair with the air of one who has satisfactorily completed an important task. Courtney stood gazing at the floor without reply, then left the room. Mr. Dornham's eyes followed him to the door, and he smiled. Glancing at his desk, he called:

"O, Courtney!"

Returning, he stood in the doorway while Mr. Dornham

advanced holding two pieces of paper in his hand.

"Pardon my absentmindedness," said he. "This," handing him a check issued by the Gugenheim-Bunch Brewing Company for five thousand dollars, "is your first month's retainer. And," he continued presenting another, signed by himself for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, "this is the doctor's remuneration for the work he is to do. I am trusting the matter entirely to your hands; if it costs less, you are the beneficiary, if more, the amount is not important."

As if dazed, Courtney took the checks from Mr. Dornham, and scanned them closely. Then folding carefully, he tore them into strips and contemptuously flung the pieces at the banker's feet.

"What!"-gasped Mr. Dornham.

"It means," said Courtney, his voice and frame shaken with anger, while his words pierced like cold steel; "It means, damn your dirty money!"

As the door slammed behind the retiring attorney, Mr. Dornham stood speechlessly staring at the door. Then he tottered to his desk and sank heavily into his chair. Every nerve was shaken to its center, and mopping the great drops of perspiration from his brow he gasped:

"Impossible! Impossible!"

He beat upon his breast as if to awaken himself from a horrible dream. Surely his ears had played him falsely, his eyes had deceived him! Yet there, upon his Persian rug lay scattered worthless pieces of paper which a few moments before had been wealth—spurned wealth! Had the Bank of England failed, had his own powerful bank closed its doors, he could not have been more severely shocked. Half an hour later he stirred, picked up the bits of paper from the floor and laying them on his desk, pieced out the checks:

"Too small, too small!" he mused. "He's a grasping devil!"

# CHAPTER XIX

BREWER DORNHAM PRESENTED TO BANKER DORNHAM "What! Would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?"

HEN Phil Dornham made his temperance pledge to his father he meant to keep it: he believed he could keep it. For a week he confined himself to three bottles of beer a day, but it proved only a tease to his appetite. Changing to three stiff drinks of distilled liquor gave no relief, and the months that followed proved only an exaggerated example of those that preceded his pledge. Another scene with his father followed, and once more his pledge was registered in the family record.

During the struggle of the weeks that followed, he rose at times above his enemy; at times, like a vulture at his vitals, the craving appetite caused his will to waver, and then there came a day whereon three times he dashed the half-raised glass away, but three times there came the blighting, blistering thirst enforced by social custom.

It was late in the afternoon that he entered his father's office; his face was drawn, and he shook as an aspen leaf quivering in the heat of an August sun.

"Father," said he, "what is this I hear of saloon money being used to build the hospital in your name that a reputable leader might be created for the liquor interest?"

Slowing turning to his son, Mr. Dornham invited him to be seated.

"Why do you ask that, my son?" he inquired.

"It was stated to me as fact, and I contradicted it. Should I have done so?"

Mr. Dornham did not make immediate reply. That was a transaction of which he would have preferred that his son remain in ignorance.

"Something had to be done quickly," said he, "to check the rapid progress in the destruction of vested capital, and to restore respectability to a business which has made itself hateful. What I hope to accomplish is in behalf of temperance."

"Temperance for whom?" asked Phil, impatiently. "While I have suffered tortures since my last pledge to you, since when I have not taken a drop, you are planning to satisfy other men's appetites. That is either not fair to me or to them."

"You do not understand, my son," replied his father; "it is strong liquors to which I object. Enjoy your beer if you wish, but abstain from distilled liquors."

"Impossible, father. Besides, I like the effect of liquor better."

"And what does it do to you?" asked Mr. Dornham. "That is just why eventually distilled liquors must be abolished."

"But," inquired Phil, "are not the distillers contributing to this fund?"

"This is no time to separate their interests," replied Mr. Dornham.

"Why, father," persisted Phil in amazement, "do you consider that a fair deal?"

"We will not discuss that point," replied Mr. Dornham, "Why, you are trembling; are you ill?" he asked, for the first time noticing his condition.

"I want a drink," said the young man in a tone that brought pity to his father's heart.

"In the locker," said he, "you will find some beer."

That night eleven o'clock came with Philip Dornham waiting for his son; twelve o'clock passed, and as the clock struck two, Phil staggered in.

"Phil cannot stand this, father," said Helen two weeks later. "He is in a bad condition this morning, and should have medical treatment."

"Medical treatment!" mocked Mr. Dornham. "He should have some sense."

"But, father, you do not realize what a state he is in; I

found him just now out of his room looking strangely and muttering about some horrible thing having its claws in your eyes."

"Mix him a stiff drink," he directed and continued reading his paper.

"But, father—" and Helen hesitated. "Let me call—a doctor—Dr. Morrison; he's a specialist."

"He's a fanatical fool!" he replied impatiently. "If the drink does not quiet him, call the family physician."

But as Helen left the room he let his paper slip to the floor.

"Why am I so dull?" he asked himself, going to the telephone and calling Dr. Morrison for an immediate visit.

When the doctor arrived he found Phil perched upon the dresser with Helen at the door, wringing her hands, and in tears.

"Have you got the gun?" Phil asked. "There he is! Quick, quick! Don't you see him boring his tail into the governor's ears? There, stop him; he's clawing his long fingers into his eyes. O, look! Now father's blind!"

"Phil, Phil!" spoke the doctor, kindly.

"There, stop him!" he screamed, his hands outstretched as if to guard attack. "Look! He's drawn his knife and there's blood—there's blood on it. Watch him lick out his bloody tongue. He's eating hearts—human hearts! He's coming! There, I tell you he's coming! Stop him!"

"Phil, there is nothing to harm you," said Dr. Morrison going to him.

"O, poor Helen!" he sobbed. He's smothering her under a pile of gold—gold! Look! There, he's pouring another load on her! Don't you hear her cry? Quick! Stop him! O, for God's sake, stop him!"

As he gave way in exhaustion, Dr. Morrison caught him in his arms and laid him upon the bed. Helen having summoned her father, stood frightened and weeping by his side.

"Come," said Mr. Dornham, "you must leave the room."

"No," said she, "I'll stay."

"I need her," said the doctor, and writing two addresses he handed the paper to Helen: "Take your car," said he, "and bring these nurses as quickly as possible."

During the days immediately following, Helen refused to leave her brother's bedside except under the compulsion of physical exhaustion. At times the patient raved and fought the demons that tormented him, or begged them piteously for mercy. In the contest of life and death no one could predict the victor. In the early hours each day, the quickening pulse gave hope of life, but as the hours waned at times hope well-nigh fled. It was not until the tenth day that Dr. Morrison announced to Helen:

"I think our battle's won."

Mr. Dornham had aged during those days. Now that his son was recovering he was sincerely grateful to Dr. Morrison. During his convalescence, Phil frequently rode with the doctor on his professional journeyings, and returning from one of these Mr. Dornham detained the physician.

"I am convinced," said he, "that alcoholic, that is, distilled liquors must sooner or later be eliminated from commerce."

"I fear your conviction has come too late for what you have in mind, Mr. Dornham," replied the doctor.

"Why, you do not anticipate a recurrence of this experience with Phil, do you?" he inquired with fatherly concern.

"Under existing conditions it is practically certain."

"But," he inquired, "can't you prevent it? The fee is not material."

"Conquer a diseased appetite!" exclaimed Dr. Morrison. "Why, Mr. Dornham, the natural appetite is the strongest passion known to the human race, and Phil is diseased."

"But," persisted the father, "he says he has no appetite for

drink, not the slightest desire."

"Ah, sir, that is true; medical treatment has to an extent cleared his system and partially restored the diseased parts; but it cannot obliterate the damage to certain brain cells and nerve tissue. Remember, I said 'under existing conditions.' Wait until he meets the environment of social custom, hears the click of the social glass, sees the sparkle of the wine, and attempts to resist the banter of his associates. I fear for your son, Mr. Dornham."

"But," he asked anxiously, "can nothing be done?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but nothing which you are willing to do. Has your son ever attempted to stop drinking, or even drink moderately, Mr. Dornham?"

"Yes," he slowly replied.

"And he failed. The reason," continued Dr. Morrison, "is not that Phil is vicious or weak. Your son, Mr. Dornham, is made of stuff which you cannot comprehend. You love money; he possesses those characteristics of mind and soul which grow great men. His was once the kind of intellect of which statesmen are made, whose passion makes orators, whose love makes homes. But it is such as he that your laws and social customs make wrecks of — wrecks with dullards' minds, wrecks that rob the nation of its due, that wring from homes the cry of broken hearts, and leave dead hopes—skeletons grinning into the faces of men and asking, 'Why?'"

"You are exceedingly interesting, Dr. Morrison," said the banker, "but do you not think it quite doubtful, even dangerous, to try to revolutionize social custom all at once? Many of the most ardent temperance people believe that the surest way of bringing real temperance is by the substitution of the lighter wines and beers for distilled spirits, and I thoroughly agree with them."

"Probably," replied the doctor, "there would be less acute alcoholism; but why should it be thought necessary to have alcoholism at all? If we inebriate our sons and daughters by degrees and ultimately bring them to the same state of mental and physical degeneracy, are we the less guilty of crime?"

"That is accepting the theory that beer degenerates," countered Mr. Dornham. "Unfortunately for your theory, I have only to cite you to Germany, the largest beer consuming peo-

ple of the world, and yet, as the war has developed, the most efficient fighters in the world."

"What do you consider efficiency in the army, Mr. Dornham?" asked the doctor.

"An army that falters at no obstacle, and hesitates at no command," replied Mr. Dornham.

"Then, I do not believe you have overestimated what beer has done for Germany," said Dr. Morrison. "A year in Germany expressly for study of psychological and physiological conditions prepared me for all that Germany has accomplished."

"The Germans are wonderful people, Dr. Morrison. You know of course that their great endurance is attributed to the food value of beer."

"By whom is it thus attributed, Mr. Dornham?"

"Why, I read it only yesterday; it was a statement by an eminent physician, published in the Brewer's Gazette," replied the banker. "It is something about which I have been wanting to talk with you."

"The food value of beer?" asked the doctor.

"It is a subject in which I am greatly interested," said Mr. Dornham, "and since you have had the opportunity of study in Germany, I am sure you are prepared to speak authoritatively."

"That, Mr. Dornham," smiled Dr. Morrison, "while not included in my study, is a simple matter which can be stated in a few words and verified by any competent analyst. An ordinary stein of beer contains one-half ounce of nutrient extract, twenty-six grains of albumenoids, and thirteen grains of free acids."

"Ah, you have the idea," exclaimed Mr. Dornham; "that is splendid. Such a statement from you, Doctor, would do much to wean men away from injurious liquors."

"I shall be glad to write it out for you, Mr. Dornham, if

you think it will be valuable," said the doctor. "But of course you would want all the facts."

"Certainly, certainly," said the banker delightedly. "This is most kind of you, doctor."

"The combined nutrient value of this stein of beer," continued the doctor, "is equivalent to one square inch of ordinary baker's bread. In other words, to derive the food value of one five cent loaf of bread, one must consume seventy-two mugs of beer at a cost of three dollars and sixty cents—"

"But- but-"

"Allow me to finish, Mr. Dornham," said the doctor smilingly. "When the man in search of your food and temperance beverage has finished his 'meal', he will have consumed twenty-four ounces of pure alcohol."

Mr. Dornham was disconcerted. So pleased was he with the first analytical figures of the doctor that he failed to see that they were loaded and the explosion had come upon him unawares.

"Doctor," said he, "you contradict your own admission; you acknowledge what beer has done for Germany—"

"Ah, to be sure!" replied the doctor. "As you have indicated, Germany is the largest consumer of beer of any country in the world. Beer has not only had its influence upon the German army in the war, but it was largely responsible for preparing the German mind for the kind of war we are having. From the first ruthless step that Germany made upon Belgian soil, breaking her solemn covenant with the nations of the world, to where her soldiery murdered unarmed men, forcibly violated the chastity of defenseless women, and pinioned suckling babes upon their bayonets, she has confirmed my conclusions of years ago of the degenerate mind of that beer-soaked nation. Today the world stands agape, wondering if there is anything more horrible which the German mind can effectuate. The world is waking to the realization that this toll of blood is chargeable to the brutalizing influence of Germany's national beverage."

"I had hoped, doctor," said Mr. Dornham, rising with extreme disgust, "that we might join efforts in behalf of temperance. I see I was mistaken."

"In other words, Mr. Dornham," replied the doctor, "you prefer men to die respectably of Bright's disease, apoplexy, heart lesion or other beer degeneration rather than delirium tremens because that is repulsive and inconvenient to have in the house. To be frank, Mr. Dornham, your interests are those of the brewer rather than of the distiller."

Being in possession of information which Mr. Dornham believed was known only to himself and his most intimate associates, Dr. Morrison had not failed to see through the thin covering of pretended interest in temperance.

"It's false!" exclaimed the banker. "You have no right-"

"Wait, Mr. Dornham," said the doctor, quietly. "I am not trying to purchase your stock. I have told you the truth about beer; and I have tried to reveal Brewer Dornham to Banker Dornham. I leave him with you."

# CHAPTER XX

A MAN, NOT A HIRELING

"Honor sits smiling at the sale of truth."

PON the day of his break with Mr. Dornham, Courtney had entered the banker's office with that respect which honor bears toward its equal; he had left with the loathing virtue holds to the character assassin. Philip Dornham was the first and only man who had dared to pilfer his conscience—to buy his self-respect. Numerous had been the times when he would gladly have recalled words spoken in anger, but this was not one of them. Conscious and grieved at the prospect of a widening breach between himself and Helen, he immediately sought her. Determined to shield her from a knowledge of her father's real self, he found it difficult to explain a disagreement the cause of which he could not reveal or explain.

"I know father is determined, Dave," said she, "but I'm sure he'll be fair. Try to understand him."

"Helen, dear, your father and I are differently constituted; we cannot be sympathetic with each other's viewpoint. But whatever comes, promise, sweetheart, that you will believe me sincere."

"O Dave, try to keep sweet with my father. I'm sure he'll not demand anything that is not really honorable and right. You know I love you, Dave, and believe—I know you are both sincere and noble. But think what father is to me and I to him."

"Darling, for you I would make any sacrifice a man can make. Believing that my personal relations with Mr. Dornham may be more agreeable if only social, I have given up my position as attorney for the bank. I hope our relations may now become reconciled."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake in that, Dave; whatever his objections may be to you as a son-in-law, father thinks you're a great lawyer, and he always demands the best. He won't like it."

"It cannot be otherwise, my dearest; it is best."

"But Dave-"

"Trust me, sweetheart; only promise that nothing shall separate us."

"I will love you always."

Mr. Dornham did not discuss with Helen his disagreement with Courtney. While it was an incident most humiliating, he regarded it as only his first attack at what he proposed to make a successful drive—he believed Courtney to be only playing for a larger stake. But he dared not, he must not, he would not lose him as an ally in the herculean task upon which he had entered. He would pay the price.

To Helen's astonishment her father suggested that she have Mr. Courtney for dinner the following evening, at which he was a most entertaining host. During the evening he again introduced the subject of Courtney's political future assuring him of the undivided support of the large business interests of that portion of Brewerton which composed the third Congressional district, and the undoubted success of his candidacy. Helen was delighted. Courtney was suspicious. When Mr. Dornham called at his office a week later Courtney received him cordially.

"Mr. Courtney," he began. "I regret that you failed to understand me in our last interview." And while he proceeded to defend his action, the lawyer studied him with a new interest, and with an enlightening understanding.

"I think, Mr. Dornham, your difficulty is that you misinterpret me. However, that incident is closed. Our relations in the future will be social only. I hope they may be mutually pleasant."

The expression upon Mr. Dornham's face was that of innocuous perplexity. "Mr. Courtney, in the light of our past relations, your conduct is unintelligible," said he helplessly. "Please state what you consider fair and right—what you want."

"I am about to become convinced, Mr. Dornham, that you are speaking the truth; that you are unconscious of the offense you have offered both me and my friend, Dr. Morrison."

"Offense!" exclaimed the banker. "Why, I consider that I paid Dr. Morrison the highest possible compliment; in a lifetime few men earn the sum I was willing—am willing to pay for a day's work. But since you consider it insufficient, I will let you name the price."

Courtney was now convinced of the accuracy of the thought which had been growing in his mind. After all, Mr. Dornham was honest. Had he not himself a few weeks before held principles as just, which he now knew to be error-even vicious? Philip Dornham was not merely the honest purloiner of other men's conscience, he was diseased—diseased with the American sickness of Wealth-hipped with the infatuation of the power of money. He measured the sunshine, not by its beauty and warmth, not by its correlated harmony of color gathered in the rainbow, but by its power to grow grain with money value. In the estimation of Philip Dornham, the Intellect, the Soul-Man-had no greater distinction, no higher mission, than to symbolize in large degree the letter S with two perpendicular bars through it; no decoration had ever or could be bestowed comparable to the insignia of the American Dollar. And like the chameleon of the leaden desert, environment had fixed unchangeably the pigment of his character.

"You and I, Mr. Dornham," said he, "can never have sympathetic appreciation of each other's views upon this subject."

"That," quickly replied the banker, "does not hinder you from remaining counsellor for the bank and accepting the retainer from the Gugenheim-Bunch Company."

"When you made that offer," explained Courtney, "you did not permit me to say that my own convictions had changed

upon the subject of alcoholic beverages. While I sincerely appreciated the compliment, I could not then and I cannot now accept it. And after thoroughly considering the matter, I think it only just to you, Mr. Dornham, that you engage counsel for the bank more in harmony with your views, as I have come to know them."

The quiet decision of Courtney, carrying the unmistakable note of finality, thoroughly aroused Mr. Dornham; he was no longer a suppliant:

"Do you know," he warned, "what that means? It means the rejection of a fortune which you have not allowed me to name; it means the sacrifice of a seat in the next Congress with but a step to the United States Senate. And who can tell what's beyond?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Dornham," said Courtney, it means that I wear no man's collar!"

For the first time in his life Philip Dornham had met with a state of mind and a principle of character which he did not believe existed; he was facing a condition where money had no power, where ambition made no appeal. He was not angry; he was stunned. Like the tramp waking from a dream of vast wealth to the realization of his rags and tin can, the banker with all his wealth and political power was helplessly impotent. Without reply he had reached the door. Suddenly he stopped. As one lost in the night who sees a flickering light, he came slowly back to Courtney's desk.

"Do you remember a request you made of me some months ago?" he asked. "Do you still entertain that desire?"

"Have you reference to my request for your daughter's hand in marriage, Mr. Dornham?" asked Courtney wonderingly.

"Had I known you better I might have given a different reply. But," he continued after a moment's hesitation, "feeling as you do toward me and my interests, such a family relation would be impossible." "Mr. Dornham," said Courtney with a slight tremor in his voice, "I was sincere when I told you that my supreme life's desire is to make Helen my wife. I have not changed."

"If that could be accomplished, you will admit that there

should be co-operation of our interests."

"Meaning," said Courtney, leaning across his desk and looking straight into the banker's eyes, "that you offer to sell your consent to the marriage of your daughter in exchange for my adoption of your views and my acceptance of the role of counsellor for the liquor business."

"I would not put it just that way, Mr. Courtney. Since I talked with you on the subject I have become convinced that Helen would be pleased if the way could be cleared to your union. It is only fair that I warn you that co-operation with me will be wisdom on your part."

For a moment Courtney was silent.

"Mr. Dornham," said he, his flashing eye boring into the banker, "I think it probable that your mental and moral make-up will preclude your understanding of what I am going to say: I have pledged your daughter all that I have—a man's devotion, a man's honor. She would be unwilling to receive less. Helen shall have all that I have promised her."

"All that you have promised!" he roared. "What do you

mean?"

"I mean," said Courtney, coolly, "that when your daughter marries me she shall marry a man; not Philip Dornham's hireling."

Mr. Dornham only gasped. From the door he turned, his

face purple with rage.

"Marry—marry!" he panted. "My daughter will not pick her husband from the poor house! I'll ruin—I'll crush you as I would an ant; you shall be ignored and forgotten of men. You will beg mercy of me when it is too late!"

# CHAPTER XXI

THE METHOD OF THE HUN
"I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways."

IN HIS morning's mail the following day the first letters which Courtney opened were from three of his most valued clients. While their interests were in no way allied, one being a farm implement manufacturing corporation, another a milling company and the third a live stock exchange, the purport of these letters was strangely alike. Each was courteous, and to the point, informing Courtney that his services as attorney were no longer desired, but giving no reason for their action. Upon reading the first of these, the manner of dismissal being so entirely unusual, he was uncertain whether it was a cause for anger or only regret. His bewilderment deepened into confusion at the second, but a glance at the third made him understand.

But had these failed to explain the full meaning of Mr. Dornham's threats of the previous day, a letter from Helen in the same mail convinced him that they were not the mere ravings of important was

ings of impotent rage.

"Dear Mr. Courtney:" Helen wrote, "Father has informed me that, without provocation, you have grossly insulted him. That you should have spoken disrespectfully of me is something for which I can think of no reason. But for one of your age to abuse a man of his years is beyond my comprehension. He has forbidden me to see or speak to you, but if you care to explain, I will make an appointment to see you at the home of Rose Horlick.

"I am utterly bewildered and miserable. Sincerely.

Helen Dornham."

While clients impatiently waited in his reception room, he read and reread Helen's letter.

"What explanation can I make?" he asked himself in utter despair. He could not tell the woman he loved that her father had offered him money for his honor; he could not say to her that her own father had proposed to traffic her hand in marriage for a price! How could he brand the father she loved, and whose honor she cherished, a falsifier—a common liar?

His first impulse was to go to her at once, to beg her to trust him, though she could not understand him. With all the ardor of his heart he longed to see her. But he dared not trust himself in her presence. No explanation without the truth would satisfy her; and Helen must not know.

To his note confessing the impossibility of offering an explanation other than her father's inability to understand him, and entreating her faith and love, he received no reply. During the day he still hoped that Helen would at least let him know that she would wait, that she would not wholly condemn him, and at each ring of the telephone he grasped the receiver hoping to hear her voice. Fearing she might call when he was out, he did not lunch at noon, and only when despairing of receiving the assurance of her confidence did he leave his office.

As he turned the corner into Beeker street on the way to his club, a crowd filling half the street attracted his attention. Peering over the heads in front of Carl Schwartzberg's saloon, he saw the sandwich boy, who had so successfully disappeared upon the day of his first meeting. He had often thought of the pinched, hungry face and more than once had come the question, "Mister, yer ain't never been a drunkard's boy, have ye?" But this was his first sight of the boy since the day he had declined a meal at the sacrifice of discarding his campaign sign. The sandwich sign which he wore now was painted in large clear letters, and perched upon a beer keg, he was saying:

"O chase yerself, ole Corkscrew! Yer takes my bed every night an' ye eats my breakfus every mornin,' an' I'm borrowin' yer ole keg just onst."

Looking in the direction of his sally, Courtney saw the white aproned saloon keeper gesticulating and swearing.

"Mister," said the boy, 'tain't no use cussin'; yer robbin' dese here fellers an' their boys just like yer robbin' my pa an' me, an' we'se agoin't put yer out er bis. Does yer get that?"

The crowd cheered; some went into the saloon while oth-

ers came out to take their places.

"O, be a sport!" goaded the boy. "Learn how to lose an' go to work like these hones' men; they'se been a-workin' for yo' long enough, an' they's made up their minds they's agoin't work fer they own babies an' let yo' work fer yerself."

"That's the truth!" shouted a man in overalls near Court-

ney; and again the crowd cheered.

"Why, Mister," continued the speaker, pointing his finger at the saloon-keeper. "I slep' on er pile er straw las' night 'cause you had my bed; you eat that man's little boy's chicken dumplin' fer yer dinner today, and your wife's ridin' in that man's wife's auto-go-wagin. And I ain't got no bed, an' that man's little boy's hungry, and that man's wife's walkin' to her work in de factory through de mud."

"He's tellin' you some truth, Carl!" yelled a man from the

outskirts of the crowd.

"Und I vill prake his tam pack fer him!" swore Schwartzberg as he entered his saloon.

"No ye won't," the boy flung back fearlessly. "Ye'll starve

me like ye've been doin', ye crooked old corkscrew!"

As he came out of the saloon, pushing his way through the crowd, the saloon-keeper drew a beer bottle from under his apron and let drive with a mighty swing at the boy. Still addressing his audience, his head was turned to the right, and the bottle hit him fairly over the left temple. The sandwich boy crumpled upon the cobble-stones.

Reaching Schwartzberg an instant too late to stop the cowardly act, Mr. Courtney grasped his throat in a vice-like grip just in time to prevent further assault upon the boy. Striking the drawn knife from the saloon man's hand with one swift blow he sent him to the pavement as a policeman laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder and declared him under arrest.

"Under arrest!" exclaimed Courtney. "What do you mean?"

"Mean what I say, Mr. Highbrow!"

"I demand that you arrest that man who made the assault upon the boy!" exclaimed Courtney with indignant anger.

"Come along now, or you'll get the wristlets," said the officer. "Carl, get back in your place and stay there; and you fellows clean out of this."

As the officer held him by the arm, an automobile signalling for an open road stopped for the way to be cleared. In it Courtney saw Helen Dornham by the side of her father, and as she caught his eye her face went deathly pale. Suddenly she arose as if to alight, then quickly dropping her veil, she sank back upon the seat. Mr. Dornham laughed.

# CHAPTER XXII

THE BANKER BECOMES A JUDAS

"Now infidel, I have thee on the hip."

RS. HORLICK had just kissed her husband goodbye and was watching his receding runabout as he hurried to the bank when Helen drove under the porte-cochere.

"Rose," she cried, holding up The Dispatch, "isn't it awful?"

"Why, what's awful, you darling?" asked Mrs. Horlick, taking her in her arms, as she looked into Helen's tear-in-flamed eyes.

"And to think, Rose, I saw it!" she exclaimed, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of tears, as she was led into the house.

"Why, Helen, what on earth has happened? Tell me!"

"Look—look there!" she cried, holding up the paper. "Haven't you seen it?"

"No, we don't take The Dispatch," replied Mrs. Horlick, reading the glaring headlines:

"David Courtney arrested for disorderly conduct. Attorney of some prominence in street brawl with saloon-keeper."

"And just think of it, Rose," continued Helen between sobs, "I saw the police arrest him! O, I shall never forget the look on his face!"

"Well, well, dear," comforted her friend, "perhaps when you know the whole story it may not be so bad. Wait for the afternoon papers—I'm sure *The Intelligencer* will give a correct account of it."

"I never see it, father won't let it come into the house and—"

"I'll do better than that," interrupted her friend; "I'll 'phone Dick to find out about it and let me know at once."

"No," exclaimed Helen, "you must not do that. If Dick

calls him he'll think I had him do it, and I wouldn't have him think it for the world, after the way he has treated me."

"Why, you silly child! Do you imagine he will think you are the only person who is interested in him?—There, I expect that is Dick now calling to tell me about it."

"Don't tell him I'm here—don't, don't!" pleaded Helen, nestling close to her friend as she seated herself and took the receiver.

"This is Dick," came the voice. "Say, if you hear anything about *The Dispatch's* story of Dave's mixup—"

"Here!" whispered Rose, motioning to Helen to hold a close ear—

"What's that?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," she giggled. "I was shooing the cat out; Go on, go on! What about Dave?"

"Courtney had a mixup with a saloon-keeper yesterday and your friend, *The Dispatch*, has given him a raw deal. In other words, he is getting his dose. If your neighbors should be telling you about it, don't let it worry you."

"Well, tell me about it, is he hurt? Did he kill anybody?"

"Oh, no," laughed Horlick. "The Dispatch writes him up as raising a rough-house and assaulting the peaceable Mr. Schwartzberg. The only truth in the story is that he did give the Hun a knockout blow that he'll remember awhile. But I'll tell you when I come to lunch."

"But, Dick, listen! You said he was getting his dose; has he changed—"

"It seems so; I haven't seen the scamp in a month, but Dr. Morrison tells me he has. Work's waiting, kiddie—bye—"

"Now what do you think of that?" asked Mrs. Horlick.

"I'll never forgive him while I live, Rose. I knew he didn't care! If he had, he would have made an explanation when I gave him the chance."

"But-"

"There is absolutely no excuse, Rose," persisted Helen, her mind having experienced a reaction upon news that he was not hopelessly disgraced. "And Dick admits that he has changed.

"Changed?" said Rose wonderingly.

"Yes, changed!" said Helen, tears filling her eyes. "Didn't I hear Dick tell you that Dr. Morrison admitted it. That explains why he didn't want to see me, doesn't it?"

"O, you darling little skeptic; Dave has changed his views about the liquor business, and The Dispatch—and I don't know who else—is administering his punishment."

"O!"

But Helen was wounded—deeply wounded. She had given him an opportunity to see her, which he had declined without offering an explanation of his conduct toward her father, and heredity would have been unfaithful to its law had it failed to transmit to her certain traits of inflexibility.

Had Mrs. Horlick known what was transpiring in the banking office of Philip Dornham at that moment, perhaps she would not have speculated upon the hidden hand of persecution behind *The Dispatch*.

"But, Philip," contended Mr. Roebstock, "in all my business experience this is your first time to refuse me the credit my business requires. I do not think you understand the importance of this matter. Perhaps, like myself, you have been content to rest your faith in the President. We may have felt only an indefinite responsibility in this war which has been forced upon us. I have just returned from Washington in conference with mine operators and government officials, and I am profoundly impressed with the individual responsibility of every citizen. Possibly the supreme need of the government just now is coal—more coal. Ships to carry food and war munitions to our men and the allies on the battle front are waiting for coal! winter is approaching and without a large increase in coal production there will be suffering and death in our own country-in our own city. My financial operations have been confined exclusively to your bank and with your knowledge of the excellent condition of my affairs, I had every reason to expect your co-operation. I have agreed with the government to double my present output."

"I'm not responsible, Roebstock," stoically replied the banker, "for any contract you may have made or for your presumption in expecting to be financed by this bank. Possibly the people whose money you expected to use, thought they had reason to believe you would not join with the enemies of their business to discredit it at a time when the government is about to push them to the wall."

"To what do you refer, Philip?" Mr. Roebstock inquired wonderingly.

"I'm informed that since your daughter's wedding, influenced by her example, there have been no less than a dozen receptions in her set at which no alcoholic beverages were served. You can see to what such example leads in business. You once indignantly refused to correct that example. Perhaps—"

"And I still refuse," emphatically replied the mine owner. "That is a personal matter about which no one shall dictate, and I am surprised that you should suggest—"

"O, I do not mean that that is the cause of the bank declining this credit," said Mr. Dornham. "I only mention it to show you that you demand more than you are willing to give. I have good reason for refusing to increase our line of credit." Watching the effect of his insinuating statement, he continued: "We have discovered a flaw in your titles of a very serious nature—so serious that your present indebtedness must be paid at maturity."

As he pronounced these words Mr. Dornham exhibited every impulse of a handsome maltese playing with a captive mouse. Mr. Roebstock's face paled.

"I cannot, I do not believe it; there is no defect in my titles," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "You are angry, Philip. Let me beg of you, dismiss personal feelings. Disregard me, but think of the need of the government and the people of our own city."

For weeks, Mr. Dornham had thought of little else than the government's attitude toward the prohibition of the manufacture of alcoholic beverages as contemplated in the food bill before Congress. It was the most serious problem which had ever confronted the interests with which every fiber of his being was in sympathy, and for which he was waging his gigantic campaign. Ten minutes before the entry of Mr. Roebstock he had been in conversation with his representative at Washington. He was informed that the most for which hope might be held out was delay. "Then delay!" the order went back. And the United States in its preparation for war with a foreign enemy, when delay meant possible defeat, was being held in the iron grip of Alcohol.

"The government!" snarled Dornham. "Listen to me, Roebstock. I'm practical; you get excited about theories. Now listen; I don't say that I want it. But with the present attitude of government toward business, I am not sure that we would not get as fair treatment from Germany as we may expect from Washington."

Instantly Mr. Roebstock was upon his feet.

"That is treason, sir! Nothing short of treason; I will not listen to it!"

"You pay the note when it comes due," the banker flung at his retiring back; "I'll take care of the treason."

In the progress of his campaign and its multiplying problems, Mr. Dornham found himself growing each day more dependent upon Herman Samuels whose visits to the banker had now become a part of the daily program. While he could in no way take the place of the dependable Babson, his shrewd understanding of situations, and aptitude in directing underground politics often dispelled perplexing problems in a way most pleasing to his superior. The political boss had, therefore, become a privileged caller whose comings were always welcomed. On this occasion, he passed the retiring coal miner almost at the threshold of the door.

"Seems to be in a dudgeon," said he, pointing over his shoulder.

"He has too much coal moving from his mines, Samuels," replied Mr. Dornham significantly. "He wants to engage you to stop it."

"Works them southern niggers, don't he?"

"I believe he does."

"I was lookin' for somethin' hard this mornin'; I'm disappointed," laughed Samuels. "How much and how soon should work slow down?"

"O, probably a complete rest would be good for his nerves. But remember," he warned, "you mustn't create trouble that will extend to the other mines."

"Not necessary," Samuels assured him. "It will only need a few gallons of the stuff we used to sell to the old South Carolina Dispensary that the niggers down there called 'Fuss XI,' and in thirty minutes I can have niggers streamin' out of them tunnels like black lasses pourin' out of a grocer's barrel."

"I am not interested in the details; results are what I want."

"Don't let it keep you awake, sir," laughed the boss. "But what I come to say this mornin' is, that I am ready for O'Connell's trial whenever it suits Hamlin."

"Do you think you have a good case now?" asked Mr. Dornham.

"I want you to attend that trial, Mr. Dornham; I think I told you once before that I'd convince you that the fellers are not such a lawless bunch as you imagined. I've increased my bettin' odds two to one on a clear verdict of not guilty."

"Well," replied the banker wearily, "I wish I could feel as sure of clearing the Congressional food bill of its prohibition amendment."

"Wish I could help you," said Samuels, "but I ain't any big shakes at makin' and killin' laws in Washington. Guess my notions wouldn't sound very good to you."

"What's on your mind, Samuels?" asked the banker. "Let's

have it."

"If it weren't for hard licker, Mr. Dornham, we could make 'em give beer a clean bill."

"I have thought of that, and sometime we will have to separate; but in this fight we've pooled interests."

"To share graves, Mr. Dornham!" shot back the boss in deep gutturals.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm just back from a little pleasure visit to the Capitol, and my guess is that there's only one man that can cheat the undertaker—and that man is you."

"What can I do that I am not doing?" asked the banker resentfully.

"Doublecross John Barleycorn, and do it quick!"

"But-"

"Wait; you've asked me, and I'll tell you. You're not a licker man; you ain't known in this fight—not yet. You're a business man and a gentleman—your bank made you that. But we made you a philanthropist—a god that people look up to and hold their laps open for you to drop goodies in, and listen to what you say. We introduced you as a man who has forgot self, and the church people are pointin' to you as an example, in what they call 'human welfare.' This is the first big chance you've had."

"Ain't I doing all-"

"Go to Washington," continued Samuels heedless of the interruption, "go to Washington tonight—go today; let the papers tell about you, what you've done, about the hospital and all that. Get Rompers, leader of organized labor. Tell 'im your scheme for temperance—your interest in labor, and with him go to the President. Give hard licker hell, and, in the in-

terests of temperance, get Wilson to recommend to Congress that it kill the stills and save the breweries."

His dull, grey eyes were now sparkling, and when he had reached what he believed was a convincing period, he stopped suddenly.

"But, Samuels, at present our treasury-"

"None of that with that man, Mr. Dornham," he warned. "It's the sob stuff you want to hand Wilson; increased human efficiency, human happiness, the real road to temperance and health and all that."

Perhaps the President of the United States, one of the most keenly penetrating statesmen known to history, would be unwilling to believe or acknowledge that his message to Congress through a personal letter to a senator recommending that beer be elided from the prohibition amendment to the food bill was born in the minds of German brewers and was first voiced by one of the most corrupt political bosses on the American continent. But a week later, as evidence of recognition of his political sagacity, Samuels received the following telegram from Washington:

"Make your preparations to occupy a seat in the next Congress.

(Signed) P. D."

# CHAPTER XXIII

THE BLOOD UPON THE STONES

"The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant."

Almost in a day he had seen depart a clientele which it had required years to build, and, where a week before he had been consulted in the chief things of a great city, he was now passed upon the streets with bare recognition by those who had sought and valued his counsel.

But with the exception of Helen's estrangement, perhaps nothing had cut so deeply as The Dispatch's unfair account of his part in resenting the assault upon the sandwich boy. Most men will endure secret persecution without an outward evidence of pain, but few men can accept unjust public aspersion calmly. As he read the account recalling the contemptuous laugh of Philip Dornham it burned into his brain like living coals.

Although stunned by the impact of a power which he had not conceived possible in this democratic government, he had not been submissively moping. Systematically, he had gathered piece by piece, little by little, confirming information about the duplicities and intrigues of Philip Dornham, which made his character stand out as a human reptile posing as a servant of human needs. He was horrified. He had tried to believe Mr. Dornham honest, but misguided by his great love of gold. The impulse to drag him before Helen and denounce him to her face, to remove her, if necessary forcibly, from his presence, was well-nigh overpowering, but when he tried to imagine what it would have meant to him to have discovered one impure motive in his own father he recoiled from the thought. Helen should not know! At least he would shield her from that humiliation. He was, therefore, rejoicing in a devotion,

which, though hopeless of fruition, would be both sacrificing and enduring, and congratulating himself upon finding one rift in the clouds, when Ben Walton, editor of *The Intelligencer*, entered his office.

While of genial disposition, Walton was grim, determined and unyielding in matters of principle. His early professional training had been under the editorial influence of *The Commonwealth*, a daily born in a southern state during the waning years of the nineteenth century, in opposition to political conditions of that period, still memorable as an era of incubation of a peculiar type of viciousness and demagoguery.

Perhaps his long and tenacious opposition to prohibition upon the ground of "personal privilege" was due to the early influence of that editor. It was a dogma he had abandoned because of its error. But there was a deeper and more fundamental influence of principle which he retained—that principle which demands righteous government and upright leaders, the defense of which had marked his friend and editorial father for the assassin's bullet.

More than once the portrait of that martyr to principle which hung upon his editorial walls had been an inspiration to Ben Walton. Paradoxical as it may seem, never had the memory of this friend and his influence been more comforting than during the recent days of persecution for his assault upon a creed which together they had once defended. But tenets of faith are changeable; truth lives forever. And when Ben Walton discovered truth he defended it.

Upon the inaugural day of the Dornham boycott, when the first half dozen advertisements were cancelled, Walton was puzzled; but investigation quickly revealed the source. The advertising department was instructed to maintain the spaces in blank as the advertisements were ordered discontinued. At the end of the first week half the paper appeared in white blotches of varying sizes and shapes, each being a question mark to the thousands of readers. Upon the editorial page, while there was no abatement of the new policy of *The Intelligencer*,

no reference was made to the oppression, which grew in evidence daily in its pages. He was biding the time when he would make one crushing exposure of Philip Dornham and his methods.

"Courtney," said he, "I have an editorial here upon which

I want your legal opinion before I publish it."

As the lawyer read the article his face grew tense. When it was finished, he exclaimed excitedly.

"Walton, I would give a great deal if you could publish this just as it is."

"I know my facts," replied the editor. "Am I exceeding

editorial decorum or legal safety?"

"Your facts, your logic and your legal standing are unassailable," Courtney assured him.

"Then in it goes!"

But gradually, as Courtney proceeded in the statement of his case, Walter displayed less obduracy at being foiled in the exposure of corruption unequalled by any discovery of his long editorial experience. The article had been prepared with studied effort to avoid invective, but with the care of an attorney presenting his case before the highest court in all the universe—the bar of public opinion.

"It is an indictment of Alcohol," said Courtney, "unequalled in the annals of political criminology. It is an exposure of personal corruption which would forever damn Philip Dornham in the eyes of a liberty loving public. Yet I must beg you to be patient. Dornham is forging his own chains."

Walton was disappointed. He believed the public good demanded the exposure and he was human.

"This thing of shielding men for the protection of women's feelings," he protested bitterly, "is the bane of newspapers, and an injustice to the public."

"Only if other methods of bringing them to justice fail," said Courtney. "Give me a chance to do that first. I want you to let me have a statement at the end of each week of the amount of your personal loss."

"O, it is not the first smothering of a good story to which I have had to bow," said Walton in unwilling submission. "But it means there must be another in lieu of it. So come, I have taken assignment for the story of your police experience of yesterday; we must find the sandwich boy."

To their astonishment, he was again in front of Carl Schwartzberg's saloon. This time he had not encroached upon the property of the saloon-keeper, having provided himself a dry goods box, and as he mounted his "pulpit," the factory whistles were announcing the arrival of the noon hour. Under his arm he carried a package of circulars, and waving them before the few who were gathering about him, he cried,

"De Dirty Truth!" Passing them to his increasing audience, "'De Dirty Truth,' fellers!" he continued. "New mornin' paper! First issue, fresh frum de print shop. Take it frum de editor, fellers, it's jist whut it's called. And it's nuthin' a copy!"

From the outskirts of the growing crowd, Courtney and the editor listened to the boy crying his leaflet. Through the bandage about his head a red stain marked the wound he had received at the hands of Schwartzberg. His face was pale, and his unwashed hands trembled as occasionally he pressed them to his throbbing temples.

Somehow the scene moved Courtney as all his experience with alcohol had not moved him. Perhaps the incipiency of his emotion was sympathy for this child of poverty. But as truth gradually dawned upon him that the scarlet stain on the crude bandage about the pale face was the blood of American childhood; that this was the sacrifice daily being demanded by the insatiate maw of Alcohol, emotion changed to conviction—conviction so powerful as to cause him to exclaim within his soul,

"Courtney, you're a slacker!"

Call it mental excitement, call it emotion, call it conversion; name it what men may, it was the great milestone in Courtney's life, for in that moment he caught the spiritual

vision of another blood-stained brow, even the thorn-crowned brow of Him who has the right to command. "Let all children come unto me, and hinder them not." And as he beheld in this one pitiful example all the arrogance of Alcohol in its defiance of divine and human right, his reverent soul cried out in protest,

"By the eternal God and His power, this thing shall not

be!"

Pushing his way to the sandwich boy, he was reaching for a copy of "The Dirty Truth" when the half spoken sentence suddenly stopped.

"Say, Mister! ain't you de feller what slabbed de bloke

yist'dy?" he asked.

"I'm glad to see you able to be on the firing line, General," replied Courtney. "If you're taking recruits, I want to join

you."

"Say, fellers," exclaimed the boy, "dat's me friend. He's de feller what put ole corkscrew to sleep yist'dy when he biffed me. Give 'm de glad note jist to wake ole corky up." And a mighty shout went up:

"Rah for the big fist!"

"Dat's a good'n fellers!" said he gratefully. "Now, de first edition's gone. See ye again tomorrow wid another'n if I kin raise de mon and dis head'll let me." And slipping down from his "pulpit," he dragged it toward an alley for future use.

But the Sandwich boy, christened William by his mother; but dubbed "Batty" by the thousands to whom his eccentric "campaigning" had become a passing jest, was not to see his friends the following day. Before going home for the night, Mr. Courtney returned to the hospital to which he had carried him immediately following the distribution of "The Dirty Truth." He had been given a bath, and for the first time in his life was between clean white sheets in a comfortable bed. As Mr. Courtney entered, he turned his head toward the door and moaned, then his face brightened.

"Well, General, how's the head?"

"Reckon hit was dreamin', sir," replied the boy weakly. "Thought somebody's had put me paper in a mill and groun' it up fine; and I thought every little piece was makin' a new paper and jist everybody was areadin' it—'course it was a dream."

"A rather strange one," said Mr. Courtney, taking from his pocket a copy of The Intelligencer and handing it to him. "Just a look now," he cautioned, "but no reading."

For the day, even war news took second position, the front page being devoted to a true account of the assault upon Batty Spillman and the part played by David Courtney in that affair. Blocked in the center of the account was a reproduction of "The Dirty Truth," and for what the "editor" lacked in diction the original printer had tried to conceal in neatness of form.

# THE DIRTY TRUTH

Vol. I. Batty Spillman, Editor No. 1.

Fellers, dis is de dirty truth: I was borned wid licker astraddle er me neck; hit's kep me frum scule, hit's kep me hungry, and hit's kep me in dirty rags. And whut licker's done fer me hit's done fer your kids.

My pa's a good feller, but licker makes him cuss me when he orter speak kind, and hit makes him starve me when he orter feed me. You're good fellers, but licker's yer boss. You've hired yerself out to licker and you dassent vote fer me and yer kids and you dassent take yer mesume home to 'em Sat'dy nights—you takes it ter yer boss. And we—your own kids—starve and freeze.

Now when I goes to tell you fellers 'bout it yist'dy—tell you dat yer buyin' sparklers for ole Corkscrew's wife and easy-go-buggies for his kids to ride in, while yer own wife walks to de fact'ry whur she works, and yer own kids stays home frum scule, 'cause dey's got no shoes to wear through de snow, and ole starve stares 'em in de face mornin', noon and nite—when I goes to tell de dirty truth, what does licker do? Licker

hits me on de head wid a bottle er beer to hush me mouf; licker spills de blood of yer hungry kids 'cause dey cry fer bread!

And let me tell yer somethin', fellers; licker spilt my blood on dese here cobble-stones. Dey's my stones now—bought wid me own red blood—and dey's de stones of ever kid in dis here big town. I'm agoin' ter build my pulpit on dese stones and as long as licker starves a kid I'm goin' ter tell de dirty truth 'bout licker.

"And some day, fellers, you'll give de kids a square deal."

"Mister—Mr. Courtney," said Batty, slowly reaching the paper toward his friend, then drawing it back, "kin I—might I keep dis'n—jist erwhile?"

"All the time, Batty; that's the editor's copy," he laughed.

"How many folks yer reckon'll read it?"

"O, probably hundreds of thousands," he was assured.

"Dat wouldn't a-happened if hit hadn't abeen fer dis; would it?" he asked, touching his head.

"Probably not."

"Den—den," said he in choking voice and slipping the paper under his pillow, "I'm glad—I'm glad I'm hurt. Mebby it'll hep de fellers ter see straight and give de kids a chance."

# CHAPTER XXIV

TIGHTENING COILS

"We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place, And we'll not fail."

Seymour Roebstock was thoroughly outraged when he emerged from his interview with Philip Dornham. For more than a quarter of a century his banking business had been confined exclusively to the Dornham bank. In breaking the old relation, however humiliating the circumstances which necessitated it, there was some satisfaction that beginning the new he would be able to accede to the requests of friends whom he had long valued, but with whom circumstances had prevented him sharing his business. As he entered the office of the president of the National Exchange Bank, it was with the feeling of being able to bestow a favor.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Roebstock walked wearily into the office of his attorney. Dark rings circled his tired, bloodshot eyes, and his face was drawn and haggard as if from weeks of pain.

"I am ruined, Mr. Courtney!" he groaned, sinking into a chair. "Utterly ruined!"

"Why, what has happened, Mr. Roebstock?" he asked, shocked at his appearance.

After listening to the recital of the scene with Philip Dornham and the subsequent failures to secure the financial accommodation he so greatly needed, the attorney asked,

"And you think you have exhausted every source of help?"
Drawing from his pocket a handful of telegrams he handed them to Courtney.

"In addition to all the banks in the city capable of financing a loan of the size I require, there are refusals from every banker of my acquaintance."

"He seems to have closed your avenues very thoroughly," said Courtney thoughtfully. "You will probably be unable to

keep your agreement with the government, but we will fight off payment of your present indebtedness until you can take care of it."

"But," exclaimed the mine owner with terror in his voice, "you do not understand—I've never told you. Years ago I gave a bill of sale, effective and becoming due at any maturing period of indebtedness. That was when I operated one small mine and had no credit. Today my mines are worth many times the amount I owe but if it is not paid, all is lost!"

"Let me beg of you, compose yourself, Mr. Roebstock!" encouraged the attorney. "You could not have executed articles of indebtedness against property which you own today, but did not possess at that time."

"But," gasped the old man, "the terms cover profits and accrued interests from the original property. I cannot deny that all I possess was through the first mine opened. I know—I know it was a foolish thing to do, but I was poor. I had to have help and as it was a fixed source of credit, I have left it. Philip has always been my friend before."

"This is a tremendous price, Mr. Roebstock, to pay for seemingly so small a thing. Do you think you would be willing to serve the banquet he suggests?"

"Do you recommend it?"

"No," replied Courtney. "My duty is to try to save your money—"

"Say it—say it, young man!" he exclaimed feelingly. "No, I will not. I do not know what my loss will be, probably everything, but my honor is not for sale. No, I will not do it."

"Mr. Roebstock," said Courtney, taking his hand, "if anything can be done, that answer will stimulate me to do it."

An hour after his client had gone, Courtney changed his position, from which he had not stirred, and consulted his watch. Apparently all the pillars of justice were crumbling under the iron heel of power and he was helpless to save himself or others. Of all his acquaintances in the financial world he could think of but one possible source of help. He concluded

to make the effort without delay and he addressed a telegram to Colonel John Barbee, New York city, making a business engagement.

As he was finishing his shave, preparatory for his journey, Sancho industriously and carefully packed his suitcase.

"Marse Dave," said Sancho, "I seed ole preacher Isaac Pindergrass dis mawnin'."

"You did, Sancho! Why, what's Isaac doing up here?"

"He done kum wid all de res' uv 'em. Marse Dave, whut yo' reckons all dem Mississippi en Yallerbama niggers comin' up hea fur no how, 'dout dey white folks?"

"Why, Sancho, are many of them coming?"

"Many uv'm, suh! I seed dat yaller nigger, Sam Meeks, what play de base fiddle down at St. Lucie, en him en ole Isaac bof 'low dey ain't 'nuff niggers lef' at old Blackswamp Chu'ch ter hist er sho't meter chune."

"They are offering them very high wages in the manufacturing plants and mines," replied Mr. Courtney, "and I suppose they could not resist the lure. Though, I am sorry old Isaac has left there."

"Yas'r, Marse Dave, so is I; dat a good ole nigger, en he gwin miss he wite folks. Whut pester me, Marse Dave, am whut dese niggers gwin do when de cole en de snow come? Niggers ain't gwin keep no money, en dey des nachally gwin die like sheep wid de rot."

"Why, Sancho, you and Cindy seem to stand it pretty well."

"Yas'r, but us fotch us white folks wid us. Dese white buckry up hea ain't gwin pester wid no nigger when he git sick. 'Sides," continued Sancho, "how long yo' speck po' white trash gwin let niggers work longside uv 'em? Dey des de same heah es ever whar else."

"Why, I have heard of no trouble, Sancho."

"No suh, Marse Dave, nuther is I; but yo' knows, suh, dat niggers en licker is bad 'nuf, but when yo' mixes niggers en licker and demn po' furren white trash, dey sho' am gwinter be a nasty mess one er dese days."

"Well, Sancho, you use your influence to get your people to let drink alone; you will do them a great service."

"'Tain't no use, Marse Dave; des es long es a nigger's got er bob piece in his jeans en licker's aroun' he gwin ter have it."

"Haven't you been getting along pretty well without it, Sancho?"

"Ain't tech er drap since us quit, Marse Dave; but I'se talkin' 'bout common niggers what ain't nuver been riz like gen'mns, suh. Dun' know whut I's gwin do when de snow come en my rumatis gits—"

"There, Sancho, I hear the taxi. Carry the suitcase down and tell him I'll be there immediately."

Following the Civil War, Colonel Barbee operated as a cotton factor in the city of New Orleans. He was the largest exporter of cotton in the South, and for many years the financial agent of David Courtney's father. During this business relation there had sprung up a strong and lasting friendship between the families. Later Colonel Barbee moved to New York and organized a comparatively small and conservative uptown banking company. Although he had established his success, he had arrived at his divinely allotted years without the infection of that fevered finance commonly believed characteristic of the world's greatest money mart.

Courtney laid the business of his client before the banker with full details, but without reference to his own experience.

"I don't know what your personal views of the liquor business are David," said the Colonel, reflectively; "your father and I used to believe very firmly in the doctrine of 'personal privilege.' The saloon-keeper has adopted the slogan with such enthusiasm that I am not so sure but that it has come to mean his privilege rather than mine. Perhaps you missed your mint julep last night and a bracer this morning. I no longer apologize for not serving what my years have taught me to be harmful both to myself and to my fellows."

"I noticed the omission, sir," laughed David, "Perhaps I should have told you that I am now a teetotaler, and like Mr. Roebstock, I am paying the price of my 'personal privilege.'"

"You too under the ban of its displeasure?" he asked. Ah, David, I have watched it in all its cruel power, but have never had the courage openly to displease it. I fear you will have your pains for your hire."

"All revolutions against wrong have had their cost," said David. "I am not better than my fathers."

"Its power is probably greater than you imagine. There is not a bank of consequence in this city which has not been notified to keep hands off in this case which you represent. It would be utterly impossible for me to negotiate your loan in this city. I would not care to attempt it in my own bank."

Courtney looked at the banker in astonishment. Was it possible that the business world was so encompassed by the encircling tentacles of the great monster Alcohol? He shuddered at the thought of it.

Depressed by his failure, he left the bank. When he reached the pavement, he stopped and stood watching the human kaleidoscope of pleasure and pain, success and failure, hope and despair, which, like a weaver's shuttle passed by. As he stood there lost in contemplative study of the hurrying throng, a deep chested cough attracted his attention and looking in the direction from whence it came, he noticed a frail woman, her cloak tightly drawn about her shoulders. Something familiar held his attention, and as she was about to pass, their eyes met.

"Miss Gardner!" he exclaimed.

"Please don't!" she begged, hurrying on.

"I'll not annoy you," he assured her. "You are ill!"

The thin face grew paler except for a hectic spot upon each cheek, and again she coughed, holding her handkerchief close to her mouth.

"Please leave me!" she pleaded, her slender form shaking from weakness and emotion.

"Won't you let me be your friend?" he asked sympathetically.

"You listened to my story once," she replied, "but-"

"And now I believe you," he assured her. "No darker crime was ever perpetrated by human government than that which brought you to where you are—or were," he quickly corrected, "for I see you are changed; and what He has cleansed I do not call unclean."

Looking up into his face she smiled. "Come," said she, slipping her trembling hand into his arm. "I had thought to die alone—except for Him." After a moment of silence she brushed away a tear. "My name, even He cannot cleanse. I had hoped never to hear it again, but now I want you to know."

"How long since this change came to you?" he asked.

"Since soon after that awful night," she replied between coughs, "when I laid my shame bare to you."

"And He heard your story more kindly than I did," said

Courtney. "I'm glad."

"Yes, He understands," she replied, tears of joy filling her eyes. And as she seemed to look beyond the circling smoke and clouds which hung over the city, she added, "'For His mercy endureth forever."

He had not noticed her unsteady step, when she stopped and leaned heavily against him.

"Why, you are exhausted," he exclaimed, "I will call a cab."

"No," she protested, pointing to an entrance just ahead, "we're almost there. The memories this meeting with you brings have been too much for me. That awful, awful night!" she cried. "Did my father?—"

"The night you were there," he replied gently, as he assisted her up the steps.

"And my mother?"

"Still waiting and praying. There's a light for you in the window every night."

"O, if I only could—" The sentence was broken by a paroxysm of coughing and pressing her heaving bosom, "Merciful God," she prayed, "in thy sweet pity, may it not be long!"

As he looked upon her emaciated form, and thought of the wounded soul within, suddenly there rushed over him the memory of a rose covered cottage and the daily greetings of a little golden haired, blue eyed baby girl. In the presence of such tragedy, his own suffering seemed to fade into insignificance.

"Great God!" involuntarily he exclaimed. "And this is what Alcohol has made of the little child I knew as 'Dolly Darden!"

"Oh!" she cried, as if the name had been a dagger piercing her poor heart. Catching her just as she was in the act of falling, her limp arm went about his neck and her head sank upon his breast.

Hearing a noise like the cocking of a revolver, he quickly turned his head and a camera again registered its impression. As he entered the building with his helpless burden, the operator with a strangely familiar face insolently laughed and walked away.

Had Courtney observed, the night he left Brewerton, he would have seen this man emerging from out the shadow as he left his gate, run rapidly to a waiting car and follow him. Had he known, he would have recognized him as the individual who called for transportation to New York as he placed his own ticket in his pocket. Had he been informed he would have known that his every move had been trailed from the day Philip Dornham announced his purpose to destroy him. As it was he only wondered.

Perhaps it would be unfair to the reader to fail to record just here that within an hour after Mr. Courtney had left Dorothy Gardner, in response to his message, Dr. Morrison had carried the good news to her waiting mother. Somewhere between the East and the West, trains passed that night, the one carrying Courtney back to the field of his struggles, and

the other with the mother of Dorothy hastening with forgiving love to the erring child who was found.

Perhaps it would be only fair to Courtney to mention one bright spot in the midst of his multiplying trials; that within three days after his return to Brewerton, Cecil Baker had deposited to the credit of Dorothy Gardner a sum sufficient for her support during a natural lifetime, and that while Cecil was confined to his rooms with an injury to his left eye, some loosened front teeth and other minor, but disfiguring bruises, which he explained to his physician were the result of an accident, Dorothy and her mother were speeding toward the plains of Arizona where the consumptive grows strong, and life becomes sweet.

#### CHAPTER XXV

HELL AT COALFIELD

"Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles."

ATE at night of the day Herman Samuels received the message from Philip Dornham advising him that he was slated for a seat in Congress, he entered a saloon under a negro dance hall. and locked arms with Jonas Magully.

"It's fair play I'm after, Mr. Magully," he was saying; "man to man, they're not gettin' what's comin' to 'em, and they

won't till they stand together for their rights."

Jonas Magully, the political leader of his race, had been the faithful ally of Herman Samuels in many a hotly-contested battle of the ballots. Owing to the comparatively limited number of negroes within the radius of his influence, and the fact that the race had never become a factor in labor, he was now considering his first contact with organized labor. While Jonas' experience had been varied and interesting, labor was not one of the things which had occupied his attention. His light mulatto skin had never been tanned by the summer suns nor his shapely hands hardened by the woodsman's axe. When he graduated from Dawson University, he carried with him an honorably-won professional diploma; but it required only a short time for him to discover that leadership of the balance of political power in precinct Seven in the city of Brewerton was far more profitable and less irksome.

"Why, you're acknowledging, pal," he replied, "that we're no better up here than them damned southern slave-drivers."

"I'm tellin' you," answered Samuels, "that old Roebstock ain't treatin' 'em fair, and it's your duty to your race to see that he does."

"Say, chuck that damned duty business, pard," said Jonas, emptying his mug of beer and leaning across the table, "and say what's on your chest. The doctor ain't recommended coal dust for my lungs, and if I'm to hang around them shafts and

mix with them stinkin' southern blacks, something's got to rattle like new silk paper. You love 'em just like I do; now let's get down to business."

"Why, Mr. Magully," laughed Samuels, "one would think you love money as good as the big boss does."

"If the big boss wants me to do his work, he pays—you understand?"

"O, hell! I didn't say it was for him,—" protested Samuels.

"But I did!" replied Jonas. "I don't know what the game is, but I know it's his game. Now, what does old dollar Dornham want, and how bad does he want it?"

Knowing that when Jonas once sensed the trail it was best to make terms without argument, Samuels named a sum which he saw was attractive, and waited.

"There is only one thing in the way of putting it through as slick as a greased pig at a county fair," replied Jonas, "the blamed fools have brought an old preacher with them. Thinking something might turn up I've been up there; took dinner with the old parson. The darned old fool's preaching the old shoutin' stuff about the new Jerusalem and the golden harps, and finishin' by telling 'em to stick to their jobs and pay no attention to outsiders."

"Why, you'll just have to oil the old preacher up a little; that's easy!"

"That is just what I was thinking," replied Jonas with a worried air, "and it's going to take a neat sum to fix him."

"O, he'll feel like a millionaire with a hundred!"

"I wouldn't insult him with it," replied the negro loftily.

"Well, do the best you can, a few dollars one way or the other won't matter if you can get it done quick," said Samuels, rising from the table.

Early the following morning, Jonas crossed the river and wound his way through the cosmoramic streets of East Brew-

erton. As he cleared the congested center, he opened the cutout and throttle of his powerful car and turned northward through the open country.

Coming from the broad valleys of the Mississippi where it was sin to perform labor on the Sabbath under any circumstance except when the great mother of waters threatened the protecting dykes, and where Sunday pastimes were confined to fishing, rabbit hunting and "craps" on the sly, the Rev. Isaac Pendergrass labored earnestly with his conscience before he consented to have his flock enter the coal mines on the seventh day, even for the necessities of a nation at war, and then only upon condition that at the noonday and evening shifts the men would be allowed one hour for worship.

The whistles were blowing noon and streams of men were coming from the mines, some going to their huts, the majority turning toward the church. Jonas Magully, arriving at the psychological moment, turned his steaming car into the church-yard, and with an advanced throttle and a deafening roar of the heavy exhaust, he turned off the spark. The church, half filled with women, was immediately emptied to see the new arrival. The old preacher, sitting on his front porch, dropped the brass bound spectacles from their usual position on the top of his white woolly head and peered over their frame.

"Why, hit's Brur Magully!" he exclaimed, rising to welcome his distinguished visitor.

"Yes, Brother Pendergrass, I was so delighted with your sermon on my other visit, that I could not resist the temptation to return and hear you again," said Jonas, sufficiently loud for the assembled congregation to hear.

"Well may de Lawd bless yer, honey!" said the old man. "En yo' went en kumed clean up hea ter hea dis old nigger preach when yo' got all dem fine doctor preachers in Brew'ton! Yo' hear dat, chillens?" he asked, passing through the curious crowd as he entered the church. "Well, ef I does say it m'self, I gives ye de puore gospel."

"That's what I like, Brother Pendergrass—the pure, unadulterated, old time gospel," exclaimed Jonas walking close to the minister.

Following the sermon and the subsidence of the shouting, after the manner of the race, the individual contributors had placed their gifts upon a table in front of the pulpit and a generous response of nickels and dimes, and one quarter, lay upon the altar of the Lord, in response to the Rev. Pendergrass' exhortation to liberality. The last of the members was returning to his seat, when Jonas rose in the Amen corner and peeling a new ten dollar bill from a bulky roll in sight of all, he walked up before the pulpit and laid it impressively on the table.

"Bruderin an Sisterin," said the old preacher, peering over his glasses at the bill, "dis am Brur Magully, de cheerman er de board er stewards er de bigges city in de worl'. Brur Magully will now onlighten us wid er few words er wisdom."

The first part of Jonas' talk was an impressive presentation of the free and equal rights of salvation to all men, being parts of a speech which he had often delivered at political rallies, now clothed in such Biblical phrases and references as he had picked up. Warming to his subject, he reminded his hearers that although they had escaped from the land of Egypt, they were still held in the bondage of selfish wealth; that while they toiled for a pittance in the bowels of the earth, the man for whom they risked their lives every minute of the day, sat in a palace of marble clothed in purple and fine linen, and that if they were to be free men indeed, like the children of Israel, they must meet this new enemy with a solid front. Dwelling upon his heavy cares and great responsibilities, he assured them of his undying devotion to their cause; like Moses, he was ready to sacrifice his herds and flocks for his people.

For some minutes the Rev. Pendergrass sat in his high backed ministerial chair with his gaze fixed upon the rafters. As Jonas proceeded he began to squirm uneasily, finally rising to his feet. It was hard for him to dethrone his idol, hard for him to acknowledge before his congregation that he had made a mistake; but, above all save his God, Isaac loved his people, and he had never been charged with unfaithfulness to any trust. Perhaps there were good-intentioned people who pitied his ignorance, but Isaac was not ignorant. In all his illiteracy, he knew his people as no college professor could ever know them, knew them as even some of the great editors who tear their hair in their behalf can never fathom their frailties, their virtues and their limitations.

"Scuse—scuse me, Brur Magully," he interrupted, "I's sorry ter have ter disrup yo', suh, but I don't ble've what you's sayin' is good scripter fer my peoples. Dey's happy en prosperous, en de doctrin dey needs is love—love, suh—not hate. 'Sides, I's promis ter let de mens git back ter dey work in er hour, en ole Isaac allers keeps his promis.

"Receive de Lawd's blessin', chillerns!"

But all the laborers did not return to their work. The seed which Jonas had sown had taken root, and as his big car sped noisily around the corner, it was more attractive than the coal mines. Jonas had provided ample refreshments for the day, and during the afternoon drunken negroes reeled through the streets of Coalfield, and an occasional pistol shot was heard in the suburbs, evidencing the spirit of personal privilege which he had proclaimed.

On Monday morning, half of the men were out of the mines. Jonas had called a meeting for ten o'clock at the church for the purpose of organizing the "Order of Brotherhood" and he kept open house in preparation for his plans.

"God morning, Brother Pendergrass," he greeted the pastor, who had walked to his gate wondering at the meaning of the crowd following Jonas. "We want to get the use of your church for a little while, Brother Pendergrass," said the leader, persuasively.

"De chu'ch, eh! Well, whut yo' wants wid de ch'ch, Brur Magully?" asked the pastor, suspiciously.

"Just a little prayer meeting for the brethren, Brother Pendergrass," Jonas replied piously.

"Dey ain't tole me dey wants no meetin'. Sides, dis ain't no time fer meetin's. We done fix de time fer meetin's wid de mine boss en ole Isaac ain't gwin bus his word, en he ain't gwin 'low de mens ter do it ef he can hep it. Dey ain't gwin be no meetin' in dis chu'ch. Now yo' betteh go back whur yo' come frum, en quit pesterin' er my people. Dat's what I got ter say!" And Isaac walked to the church steps and took his seat.

"What shall we do, gentlemen?" Jonas appealed to the crowd.

"Let 'im keep he damned ole chu'ch," replied "Snowball" Chisholm, a new arrival at the mines. "Whut's de trouble wid meetin' right hea? I dominates Brur Magully fer de cheer." And Jonas assumed the role of chairman of the meeting.

Once the old pastor rose to plead with his people but their inflamed minds were in no condition to listen; his voice was drowned by howls, hisses and curses. Following Magully's impassioned speech, resolutions which he had prepared were quickly passed demanding one hundred per cent wage increase and a seven hour day with a strike to be effective if the demands were not granted by seven o'clock the following morning.

Jonas immediately dispatched a telegram to Samuels, reading, "Ship barrel 'X' first express. Something doing seven tomorrow morning." During the afternoon he directed men to every shaft in operation giving the action of the "Order of Brotherhood" and assuring them of the success of their demands, if they would only stick by the "Brotherhood," while he busied himself organizing properly armed pickets for the enforcement of their demands.

When word was received at Mr. Roebstock's office in Brewerton of the impending strike, Mr. Roebstock was out of the city and Courtney was asked to hold himself in readiness for a conference with the mine owner upon his expected arrival during the night. Later he was informed that Mr. Roebstock would go direct to the mines and that he wished him to meet him at Coalfield on the early morning train.

At break of day, like a general directing his army, Jonas dispatched pickets to the several mines, the last being commanded by "Snowball" Chisholm. As he reeled forth at the head of his squad, Jonas admired him as the Prussian Emperor looked with pride upon the demons he decorated with the iron cross after the invasion of Belgium. His thick, brutal lips were evidence of a willing animal courage comparable only to German savagery.

Crossing the business section of the small mining city, as his squad swung around a corner, a little girl—a white child—hurrying home from an errand to her father's store, collided with the commander. Enraged at the indignity, he grasped the child by the hair, lifting her with one powerful arm and holding her suspended while his white clenched teeth glistened in their black setting. Seeing the approach of her father in response to the screams of the child, he hurled her little body into the air, laughing as she fell senseless upon the pavement. In reply to the protest of the father he brained him with a pick handle which he carried in his hand.

When two policemen were added to the death list, and the story of Chisholm's crime had spread, the hitherto quiet community of Coalfield divided into opposing forces of blacks and whites. A race riot reigned in the law abiding state of Illinois the like of which was unknown in the history of the races. Vengeance like a raging fire swept onward in its ruthless course distinguishing not between guilty and innocent, leaving the streets strewn with dead and dying, while white men, themselves now enraged with drink, added murder to arson as defenseless and guiltless women fled from their burning homes.

In the midst of the carnage a voice was heard.

"The preacher! Get the old preacher!"

"Yes," answered another, "I saw him in their meeting yesterday morning in front of the church!" Unable to find Isaac in his home, the mob set fire to it, while others applied the torch to the church. As the flames leaped up the walls a voice was heard inside.

"There's the old devil!" someone cried. And forcing the door they found Isaac kneeling, his venerable head upturned by his pulpit, and as the tears streamed down his black cheeks

he prayed:

"Good Lawd, sweet Lawd, fergib my peoples! Sweet Jesus, 'twa'n't dey fault—'twas dad bad nigger en his licker. Sweet Lawd, Jesus, don' let 'em kill 'em—let 'em kill ole Isaac. Hit was my fault too, Lawd, Jesus—dat ten—hit stracted me en I let dat bad nigger talk—"

"You needn't pray to the Lord," said the leader, dragging him from behind the pulpit. It's too late for the Lord to help

you."

"He's the king bee of the swarm!" cried one.

"What will we do with him?"

"Hang him before their eyes!"

"Burn him!" shouted another as they rushed out of the rapidly burning church.

Arriving at the court house some went for a rope, while others gathered fagots. Suddenly Isaac darted from his captors and crouched at the feet of a man who came walking rapidly down the street.

"Don' let 'em kill ole Isaac, Marse Dave," he pleaded, grasping his former friend about the knees. "Yo' knows Isaac ain't done nuthin' to be kilt fur!"

"Get up, Isaac!" said Mr. Courtney stepping in front of the old negro. Then turning to the crowd, "Men!" said he, and his strong voice rang out with a note of authority. "I have known this old negro since I can remember. He has been a leader of his people in all that was good and lawful, but never in crime. I have just arrived and I do not know with what he is charged, but I say to you, he is guilty of no crime either against white or black!"

A hoarse laugh met his plea.

"Friend," said the leader, "this is our job; I don't know who you are, and I don't care a damn, but take my advice, and if you've got business, tend to it!"

Backing toward the court house and keeping Isaac behind him, he pleaded:

"Men, you are about to do yourselves a supreme injustice; I tell you this negro is not a party to the crime you seek to revenge whatever it is. I will stand sponsor for the old man until he can be investigated and if he is guilty then punish him legally. In the meantime some other influence is responsible for this outbreak; search for the responsible party."

"We've got the old devil we want," replied the leader. "Now you skin out of this."

When Courtney entered the town, he had learned of a special train hurrying troops and physicians to the scene. It was momentarily expected, and he knew that the only hope was a play for time.

"Let me save you from a crime which you will regret, men," he pleaded. "For fifty years this old negro has been pastor of a church where I grew up. He has always been a friend to whites and a worthy citizen." As he talked he had retreated steadily until Isaac, at his back, stood against the brick wall.

"Who are you?" the mob demanded.

"Courtney is my name; attorney for the Roebstock mines and no friend of the interests which inspired the crimes you wish to punish. And further," said he, anxiously glancing down the street, hoping to keep them back until help arrived, "I am a southern man, where unfortunately we have too many occurrences of this sort. But wherever it occurs it is crime—it is murder to take life unsanctioned by law."

At the moment the beat of a drum in double quick time was heard and as the angry mob saw itself about to be cheated of its purpose, the leader commanded him to step aside.

"I'll give you one minute to step from in front of that damned nigger," said he, leveling a revolver at his breast.

Instantly Courtney caught the drunken leader's eye, holding it with a look that pierced his very soul.

"You coward!" said he. "You murderous coward! Put down that gun!" The hand began to tremble nervously. Knowing the danger of a quivering finger on a trigger, his last command came like words shot from a catapult, "Drop it!"

As the weapon rattled upon the pavement a company of troops swung into the street.

# CHAPTER XXVI

DAVID'S PLEDGE TO BATTY

"Death has made His darkness beautiful with thee."

RDER restored, on the special train returning to Brewerton with physicians, nurses and others who had volunteered their services, Courtney and Dr. Morrison shared a seat. Thirty-six hours of ceaseless labor caring for the wounded and witnessing death and destruction, had left the doctor exhausted and depressed.

"When will the people banish this instrument of the devil—Alcohol?" he sighed.

"The house of John Barleycorn & Company," replied Courtney, "is even now entering involuntary bankruptcy. This tragedy will make Illinois dry as surely as its twin occurrence at Atlanta made Georgia dry."

"And to think," said the doctor with deep humiliation, "that after this 'Holier than thou' attitude, we of the North have assumed toward you of the South, that this mob violence toward the negro, unprecedented in viciousness, should be laid at the door of Illinois—of the North."

"Do not say that, Bob," protested Courtney. "It would be as unjust to charge this crime against the North as it has been unfair for some of the screaming editors of that section to charge crimes of like nature against the South, because they occurred below the Mason and Dixon line. It only goes to prove that human depravity under like stress and circumstances, is always and everywhere the same. Texas is no different from South Carolina, and Illinois and Massachusetts are identical with them both. The only reason these race crimes have not occurred more frequently in the North is because there has been less provocation by reason of a less congested negro population and the ensuing crimes which inspire them."

"Then you think wherever the races are congregated in numbers they will be subject to these outbursts of crime and mob violence?" asked the doctor.

"No, I wouldn't say that, because I hope and believe that even after all these years of state and national iniquity, we are about to awaken to an intelligent sense of justice to the negro race as well as to our own. I know the negro, and as a race, he is not vicious. On the contrary, he is amenable to discipline, and kindly of disposition. But, being of inferior intellect, and with great emotions or sense feelings, like the Indian and the Oriental, alcohol is peculiarly and dangerously poison to his brain. The sooner we recognize the negro, as an inferior race and therefore a responsible charge, the sooner will we discharge that responsibility in intelligent justice. Wherever they are congregated in numbers and vicious white men are permitted to use them as political or industrial whips, with alcohol the active inspiration, there will be recurrence of these disgraceful outbreaks. But, as I said, I hope a better day is in sight."

"You speak of being inspired by white men," said the doctor; "the inception of the crime seems to have been confined to their own race."

"I don't know," replied Courtney, as the train entered the railway station of Brewerton, "but I propose to find out."

At the station he was met by Sancho with the information that an urgent call had come from the hospital, and although late in the night, he hurried to the bedside of the injured sandwich boy, whose injury after a week of fluctuating temperature, the physicians had pronounced concussion of the brain. Then ensued a period of stupor which held out uncertain hope, and Courtney had given instruction to call him at the first sign of consciousness. Only once during those anxious weeks in which, upon his daily visits he found himself becoming strangely attached to the little sufferer, had he seen the father of the lad—a blear-eyed, repulsive creature smelling of

beer. As he stood watching the short, quick breathing of his child, in maudlin tears, he declared,

"If he'd abeen tendin' to his business, he'd abeen well and happy."

"Happy!" thought Mr. Courtney. "Could ever childhood be happy or even safe with Alcohol 'straddle of its neck?" as Batty had expressed it.

"We did not want to call you," explained the nurse outside, "but he begged so pitifully for you." And as he entered, the boy greeted him with a smile.

"I tole 'em you wouldn't be mad, sir," said he, drawing Courtney's hand to his lips and kissing it fervently.

"I should have been angry if they had not called me, Batty," he assured him. "But you must not talk. You have had a long pull of it, and the doctors have given positive orders to keep you quiet; so I will talk while you listen."

"But—" For a moment he closed his eyes, wearily, and was silent.

"That's all right," Mr. Courtney consoled; "later you may talk and I will listen."

"But—" again he said, "I ain't got time ter wait. I'm— I'm done fer—licker's got me. Ole Corkscrew wins!"

"No, he don't!" he assured him. "I am going to help you put Schwartzberg and all the rest of them out of business!" Instantly the pained face relaxed into a smile.

"Will yer—will yer do that?" he exclaimed, half raising himself and falling weakly back upon his pillow.

For a time he lay silently quiet under the soothing hand of his friend and the command of his nurse.

"Den it's all right," he whispered.

"Now if you don't keep quiet," warned the nurse, "I will have to send Mr. Courtney away."

"Don't—please don't!" he begged, a frightened look in his eyes as his hand tightened upon Mr. Courtney's. "I wants 'im here when—when I goes."

"All right," soothed the nurse, "you be good, and don't say a word now, and Mr. Courtney shall stay, and he'll come and take you riding with him in his car when you're able." At this a smile played upon his lips and looking up at Mr. Courtney he asked,

"Won't yer take some er de other kids, sir? En tell 'em tell 'em I ast yer."

"Yes, you and I will take them together," he replied smiling, but anxiously glancing at the nurse.

"En you'll put licker out er biz, en give de kids back they pas?" he asked.

"Yes," he earnestly replied, "by the help of God, I'll do my best."

"Den 'ts all right," he smiled; "de kids'll know—sometime, it was—fer dem." And he wearily closed his eyes.

"Now," Mr. Courtney urged, "be perfectly quiet and I will tell you a story." And while he told the deathless story of "Garcia" the little fingers relaxed and tightened upon his hand.

"Does yer know," he panted in short quick breaths, "does yer know er story bout a boy called—called Jesus?"

"What story about Jesus would you like to hear?" he asked.

"My ma, she used ter tell—fore she—she died, 'bout 'im alikin' de kids."

"Yes, Jesus loved children and took them in his arms and blessed them."

"Dat's it—dat's it!" he exclaimed, his face brightening. "And Jesus said, 'Let the children come to me,' " continued Mr. Courtney.

"Come ter me—come ter me," he repeated. "Dat's what ma said. En yo're goin' ter hep 'em!" he whispered joyfully. "The very best I can."

"En ma said—she said, I must pray ter 'im—ter Jesus." The voice had grown weak and husky and as Mr. Courtney

glanced at the house physician whom the nurse had summoned, he shook his head. It would do no harm for him to talk now.

"Did your mother teach you a prayer?" he asked gently stroking the little hand, growing cold in his palm.

"But pa—my pa, he beats me!" a frightened look coming on his face, as he clutched the hand of Mr. Courtney tighter.

"No one shall hurt you, Batty," said he, soothingly. "Now say your prayers if you wish."

He did not reply. His breathing had become easier and for a time he seemed to sleep. Seeing his lips move Mr. Courtney held his ear close to them.

"Now I lay me—down ter sleep—" he was faintly whispering. "I prays de Lord—my soul—my soul—ter—"

Upon the white face, a moment before drawn with pain, a smile had come as if he peacefully dreamed. The unspoken prayer was heard. Still holding the pulseless hand, Courtney bowed his head:

"Gracious God!" he prayed, in faltering accents, "accept the humble gratitude of a sinful man for witnessing Thy love. For though this child has trod the friendless path of want, and greed has hidden from him in life the way to Thee, Thou hast in death bidden him come. And there is none to hinder."

### CHAPTER XXVII

#### DEBAUCHING THE LITERATI

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory."

Capitol, passage by the Senate of the prohibition federal constitutional amendment was the first great overpowering discouragement with which Philip Dornham had ever met. Enactment of this bill by this branch of the Congress had not come unawares; every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. But the composition of his mind was such as to make unbelievable this legislation which he considered so contrary to progressive government and business justice. It therefore proved a shock which developed symptoms of high blood pressure, and for a time threatened serious consequences to the banker's wealth.

But Philip Dornham was not a man to surrender meekly. He had been selected for this leadership because of his dogged determination as much as for his financial and political power. Upon the few occasions of his petty discouragements he had found no inspiration so satisfying as an hour with Samuels. While with the banker's professed theory of reforming the saloon there was no agreement between the two, Samuels' practical knowledge of the saloon and what it needed for its best success did not often fail in its appeal.

"Samuels, I am seriously concerned about conditions at Washington," said he, as the political boss entered.

"O, take it here and yonder, Congress ain't done us so bad but what we'll get over it, Mr. Dornham."

"You're a strange fellow, Samuels; you seem to get comfort from every wind. What have you in this situation?"

"In a poker game," said Samuels, lighting his cigar, "always watch the other fellow just a little closer than your own hand."

"And then?" asked Mr. Dornham.

"Let's get through with that first. Since the day the Food Bill was passed President Wilson's had his finger on the switch; any day, any hour he could a'turned the juice on and killed beer—the breweries. He hasn't done it. Why? President Wilson's afraid!"

"He'd better be!" growled Dornham.

"O, not that way, Mr. Dornham," smiled Samuels. "I ain't no Wilson man, you understand, but I ain't no damned fool neither. Anybody that ever looked at that jaw knows Woodrow Wilson ain't afraid of the Kaiser nor the devil; but the President of the United States, with war on his hands, is afraid of licker—he's afraid to kill the breweries. That little scheme of disquietude we've been workin's a peach."

"Sounds good so far," said Mr. Dornham, "let's have the balance. Remember, I don't promise to adopt it; I have already lost three millions in deposits by taking your advice to have the distillers put out of business."

"Did you expect to put the knife into a fellow's back and keep his bank account?" asked Samuels with a note of disgust. "'Course they're not goin' to draw up resolutions of thanks; but what's the thanks of a cripple—or his ill will, for that matter?"

"You must acknowledge it was a pretty raw deal."

"Raw deal, hell! Wasn't hard licker already sentenced? It meant us goin' to see the execution, or wearin' the black cap with it. Your little speech to the President give us our chance; if we die it's our fault."

"Well, state your plan."

"It's just this, Mr. Dornham. If you're goin' to earn that million dollar pile of stone adorned by your name, you're goin' to have to come out of retirement. You're goin' to have to fill the papers and magazines with interviews, articles and advertisements givin' licker hell, and standin' for the biggest temperance movement ever put across. It's beer's chance! We've got three months before Congress meets and the House

can take action and now's the time to spend your money on good writers. Bombard every Congressman from now till November fourth with beer dope with your name strung to it, and with what preachers and doctors you can get, and if you don't have 'em eatin' out of your hand Abraham ain't my grand-daddy."

Mr. Dornham smiled.

"Fletcher insists upon my part of the campaigning being conducted with the utmost dignity. Do you think—?"

"Dignity, hell!" exclaimed Samuels. "If you had your money on a pony and he was neck and neck at the last quarter, wouldn't you put ginger into him if you could? That's the picture! And it's now or never, while we're gettin' help. Have you seen *The World?*"

"The World is one of our strongest great dailies and will be of immense help."

"It's givin' the South hell!" said Samuels gleefully. "Of course, we know as well as The World that it wasn't the South or the Democrats that passed the bill in the Senate, any more'n the Republicans. But that makes no difference so long as these papers will play both ends against the other. And you may depend upon The World. It and other Eastern and Northern papers will play up the sectional question and show that the South is tryin' to ram its prohibition notions down the throats of New York and Pennsylvania, and that'll rouse their 'Dutch' up there. In the West we can shine the immigration laws in their face, then trot out the old Force bill and show him to the South. Get these sections worked up-fightin' mad-but each afraid of what the other will do for 'em; then shine the radiant metal in the eyes of the few stubborn ones, and believe Israel, as far as beer's concerned, we'll have a good, old-fashioned Constitutional Amendment funeral with Champ Clark chief pallbearer."

Mr. Dornham did not reply with his usual objections; he was glowingly enthused with the program which Samuels had so convincingly outlined.

There was no vacation during the sweltering summer months for Mr. Dornham; his pleasure was work. For rest, he visited Fletcher Babson's office and reviewed the reports as they came in from his organized forces. Articles by the "Rev. So-andso," showing Biblical approval of the use of wine, and medical opinion by "Dr. Who's Who" advocating beer as a health and temperance beverage were those that pleased him most. The report came that many such articles, together with interviews from the "multi-millionaire philanthropist Philip Dornham," were being reprinted in unsuspecting weeklies, with gratifying effect.

In Congress, Senator Scanlan was now daily throwing the gaff into Food Administrator Hoover to the reported effect that farmers were becoming discouraged under the charge of government waste and injustice, threatening their loyalty in the effort of increased production. Senator Chamberlain by his attack of inefficiency in the War Department was said to be weakening the morale both of the army and its several departments of preparation. With a tongue tipped with the gall of bitter denunciation, Senator Duboise was personally leading the agitation in Pennsylvania, charging the government with infringement upon state's rights and personal liberties, and loading the South and West with abuse, while from the West came the encouraging report that the allies of those malcontents, the I. W. W., were successfully carrying forward their program of disturbance, unrest and destruction. Ex-Governor Coleman of South Carolina and Senator Wardwick of Georgia were reported as successful dispensers of vitriol, passion and discord. And with it all Mr. Dornham was pleased-immensely pleased!

### CHAPTER XXVIII

HELEN DORNHAM SURRENDERS

"An open foe may prove a curse, But a pretended friend is worse."

David Courtney, whom she declined to forgive or even to excuse, and partly to avoid her father's insistence upon her union with Fletcher Babson, Helen spent the summer in a fashionable resort in the East. Throwing herself into the swirl of pleasures, at times she congratulated herself upon placing the past behind her; but when she was alone the memory of Courtney's face on the day she had last seen him would intrude itself, and her pillow was sometimes wet with tears. When the autumn leaves were being yellowed and frost had dyed the maple a crimson red, she returned in time for the Chrysanthemum Festival.

A week before her return, she had received a telegram announcing the arrival of Richard Horlick, Junior, and within an hour after she had reached the city she was with the happy young mother.

"O, the little darling!" she exclaimed, lifting the soft covering from the face of the sleeping babe. "And what does Dick think of Junior?"

"O, I have to shoo him away every morning to get him to the bank in time, said Rose, "Why, he's perfectly looney about him. But tell me something about yourself. What has Cupid done for you in the White Mountains?"

"Not even a glancing shot," laughed Helen, adding seriously, "scars become calloused and are not easily penetrated. Tell me something about—"

"Poor old Dave seems to be having hard sledding. Dick seldom sees him, and he never talks of himself."

"Rose, has he never told Dick why he wouldn't see me?" she asked.

"He positively declines to say a word, except that it is impossible to explain the matter to you. But Helen, he loves you."

"I can't believe it, Rose. It makes me angry with myself for ever thinking of him. Why, Cecil Baker told me this summer about some disgraceful conduct of his as long ago as last winter with a woman in the dining room of the railway station."

"Cecil Baker!" exclaimed Mrs. Horlick. But whatever opinion she intended to express was interrupted by the announcement of Mrs. Richards.

"She says she just must see the baby," said the servant.

"O, that woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Horlick. "I can't bear her!"

"But she's not a good enemy to have, Rose," cautioned Helen.

Mrs. Richard's effusiveness over Richard, Jr., ended with the hope that he would be a noble man, and deplored the unfaithfulness of modern males.

"You may be glad, Rose dear, that you have a model husband and one without a past."

"I didn't know the men were so bad as you seem to believe, Mrs. Richards."

"But, my dear, one never can tell. Just recently I heard something about one of your old beaux, Helen, that I wouldn't have believed if I had not seen the actual proof."

"You speak as if mine were numerous, Mrs. Richards," said Helen. "Which one am I so fortunate as to have escaped?"

"Fortunate! That's the word, dear," said she sympathetically. "You will think so when you see this," drawing a kodak from her bag. "And the worst of it, he followed the creature all the way to New York."

The photograph, though indistinct, was plainly that of David Courtney holding in his arms a woman, one of her arms

about his neck and her head resting upon his breast. For some moments Helen gazed at the picture, and as her face went deathly pale, she left the room.

"Poor child!" sadly whined Mrs. Richards, "I didn't know she cared so much for the fellow. But I could not bear to see her deceived!"

"What kind of a trick is this, Mrs. Richards?" demanded Mrs. Horlick indignantly. "And where did you get this?"

"Why, my dear, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Richards in innocent tones. "But since you question it, an acquaintance of this man Courtney happened to be passing along a street in a questionable section of New York City and by chance having his camera, snapped this picture as he was telling his lady love goodbye!"

"Who was the acquaintance?" she demanded.

"Well! If I am to be questioned in this manner and my motives misconstrued, I think I shall go."

"Show Mrs. Richards out!" said Mrs. Horlick to the servant responding to her call. "I shall keep this, Mrs. Richards," said she, slipping the photograph into her blouse.

"But-"

"Good morning, Mrs. Richards!"

When Helen returned to the room she had dried her tears. Her face was pale and bore the hopelessness of despair.

"Helen," said her friend, drawing her down and slipping her arm around her, "I don't know what this means, but I cannot believe—"

Mrs. Horlick did not finish the sentence. With such evidence, what could she say? "There must be some horrible mistake," she continued. "I know Dave loves you."

"Please don't, Rose," said Helen. "Please do not ever mention his name again. Whatever lingering faith I might have had is gone; at last I am undeceived." After a moment's silence, she added, "It will at least help make my sacrifice bearable."

"O, Helen!" cried Mrs. Horlick, "Poor dear child-don't do that!"

"Life is nothing to me now, Rose."

"But you do not love Mr. Babson."

"I have made that plain to both him and father."

"But you can never be happy, Helen."

"I do not expect happiness," sighed Helen. "I can be obedient."

## CHAPTER XXIX

THE LURE OF THE WINE CUP

"Govern well thy appetite, lest Sin Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death."

ALTHOUGH he no longer called at the Dornham home, Dr. Morrison created opportunities to keep in touch with Phil for whom he had a very tender regard, which the young man reciprocated sincerely. Upon his recovery, Phil had returned to his position in the bank with an interest in his work surprising to his associates and immeasurably pleasing to his father.

At the end of the first month's experience of total abstinence, Phil had experienced no desire for drink and was just a little inclined to twit the doctor upon his warnings. Scarcely a week more had passed, when he entered the doctor's office with terror written upon his face. Dr. Morrison did not need to ask the cause. Quickly preparing a sedative, he rushed him to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium where he put him through an hour's heavy work, followed by a hot plunge, a cold needle shower and a good dinner.

When he had succeeded in passing this first return of his old passion, at which time the gnawing thirst had been well nigh irresistible, both Phil and the doctor were encouraged as the weeks passed without its recurrence. During this period he had absented himself from his club as a safe precaution but was now able to enjoy the companionship of his fellows without the social glass making its former appeal.

"We've killed it, Doctor!" he exclaimed triumphantly to his friend.

"Don't trust it!" warned the doctor. "There are destroyed brain cells and nerve tissues which will forever prevent you from being the normal man you once were. If you can keep hold of your will power you'll be able to combat it successfully. But the time will never come when there is not danger in your first glass. Avoid it as you would the devil!"

Perhaps the most revered observance of which social Brewerton boasted, one handed down from its early history, was the Chrysanthemum Festival, an occasion of great beauty and which had become the annual celebration of society's return from its summer vacation at Atlantic City, the Great Lakes and mountain resorts, as well as the entree of debutantes to the season's festivities. The "flowing bowl" had ever been an important and indispensable feature of the Festival. On this occasion, that he might effectively counteract the alarmingly increasing abstinence at social functions, Mr. Dornham had planned what he considered a proper enthronement of Bacchus.

Philip Dornham had never found pleasure in social gatherings and was not a familiar figure at such functions. But there were two reasons why he chose to be present on this occasion. He wished to witness the social triumph of beer and he hoped by his presence to influence Helen in confirming the rumor of her engagement to Babson. While in no way an event of announcement, it was commented that it was the first public appearance of Helen with Fletcher Babson, and therefore, regarded as of special significance.

For the opening scene, the orchestra had selected "Sports and Feasting," the introductory chorus from "La Gioconda," and as the ensemble of instruments crashed in unison, the portieres at the end of the great hall were drawn, and a throne draped in golden grain rolled automatically to the center of the room. High in the center, surrounded by bottles of champagne, around which were festooned clusters of luscious grapes, rose an enormous beer keg, the polished oak staves held by bands of gold. As the burst of applause subsided, Fletcher Babson, leading Helen by the hand, approached.

"Behold;" said he, "the nation's recompense for all its woes! From the fruitful earth springs this golden grain; but, like the miser, holding in its sheath the warmth of life, it knows not its power until in sacrifice to science's hidden hand it beats itself against the fermenting vat in labor of a new creation, when Lo! it wakes in streams of filtered golden sunlight, reviving the

drooping spirit, helping men forget their ills, and makes the poor dream dreams of wealth and love. With Lord Byron, that Patron Saint of pleasure, let us say,

"'Few things surpass good beer; and they may preach Who please—the more because they preach in vain—Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter, Sermons and soda-water the day after.'"

Phil stood cheering with the brilliant company. It was his first social function since Alcohol had dealt him so severe a blow, and as yet he had felt no call of the past. In the strength of his will, he stood holding in his hand a glass of Apollinaris, and as he was about to raise it, his partner touched his arm. With a twinkle in her soft, lustrous eyes, she tipped to her pink lips the glass of champagne held in her hand and passed it to him. He took the glass but hesitated as he remembered Dr. Morrison's warning.

"What!" she said, "Have my lips poisoned?-"

And he drained it to its dregs.

Mr. Dornham did not wait for Phil's return home. The habits of the past few months had served to relieve his mind of solicitude about his son; he went peacefully to his bed, happier, perhaps, than he had ever been.

But when the butler opened the front door to get the morning paper for Mr. Dornham, Phil, in his evening clothes, with a light fall top-coat, was lying crouched against the door, breathing heavily, his body at intervals shaken by the chilly autumn air. He was carried to his room, undressed, and put to bed.

"Mr. Phil is not feeling well, sir," said the butler in answer to Mr. Dornham's inquiry, "and does not wish to be disturbed."

At twelve o'clock, Helen went to his room, but receiving no response, she entered. A strong odor of liquor filled the room. The touch of his bloated face burned her hand. His breathing was labored and as he moved and opened his blood-shot eyes, he moaned.

"O, this pain!" said he, touching his chest. "O! I can't breathe! Get a doctor, Helen. Do you reckon the governorwould father stand for Morrison?" he asked.

"I wouldn't risk it, Phil," said she, "for some reason father doesn't like him. I'll call Dr. Lamar."

"Oh, this pain! Tell him to come quick, Helen," he urged. Within an hour the patient was removed to a hospital.

Surrounded by specialists, he received the most heroic and scientific treatment for pneumonia known to medical science. Later in the day Dr. LeDeur, the noted Chicago pulmonary specialist, was on his way to Brewerton by special train.

But a few weeks later, Phil was removed to the Dornham hospital for treatment of a rapidly developed case of pulmonary tuberculosis, only to learn after a short while that the last and only hope was the rarefied air of the far West.

#### CHAPTER XXX

MORRISON AND DORNHAM DEBATE

"The prince of darkness of a gentleman."

OMING at a time when the supreme triumph of Mr. Dornham's life seemed to be in sight, the untimely removal of his only son from the great possibilities which stretched out before him came as an exceedingly severe blow. His grief was intense. He believed that it was for Phil he had labored; that it was around him that he had laid the foundation of the carefully built invincible fortress, offensive and defensive, of influence and power. And just as he was in the act of hoisting the final capstone, and while unable to discover any breach, apparent defeat entered.

As Phil lay in the Dornham Hospital daily growing weaker, Mr. Dornham pleaded with the physicians to heal his son. He taunted them with the power of his wealth, with the unrestricted sum which he was willing to pay for a cure. And when he learned that for all his millions, the price of a railway ticket, food to eat, and a bed on which the young man might rest his wasting body, was the limit of its purchasing power; that if Phil were to live, he must live by breathing the free air of the great West, breathed by common thousands, he concluded in irritable disgust that there was some great mistake, some inexcusable blunder. That he was in any way responsible for Phil's condition did not occur to Mr. Dornham.

But Mr. Dornham did not permit his son's affliction, however distressing and disappointing, to interfere with the final and crowning success of Alcohol. As the boy was raced across the continent in a special train, and occasionally lifted his weary head to look out upon the fast receding scenes of all that was dear to him, Philip Dornham, with the accumulated influence of what the world pronounced success, moved upon the Capital of the United States.

For two hundred unwearying days and nights beer had made its claim for healthful temperance, its appeal for a respectable divorcement from distilled spirits and its plea for honorable existence over the enchanting name of Philip Dornham, philanthropist and student of governmental economics. Every effort of his immense machinery had converged to the convening of the fall term of the Sixty-fifth Congress which it was known would either pass or kill the Senate amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

And never for one moment did Mr. Dornham doubt the final issue. While he did not conceal his displeasure with his government for even entertaining this revolutionary legislation, in this great and final test of business justice he was confident. He believed the appeal he had made for beer through its claim for healthful temperance was convincing, but for whatever weakness there may have been in that appeal, he believed that, as a last compelling argument, his bursting treasury held the key.

Having summoned his forces from the four corners of the nation, legislative organization was quickly perfected, under the most systematic team work, Senator Scanlan and Senator Duboise, and Congressman Beeker directing the forces in the Congressional chamber, while Babson carefully censored the publicity, with Samuels in charge of the subterranean Congress.

At the end of the first week, prohibition leaders, who had felt confident of their position, were forced to admit that the amendment was not only losing friends but dangerously imperilled. Representatives strongly in its favor, when Congress had adjourned, confessed their conviction of the wisdom of retaining beer as the practical solution of the temperance question.

Such was the alarming situation which met prohibition leaders when they arrived in Washington late in November to hold their conference of allied prohibition organizations of America, through which they hoped favorably to impress Congress. It required only days to discover the serious fact that if the amendment was to pass, some method must be provided to get the ear of Congress in a direct presentation of convincing

evidence of the need of such legislation. Urging the right of petition as the first great principle of democracy, Congress was invited by the prohibition forces to attend a joint debate by the advocates and opponents of the proposed amendment. At the same time an open challenge was issued to the opposing forces. Unable to defeat the resolution to accept the invitation, Senator Scanlan was chosen as spokesman for the opposition.

Aside from his antagonism to the national food administration, the senator's personal hatred for the theory of prohibition of alcoholic beverages was his dominant characteristic. His speech was a severe denunciation both of the proposed amendment and the men responsible for it. With the honorable precedent of former President Taft, he attacked the constitutionality of the act, and quoted liberally from the Boston Transcript, The World, Philadelphia Enquirer, Globe-Democrat and Louisville Courier-Journal. He argued the undemocratic possibility of minority rule, warning Congress of the great danger of tampering with the sacred rights of states. But his peroration came in scathing denunciation of southern and western states for assuming to foist their obnoxious principle of curtailment of personal privilege upon other and unwilling sections.

"But," said the Senator, abruptly closing, "I have spoken only of why the amendment should not pass. There are those who believe that it can be changed to meet all rational demands for temperance and still retain for the American people their right of free action.

"We are honored today by the presence of one whose hands, though full of the great problems which have crowned his efforts with success, has not declined to turn aside and answer the call of human need; one whose great philanthropy is eloquent testimony of the love he bears his fellows, and the principles of justice and willing service which characterize his life. Coming as he does from the ranks of the great world financiers, influenced by no hope of financial gain, but impelled only by an interest in human efficiency and business justice, his opinion is worth more than my own, perhaps more than any who may

speak to you this evening. At the risk of displeasing a modesty which permits no parade of his good deeds, I am going to request Mr. Philip Dornham of the city of Brewerton, founder of the Dornham Hospital for the free treatment of the 'great white plague,' to state his unbiased opinion of what is wise and just for the American people and fair for invested capital. I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Philip Dornham."

Mr. Dornham's reception was all that he could have desired, inspiring him in the delivery of a strong and convincing presentation of his sincerity and faith in the appeal which he made for temperance through the use of beer. "I believe, my fellow countrymen," he concluded, "there is not one of you whose sole object, like my own, is other than to enact legislation just to all men and for the common good. And I do not believe any surer course lies before you than to pass the prohibition amendment with the manufacture of brewed and vinous beverages eliminated from its provisions."

It was evident as Mr. Dornham took his seat that his appeal had made a deep impression. Men whispering to their neighbors received confirming nods.

The name of the speaker who was to follow him in behalf of the amendment had not been announced, and while more than a score of governors of states, and prominent advocates of the cause, sat upon the platform, interest was intense as to who would at this most critical moment in all the years of advocacy of prohibition, present its cause. It was a moment of national destiny; a time when civilization had its face expectantly turned to the American Congress to point the way to world reform.

There was, therefore, disappointment and satisfaction in proportion to the interest of the auditor, when the speaker was announced in the person of the comparatively unknown Dr. Robert Morrison. Although presented as an eminent pathological authority upon alcoholism whose research had carried him to every known part of the world, the absence of receptive enthusiasm as he stepped to the front, caused a satisfied smile to play upon the face of the previous speaker.

If Dr. Morrison was conscious that there were other thousands in the great audience he gave no indication of it. For a moment he stood silent with the weight of responsibility, looking into the faces of the law-makers occupying the seats directly in front of him.

"Gentlemen of the Congress: Let us stop just a moment," he began, "and consider the seriousness of the thing which we are about to do; momentous, whatever the result of our action may be. Alcohol is a product of civilization; nowhere is it found native to the uncivilized nations of the earth. For at least forty centuries it has played its part in civilized society the world over—in politics, in religion, in life and in death. And here, in the first quarter of the twentieth century in the era of the Christ, we hear the cry coming up from well-nigh every portion of the earth demanding the annihilation of it. There must be some powerful cause for this demand. What can it be?

"The honored senator from whose state I hail, like Noah, whose drunken nakedness was exposed, hurls the curse at those who point out its shameless crime against the civilization that nurses it, but offers no cure for the evil. Mr. Dornham, whom it is my privilege to know, professes to have a better cause. Acknowledging and condemning the evil of distilled beverages, he asks you to pass the death sentence upon them. But in the name of human welfare, in whose cause he says he pleads, he asks you to save—to spare beer to bless the race of man! We must not forget, however, that Alcohol has ever been the arch deceiver of man.

"It is my purpose, gentlemen of Congress, to speak simply, understandingly, and above all, honestly. My remarks shall be confined to the effect of alcoholic beverages upon the human system, and I am sure you will not charge me with undue egotism, when I say I shall speak to you with the authority of the physician who has made a life study of his case. Yet the facts which I shall give you are not of my discovery; they are mine by confirmation.

"Mr. Dornham tells you that beer is a temperance beverage. Think of it as you may, gentlemen, 'temperance' as applied to the use of alcoholic beverages is only a polite term which civilization has adopted for slow poisoning. Alcohol, whether diluted in a bottle of beer or hidden in a highball, though varied in its outward expression, is universal in its psycho-physical effects. At the risk of offending your intelligence, I am going to refresh your memories with a simple statement of alcohol's action upon the human system. You, of course, have not forgotten that alcohol when taken into the stomach is not digested and eliminated in the manner of food; that, upon the contrary, it is immediately absorbed into the blood and passed to every vital part.

"I am sure I recall to most of you your professor's favorite lecture upon sanitation in which he so graphically pictured the white corpuscles of the blood as the 'little policemen' of the body. Yet how accurate! How expressive this simple illustration! In their normal state never asleep, never negligent, these 'little policemen' whose function it is to arrest and destroy invading germs, microbes, dust, and chemical irritants, while we are asleep and while we are awake, are ever standing at the door of our health fighting our battles against pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, and other germs and poisons.

"What would Mr. Dornham think were I to propose to anaesthetize, make helpless, completely knock out, every policeman in Brewerton that guards and makes safe his wealth! Yet, he asks you, gentlemen, to save beer—alcohol—the narcotic that puts to sleep these white corpuscles—these 'little policemen' that guard the health of the individual and the nation! Two minutes after alcohol is swallowed it is being absorbed into the blood and its first action is to intoxicate, to make helpless and inert these little enemies of disease, disease which when once it passes these faithful sentinels and takes hold upon life, even the Dornham Hospital which the senator has rightly eulogized, is

helpless to kill. And please remember, gentlemen, I am not describing the drunkard; I am stating the universal action of alcohol.

"But this is only the initial step of alcohol's battle against health and life.

"Go tomorrow into the physiologist's laboratory, under the microscope, examine the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs, the nerve centers and the brain of a human body having been addicted to the use of alcohol—not the drunkard, but the beer drinker whom Mr. Dornham terms the temperate man. See the cirrhosed tissue and cells of these organs. It will help you to understand why Professor Bollinger, who performed 6,000 autopsies in Munich, found that every sixteenth male had died of 'Munich beer heart.' It will help you in an understanding of the statement of this eminent authority when he tells you that, 'One rarely finds in Munich a faultless heart and a normal kidney.' It will make intelligible the record of Professor Kraepelin that, not only is alcohol the immediate cause of a third of all his cases of mental disease in Munich, but that in a large series of pathological conditions—including paralysis, epilepsy, and arterio-sclerosis—it is the chief factor, and one of the most important causes of degeneracy. It will make plain to you why the International Tuberculosis Congress meeting in Paris a few years ago, and since emphasizing its pronouncement, officially affirmed the relationship of alcohol and tuberculosis, declaring the necessity of proceeding against both, if tuberculosis were to be vanquished. You will, after that examination, gentlemen, have a more practical and intelligent understanding of why science universally condemns alcohol as an antagonist to health, an enemy to life, and a relentless foe to posterity. You will not be surprised that life insurance companies reject its devotees.

"These things being true, is it strange that among all the signs of progress in our most highly civilized nations there are to be noted, with greater and greater frequency, frightful evi-

dences of lessening physical and mental vigor? The study of this phase of the topic would require an evening within itself, but I shall only ask your patience while I briefly review it.

\*"In Switzerland, a few years ago, Professor Demme made a careful comparison of the children of drinking and non-drinking parents. He studied for a long period the life-histories of ten families from each class, selecting them most carefully and from exactly the same living conditions. In those where no intoxicants were used there were 61 children, of which five died in infancy, two were diseased, two were mentally slow, two deformed, and fifty normal. In the other group there were 57 children, of whom 25 died in infancy, one was diseased, six idiotic, five deformed, five dwarfed, five epileptic, and ten normal. In a word, in the abstaining families, 82 per cent of the children were normal, and 18 per cent defective, while in the drinking families, the figures were almost reversed, 82.5 per cent were defective, and but 17.5 per cent normal.

"Alcohol causes degeneracy in the offspring at the very beginning of life. Forel, who has given special study from the nerve and mental viewpoints, shows that alcoholic poisoning of the body and of the germ cells is one of the most potent causes of race degeneracy, and that the injuries in one generation tend to become permanent. Laitinen, after studying 17,394 children, says 'that the alcohol drinking by parents, even in small quantities (about a glass of beer a day), has exercised a degenerative influence upon their offspring.' In New York City, of 20,147 cases of school children examined by Dr. MacNichol, 53 per cent of those that came from drinking homes were below the average in mental capacity, or dullards; 10 per cent of those from total abstinence families being so classed.

"You will permit me to say, my countrymen, that by personal observation and experimentation I have confirmed these facts, which I have quoted from more learned authority. I know them to be true—horribly true!

<sup>\*</sup> Social Welfare and the Liquor Problem .- By Warner.

"Just how all this degenerative influence takes place, what defects are transmitted, and how permanent they may be in an evolutionary sense, are not yet clear. But the fact for the present is clear—that the regular use of alcohol is crippling man's descendants, diminishing their mental and physical health, bringing into the world defectives, deformed, epileptic, and criminally inclined, making such life as they are capable of living harder and more perilous, and casting upon present society a fearful economic burden, as well as laying a foundation for steady deterioration in the future. A man who calls himself a 'moderate' drinker is in danger of leaving upon society a greater burden than if he rapidly ruined himself through 'excess' and threw himself directly upon its support.

"Yet to correct this, Senator Scanlan argues, is 'unconstitutional,' that it is interference with 'states rights,' that it is unjustifiable curtailment of 'personal privilege.' I declare to you, my countrymen, that the first instinct of the individual and the first aim of society organized into government is self-preservation, and no duty, no responsibility under the police power of the state, is more sacred than the preservation of health.

"If personal drinking of alcoholic liquors is injurious to health—and the facts show that this is true—it strikes at what is fundamental in society. It is therefore no longer a private matter, but a burning public question. For, since health is the very first essential to public well-being and private gain, the very existence of the state is threatened by whatever causes mental or physical degeneracy in any considerable number of its citizens.

"And now, permit me to refer once more to Mr. Dornham's plea for beer. For, of all these destroying effects of alcohol—these death-heads with which it has decorated itself—beer has one other and more debasing quality.

"Contrary to Mr. Dornham's contention, and the generally accepted belief, beer is even more noxious than are distilled liquors. The actual reason for this has been known for only a

few years, and even yet is not generally understood. Perhaps Mr. Dornham does not know it. Yet it is very simple. For, in addition to the small whisky glass of alcohol in each pint of beer, beer also contains a large and varying percentage of lupulin—the active principle of hops.

"That we may get the full meaning of the presence of this drug in beer of which the drinking public is in ignorance, permit me to refer to what many of you may know: That upon the female blossom of Indian hemp there are glands holding a narcotic, sticky, bitter substance from which 'hashish,' the native narcotic used by the Mohammedan peoples of West and South Africa and the Malay Archipelago is extracted. It is more brutalizing than any known narcotic drug, its sensualizing influence exceeding even that of cocaine. These native addicts often commit the most foul and revolting crimes under its influence. And now, gentlemen, let us not fail to get the full significance of these facts:

"On the female blossom of hops, in addition to certain terpines, acids and resins, most injurious to the nervous system and kidneys, there is contained this same bitter, sticky substance, in hops called 'lupulin', but containing the exact elements and active principle of 'hashish'. Beer, gentlemen, is the most seductive—the most sensualizing, and the most brutalizing beverage known to civilization!

"In pointing you to the German nation as an example in temperance, Mr. Dornham did not inform you that as far back as 1907, 31,809 cases of alcoholism and delirium tremens were treated in the general hospitals and 19,096 in asylums, epileptic homes and similar institutions in Germany. But today, gentlemen, you do not have to be told the condition of the German mind; Germany, the country universally addicted to the beer habit, is a nation mad with delirium—the brutalizing delirium of 'lupulin'—of beer!

"Gentlemen of Congress, would you Prussianize America with beer?"

There was nothing sensational other than the stubborn facts

which he had recited; there was no dramatic appeal as the doctor had woven his chain of incriminating evidence. There was evidence that by the simplicity of presentation of only one of the many sided problems of alcohol he was making a powerful appeal to the intelligence of his hearers. But when in clear, distinct and solemn tones he propounded that question and for a moment stood with uplifted hand looking into the eyes of Congress as if waiting for reply, with the accent of power; with the ring of a renewed national conscience, the answer came,

"No! No!"

As the mighty protest passed and the thousands pressed forward to take the hand of Dr. Morrison, turning to Mr. Dornham whose face was colorless, Senator Scanlan whispered,

"You may save your millions for other battles; this one's lost."

## CHAPTER XXXI

A TEST OF ENDURANCE

"No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure."

POR David Courtney the summer had been but one steady, swift, and irresistible engulfing stream. His clients, confined to a select number of the most important of Brewerton's industries, he had seen leave him, one by one, until only two remained. Of these, Mr. Roebstock, who was able only partially to rehabilitate the operation of his mines, was awaiting the maturing of his indebtedness to Philip Dornham as one condemned dreads the day of execution. The white spots, where formerly advertisements appeared in The Intelligencer, gave daily warning to him of the end of the other, Ben Walton.

Yet never for once did he waver in the life purpose which now inspired him. True to his pledge to the dying Batty, he had joined forces with Dr. Morrison, and like the North and the South—those great sections of which they were products, once divided by error, now actuated by one supreme, intelligent purpose—they struck hands in undying zeal until America's shores should be freed from a slavery more inhumanely cruel than any other charged to the shame of civilization. Courtney was unconscious of the deep conviction which was daily growing in the hearts of men as the result of the doctor's teaching and his own eloquence. At times, under the ridicule and abuse of The Dispatch and the depression of physical weariness, he approached discouragement, but without faltering.

Following the Coalfield riot, the authorities proceeded industriously to bring the rioters to justice. But no effort was made to fix responsibility for the inceptive cause further than the negro Chisholm, one of the first to fall before the fury of the mob. Courtney and Dr. Morrison therefore, believing they had reason to suspect responsibility higher up, instituted the inquiry as a part of their determined program to uncover the ramifications of Alcohol in Brewerton. Unable to influence the

state authorities to press the necessary investigation, just when the probe was about to uncover incriminating evidence, indicating its nature to be a case for the federal authorities, Courtney received an anonymous letter warning him against further investigation, while strangely coincident, therewith *The Dispatch* launched a discrediting attack upon private detectives—"paid spies"—and the value of their testimony in a court of justice.

Captain Saterlee of the United States Department of Justice, after an hour's conference with Courtney, had left him as Dr. Morrison entered fresh from his triumph in Washington.

"Lo, the conquering hero comes!" exclaimed Courtney, greeting him warmly.

"Hardly that," said the doctor modestly, "but the amendment will pass."

"'Glory to God in the highest!" " said Courtney, fervently.

"'And on earth, good will to men!" added the doctor.

"What of Dornham? The papers say he made a great plea for beer."

"When I thought of Phil, Dave, and heard that old man pleading in the name of temperance for the thing which he knows has murdered his own son, and tied him to a lingering death, I believe the greatest temptation of my life was to denounce him upon the platform. I understand he left Washington in a great huff, the night of the debate."

"Perhaps this will not make you feel more kindly to the powerful house of John Barleycorn & Company," said Courtney, handing him a copy of the black-hand letter, and explaining that he had turned the original, together with the riot inquiry, over to federal authorities.

"I wonder," exclaimed the doctor, studying this new evidence of its arrogant insolence, "if there is another city in the United States so honeycombed with the influence of alcohol!"

"Many!" replied Courtney. "That is not an unusual method of alcohol, you must remember. Perhaps Brewerton is just a little more under its domination than most places, for I do confess, until the trial of O'Connell for the murder of Gardner in which its power transformed justice into legal farce, I did not believe such a condition was possible in an American court."

"Ah, that shameful travesty!" exclaimed the doctor.

"One which I do not propose to see re-enacted in the trial of Schwartzberg set for next week," replied the attorney, positively.

"But will you not be as helpless as before?"

"If the district attorney under Samuels' influence can work it, yes. But fortunately for the cause of justice, Judge Handis will preside. I am determined to make that the legal effort of my experience. I'll show old Dornham I've got some fight left, if no clients."

"Have you heard of the engagement of Miss Dornham to Babson?" asked the doctor, abruptly.

"What!" exclaimed Courtney savagely. "Who-?"

"Mr. Horlick tells me she has indicated to Mrs. Horlick her intention of submitting to her father's demands. Mrs. Horlick blames you for being unfair to Miss Dornham."

Following the misunderstanding with Helen, together with his other humiliations, Courtney had immured himself from all social demands, seldom seeing even his closest friends. The attitude of pity with which Mr. and Mrs. Horlick treated him, perhaps unconsciously, and certainly from the sincerest motives, was obnoxious to one of Courtney's mind. It had caused him to avoid them—the only friends whom he cared to see. He knew nothing of the gossip of society and this was the first intimation he had of Helen's serious consideration of her father's long cherished purpose. During the half year in which he had not seen her, he had experienced the severest persecution which

the power of money urged by the cruel hate of Alcohol could inspire. But his love for Helen, like the giant oak shaken by the storm, had only struck its roots deeper into the soil of his soul. As the shipwrecked sailor, beaten by the winds and scorched by the sun, hopes for land at last, there had lingered the faith within him that sometime, somehow she would believe him faithful and give back in kind the love that had shielded her from pain.

The days that followed were days of the severest torture. Aside from making Helen his wife, there was nothing which he desired so much as hearing the pronouncement of legal vengeance upon the murderer of Batty Spillman, the sandwich boy, whom he had learned to love. Yet, in the agony of his soul he could not bring his mind under the control which the case demanded. Upon the evening preceding the trial date, after having spent an hour savagely tramping his office floor, concluding to silence or confirm his doubts and fears, he called at the Horlick home. He would at least convince Mrs. Horlick that he had not been unkind or unfaithful—perhaps convince and enable her to persuade Helen to remain faithful in waiting.

Without knowing he was in the house, Mrs. Horlick entered the nursery to find Courtney and her husband standing over the baby, and even the compliment to a young mother of showing interest in her first-born did not enable Mrs. Horlick to receive him otherwise than coolly. Mrs. Horlick had reason to believe Helen intended marrying Fletcher Babson, and frankly admitted it to him with the added belief that his conduct had forced Helen to the conclusion that he had deceived her.

"You are aware," he defended himself, "of what Mr. Dornham told Helen. No part of it was true. Do you not see the impossibility of explaining, without showing her father to her in a light which she must abhor? I have kept silent because of my love. The time may come when the public good will demand the uncovering of her father's duplicities. But no pain shall ever come to Helen for personal gain to me."

Mrs. Horlick was bewildered. He had spoken in perfect frankness and apparent honesty, yet did she not have in her possession evidence which belied his smooth words? Leaving the room, she returned quickly, determined to pillory him upon his own unworthy duplicity.

"Well, Mr. Courtney, suppose you explain that!" she demanded handing him the photograph which she had refused to surrender to Mrs. Richards.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, his face blanching angrily. Going to the light he took from his pocket a small reading glass, and examined the photograph carefully, then returned it to Mrs. Horlick. "It's a long story," said he, "with very dark spots in it. I do not think you would care to hear it."

"Let me have your glass," said she. "Why, what's this?" she exclaimed as the glass brought out indistinctly the letters Y. W. C. A. over the door in which he was photographed. "Now, Dave, what is it?"

Beginning with the photograph, he traced the story backward and as he finished, tears were streaming down her cheeks, and it was Dick who exclaimed:

"What! Gardner's child?"

"His only child," replied Courtney.

Going to the telephone, Rose called Helen. She wanted her to come to see her early the following morning.

"Rose," said Helen, "I received a letter from Phil today in which he enclosed a photograph. And, Rose, I don't understand; you remember that photograph—that Mrs. Richards had? I believe it's the same woman. And yet! Phil calls her 'the angel of the camp.' She has the loveliest, sad face! But—but I don't understand!"

"Bring it with you, Helen; perhaps I can help you." And as she hung up the receiver, she sighed. "Poor child! Perhaps you have been right, Dave, but you have caused her to suffer. Please leave that glass with me."

## CHAPTER XXXII

MURDER WITHOUT SLIP OR TRAIL

"What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes."

FOLLOWING Mr. Dornham's defeat in Washington, for four days he secluded himself from all callers, upon his return to Brewerton. During this period he declined to see even Babson and Samuels and when at last they were admitted to his presence they were immeasurably shocked. A row of empty beer bottles stood behind his desk, his face was bloated, his hands trembled and his voice was raspingly husky as he heaped vituperative denunciation upon the government and bitter curses upon Courtney, Dr. Morrison and Ben Walton. He denounced Senator Scanlan and Congressman Beeker for "lying down like whipped curs at the voice of a hypocritical doctor." He censured Babson for lack of enthusiastic faith and support, and berated Samuels for the failure of the method he had proposed to save beer from inclusion in the prohibition amendment.

"If you don't like my work, cut it out," said Samuels, sullenly.

"Cut it out!" he snarled. "That infernal doctor saved that trouble."

For a moment Samuels eyed him resentfully, even scornfully.

"I think we'd better have an understanding," said he, "What you wanted was to make the saloons into Young Men's Christian Associations. To humor you I showed you the only chance—little as it was, and it failed. Now it's up to you to take the business as it is, use the ways and means of the saloon to lick hell out of the prohibitionists, or quit."

"Quit!" Mr. Dornham fairly screamed. "You—you, Samuels, say quit!" And passionately glowering, he beat his fist upon the arm of his chair. "Quit! I'll show the hypocritical devils how I'll quit!"

"Well!" exclaimed Samuels, drawing himself up in his chair. "Damned if I don't b'lieve you're goin' to be worth the price after all."

At the manner of Samuels' expression of approval he exhibited no resentment.

"That ex-Governor you told us about—what's his name?" he asked.

"Coleman."

"Can we get him-all his time?"

"No," replied Samuels, "he's contracted 'office-phobia'; he's runnin' for somethin' or other—always is when he ain't got an office. Now it's governor's job, Congress or Senate, or somethin', and don't forget it, he's snarlin' and snappin' and he'll have 'em sizzin' before he's through."

Babson was only a listener. He knew Mr. Dornham was in no humor for his legal conservatism, and he was unwilling to invite upon himself his present wrath. Mr. Dornham had turned his back to him and sat facing Samuels.

"You said Wilson—the government was afraid, Samuels," said he. His eyes narrowed into slits, a deeper red colored his cheeks and bringing his fist down with a force that caused the empty bottles to click against each other, he growled, "Damn 'em, I'll make 'em afraid! Tomorrow you start to the Northeast—." Samuels stopped him.

"You know Schwartzberg's trial-"

"That's so. The hour that's over," he continued, "you start for the North and East, then through the South and into the West. You know what to do."

Samuels walked across the room stretching his arms as if testing the return of lost power. Stopping in front of the banker, he reached out to grasp his hand. In deep determined gutturals he hissed:

"Just keep your ear to the ground, honor my drafts, and I'll promise you you'll hear things droppin'. Not a dozen states 'll ever ratify that damned amendment." In the addresses which he had made since the death of Batty Spillman, Courtney had not failed to use the sad story in making his case against Alcohol. Saved from the potter's field by love, the body of the sandwich boy slept under a well-kept grave; yet, through the eloquence of his friend, he still lived in power and influence for childhood. The story of Batty should never die as long as Alcohol clothed a child in rags, as long as cruel injustice brought a tear.

The day of trial of the slayer of Batty was announced by The Intelligencer. Only a small percentage of those who had heard the story and had been moved by it to a clearer sense of justice, was able to gain entrance to the court room.

"Would it be a day of justice?"

That was the question upon the lips of thousands of earnest men and women in Brewerton that day. It was the question seared with sorrow into the heart of Courtney, as he reflected upon the past five years' unbroken record of "not guilty" in the court roster of cases where the saloon had been involved.

Carl Schwartzberg did not sit in the prisoner's dock. Neither had Patrick O'Connell. Alcohol had license in Brewerton! Ruddy, big-jowled, and defiant, his unlighted cigar between his teeth, he occupied a seat by his counsel. As David Courtney's name was announced, as the assistant to the prosecuting attorney, he scowled.

"Addorney—nein!" he was heard to hiss to his counsel. Although seasoned to the experience by years of legal practice, the effect upon Courtney, as the clerk called the first juryman to go upon his voir dire, was not unlike that on the inexperienced hunter who sees the rise of a covey of birds which he has been momentarily expecting. It was the time of his opportunity, or his failure! At the trial of O'Connell, he had strongly protested to the district attorney against entering trial where the personnel of the jury itself presaged defeat. He had submitted in deference to professional ethics, to the decision of the leading counsel. Again he was facing the alternative of

responsibility for the defeat of justice or disregard of court room decorum.

To the apparent satisfaction of the district attorney, the juryman had answered the questions propounded. He bore kinship to neither the deceased nor the accused, was not opposed to capital punishment, had no relation with attorneys for either the prosecution or defense, had formed no opinion which would disqualify him in rendering a verdict according to the law and the evidence, and was engaged in the business of "market."

It is easy to make resolve, but it is not easy for one who has practiced a profession by the strictest rules of professional ethics to change in a moment. But if there was indecision in Courtney's mind, it was but for a moment, for as the blood-stained bandage around the pale face of Batty flashed across his memory, it was forgotten. As he rose to his feet holding a copy of the city directory, his hand, that a moment before had trembled, was steady.

"I wish to ask some questions," said he. Judge Handis, engaged in making a notation upon the roster, laid down his pen. The face of District Attorney Hamlin turned purple with astonished resentment.

"What is your full name?" Courtney asked.

"Oscar Schmidt," answered the juror.

"And your business?"

"Market."

"Anything else?"

"Ice and coal when I can get it."

"What else, Mr. Schmidt?"

"Lunch counter," said the juror dropping his eyes.

"And what is it called under your license?" persisted the attorney, referring to the directory.

The juror hesitated, then answered resentfully, "Saloon."

When the admission was at last dragged from him, Mr. Courtney requested the court to exclude all jurymen from the room, stating it to be his opinion that there was a condition

existing of vital importance in this case which should be brought to the attention of the court before proceeding further with the case. Added to the strong objection of counsel for the defense, Mr. Hamlin expressed his astonishment at the statement and attitude of the Assistant Prosecuting Counsel and was unwilling to join in the request. But Judge Handis' ear had not been deaf to the questions and the reluctant manner of their answers, and he preferred to hear a statement of the question.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Courtney, "this is a case wherein Carl Schwartzberg, a saloon-keeper, is charged with the murder of William, alias 'Batty' Spillman, a boy in his teens. I do not know what the defense will be, but the evidence will establish the real casus belli to have been the criticism, the verbal attack by this small boy upon the saloon as an institution. Unavoidably, not only the prisoner at the bar, but the saloon, at least to some extent, must go on trial in this case. By checking the vocation of the veniremen from which this trial jury is to be drawn, I find, of the thirty-six, eight are mercantile tradesmen, six are mechanics and twenty-two are saloon proprietors, bartenders, brewery employees, or otherwise allied with the saloon. I do not presume to account for this anomalous situation, but justice demands a panel wherein jurymen shall not try their own case. I feel confident, your honor, that a mere statement of these facts is sufficient without argument."

At the conclusion of the argument by the defense, wherein Mr. Courtney was taken severely to task for questioning the integrity of the "honorable gentlemen" composing the jury, as Judge Handis in his preliminary remarks was about to indicate the trend of his mind, the district attorney arose.

"Your honor," said he, "assuming that the state secures conviction which, with our evidence seems probable, I would regret it if the case should be appealed upon obviously tenable grounds. Do you not think the granting of Mr. Courtney's request would involve an unusual decision?"

"In my experience, Mr. Hamlin," replied Judge Handis, "this is an unusual—I might say, a very unusual situation which Mr. Courtney has brought out, one which has never come to my attention before, and I trust it will not occur in my court again. My ruling is, that any juryman engaged in the sale or manufacture of alcoholic beverages will be excused by the court from serving upon this case. Mr. Sheriff, proceed to draw extra veniremen."

During this procedure there was perceptible tension in the court room, and as the decision was greeted by spontaneous applause, though quickly suppressed, it was like the coming of power to Courtney.

Following a hurried consultation with the defendant and his counsel, Samuels left the room. Entering the office of Philip Dornham he blustered:

"Well, your little doctor put a crimp in us at Washington and now Courtney's raised hell in the court house."

The very names of these two men had long been to Mr. Dornham like a red rag in the face of a Mexican bull.

"Don't mention either of those men to me again," he exclaimed angrily.

"Far as I can see they're pretty live subjects, Mr. Dornham; only way I know of keepin' 'em out of conversation is to put 'em—"

"Put 'em in hell as far as I'm concerned, but don't ever mention them again."

"You're not jokin'?" asked Samuels looking straight at the banker.

"Have I made a reputation as a humorist?" he snarled.

"Damn!" hissed Samuels. "I wish this had been yester-day."

After explaining what had happened in the court room, he concluded:

"We've got to have help. We've got to have Preston and Sinkler, and that means money! They want five thousand apiece, and in advance."

"Like hell they'll get it!"

For a moment Samuels eyed Mr. Dornham quizzically.

"Thought we'd had an understanding," said he.

"Don't be a damned fool, Samuels," said Mr. Dornham, catching the tone of his voice; "that's too much."

"It's the price, and the terms. And twenty-five thousand's goin' to be the price of the other job—and no hagglin'."

Within the few days since he had adopted the full principles and practice of the saloon and had given Samuels a free hand, Mr. Dornham had not failed to perceive the growing boldness and often insolence of the political boss, at the same time finding himself unable to restrain or resist him.

"What other job?"

"Why tamin' the highbrows."

"Thought you'd do that for the pleasure of it!" Mr. Dornham smiled reconcilingly.

"This ain't Blinky and Red's pleasure season," said Samuels.

"Well, mind you, no slips and no trails," warned Mr. Dornham.

Within thirty minutes, Horatio Preston and Paul Sinkler, the most noted attorneys in criminal practice in Brewerton, entered the court room, and although announced as "assistant" counsel, took charge of the case. Samuels remained only long enough to speak some whispered words with the prisoner, glaring at Courtney as he left the room.

Quickly entering his car, he chose a circuitous route through the city, and finally crossed the bridge into East Brewerton. At the end of the bridge he turned sharply to the right and after driving a few blocks stopped his car. He walked down a narrow street near the river front and entered the basement of what was once a brick dwelling. Over the door, hung loosely on its hinges, a weatherbeaten sign told that it was now used for "Day Sleepers." As he entered, a man with arms folded, lifted his head from the counter and began automatically wiping the bar.

"Where's Blinky 'n Red, Fritz?" he asked.

"Subbose de's sleeb; I haf 'em seen not sins yis'rdays."

"Anything on?" asked Samuels.

"O," said Fritz, shrugging his heavy shoulders, "not mooch bez; leetle for tonight."

"Is the nigger Magully here?"

"Des neger? Neger no goot! Let cop geet 'im; I be glat!"

"You tell him to keep close for the next few days and I will have the trouble out of the way. Go get Blinky and Red."

Within a short time the two men entered and followed Samuels to a rear room furnished with roulette and other gambling device. When they were seated at a table and Fritz had served them with drinks, Samuels passed a slip of paper containing names to Blinky and in a voice little above a whisper gave his instructions.

"Which'n first?" asked Blinky.

"That; tonight," Samuels replied drawing a circle around one of the names.

"Tomorrow night," replied Blinky.

"Tonight! I said, damn you!" snarled Samuels.

"Get somebody else; me en Red's engaged," replied Blinky indifferently.

"Put off your job for tonight," insisted Samuels.

"Tomorrow night, or not at all!"

"I hate to give the damned cuss another day," replied Samuels.

Drawing a long knife from a sheath under his coat, "So?" asked Blinky measuring about an inch on the blade.

"To the hilt, damn him!" hissed Samuels through his clenched teeth. "Quiet place where he lives," he continued. "Go out and get acquainted with the old nigger. Find out from him the lay of the land."

In the court house, with only a semblance of assistance from District Attorney Hamlin, Courtney contested every inch of ground with the two great opposing counsel, meeting every feint, sidestep and onrush with a steady unyielding determination which was continually building his case for the final argument. By night the evidence had been submitted. Carl Schwartzberg, denied the plea of going to his home under guard, was remanded to jail. Judge Handis ordered the jury to be safeguarded, and the hour of nine o'clock of the following day was fixed for the beginning of arguments.

# CHAPTER XXXIII

SANCHO SAVES DAVID'S LIFE

"Conspiracies no sooner should be formed Than executed."

A S CINDY finished washing her dinner dishes her voice rose and fell in trembling cadence:

"On Jor—d—an—s st—or—my— b—a—nk—s I—sta—and—"

A rap at the door caused the song to suddenly cease.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Courtney," said the man lifting his hat and bowing low.

"Wh—whut de mattah wid yo' white folks?" asked Cindy. "Is yo' blin'? Ef yo' wants Miss Co'tney gw'on roun' to de fron' do' lack white folks orter."

"Is Mr. Courtney in?" asked the man."

"Mr. Co'tney! Whut yo' speck Marse Dave gwin be doin' in de kitchen? Gw'on, white folks; gw'on en quit pesterin' er me. Whyn't yo' come ter de fron' do' lack I axes yo'?"

At that moment Sancho came shuffling round the corner with an armful of wood.

"Is this Mr. Courtney?" asked Blinky, for it was he and Red who had so disturbed Cindy's composure.

"Yas'r, des es soon es I puts down dis load er kindlin' hit is, suh," said Sancho.

"I'm Mr. Peterson, Mr. Courtney," said Blinky, cordially shaking Sancho's hand. "Meet Mr. Barnes, Mr. Courtney."

"I'se bery pleas ter meet yo', gen'mns, I sho' is," said Sancho, drawing himself up with great dignity. "Walk right in, gen'mns en hab er seat."

Stepping to the door, Cindy placed her hands upon her hips:

"Not in my kitchen!" she announced loftily.

"Cindy?" pleaded Sancho humbly.

"Nigger, es ole es yo' is, is yo' gwin let yo' ole head git turn wid er Mister? Ain't yo' nuver gwin git no sense?"

Knowing the uselessness of argument with Cindy, Sancho led his guests to his cottage.

"'Mister' Co'tney! 'Mis-tress' Co'tney!" repeated Cindy, still standing in the door. "Whur I come frum strange white folks—whut ain't po' white trash—call me 'Aunt Cindy.' Don' dat ole nigger knows when white folks goes ter 'Mister'n' uv niggers dey ain't quality folks, er else dey des a'ter sup'n dey got no business wid? Des lack 'im now, ter let dat 'mister' git 'im in trouble," mumbled Cindy as she turned to her stove to "chunk up" her fire.

"Being old friends of Dave," said Blinky, seated in Cindy's best rocker, "and learning that he has become such a great man and so busy at his office—"

"Marse Dave sho' am er busy man!" boasted Sancho.

"Well, we thought we would call this evening and give him a surprise."

"Yas'r," grinned Sancho, "Marse Dave, he be pow'fu' glad ter see yo'. He sho' will."

"Yes, I'm sure he will. Dear old Dave!" said Red. "It's been a long time since we went to college with him. He used to talk about you."

"Yas'r I knows 'e did," said Sancho, swelling with pride. "Me en Marse Dave, we bin riz lack gen'mns, suh. I don' learn 'im de fus ting 'e ever knowd, suh. We been togither all us lives, suh. Yas'ree, Marse Dave, 'e say I his right bowry."

"What time does he usually come of the evenings?" asked Blinky.

"Cep'n sup'n happen, Marse Dave, he come zackly ten minits 'fore seb'n, suh; he do so'."

During the conversation, Red had been closely eyeing a curiously twisted, heavy hickory walking cane leaning against the chimney corner. It was, perhaps, Sancho's most cherished

memory of the fertile valleys of the Mississippi, from which he had himself cut and fashioned it many years ago, and which in recent years had become his inseparable support whenever he was seen from home. Leaning upon it both in fact and in sentiment, he had lovingly named the cane "old honey," admiring its sturdiness and remembering the days when he had taken it to himself, with an affection which Cindy might have envied, had she not received a greater homage.

As the visitors rose to leave, giving Blinky the signal to occupy Sancho's attention, Red noiselessly slipped to where the cane rested and quickly concealed it in the leg of his trousers. Suddenly Sancho stopped. Reflected in the dresser mirror, he had witnessed the theft of his treasure! But, these were friends, of "Marse Dave"! How could he accuse them? Perhaps after all, he was mistaken.

Bidding them goodbye, he hurried to the chimney corner, his white eyes bulging in their sockets. "Old honey" was gone! Rushing to the thick cedar hedge which separated the back from the front yard, and peering down the walk he saw Red suddenly stoop close to the heavy boxwood which bordered the walk, then unconcernedly go on his way. As soon as his visitors were out of sight, he slipped down to the spot and cautiously peered into the hedge. There, concealed in the thick growth, lay his cane, and he smiled.

"Dat sho' am yo', old honey!" he exclaimed joyously.

Reaching his hand in, when it had almost grasped the cane, he quickly drew it back.

"Dar now! Whut ef dem mens put er hunger on dat stick?" Cocking his eyes suspiciously at the cane, he drew back. "Des stay dar, ole honey. Let ole Sancho tink erwhile."

As the two men turned the corner, Blinky asked,

"What's the ide, Red?"

"That sure is some club!" said Red, "And it'll fix it on the damned ole nig to a fare-ye-well."

"Some thought, pal!" Blinky replied as they entered a waiting car.

"Who dem white trash?" asked Cindy as Sancho entered the kitchen.

"Dar now, Cindy, des listen at you! Dey ole friends er Marse Dave," Sancho replied pompously, unwilling to concede an error of judgment or acknowledge his own suspicions.

"Dey ain't nuthin' er de kin'; dey don' know Marse Dave no mo' den I knows de king er Africy," said Cindy in her loftiest manner.

"Cindy, whut make yo' so 'spicious?" asked Sancho.

"Spicious! 'Spicious, yo' say, nigger? When er strange white man whut say he er frien' er Marse Dave don' 'dress me as 'Aunt Cindy', yo' think I'se 'spicious? I ain't 'spicious, honey; I des here ter tell yo' he nachally lyin'. Tink Cindy don't know quality folks? Gw'on niger, gw'on en git in yo' wood. En yo' fergit dem white trash."

But Sancho did not go to the wood pile. Instead he wandered on through the house to where Mrs. Courtney was industriously knitting socks for American soldiers, while her mind wandered back to a like labor of love in the sixties, when brother fought against brother and friend against friend.

"Miss Mary," said Sancho, "does yo' b'l've a silver bullet'll

kill er speerit?"

"Why, Sancho, I have heard something of the kind, but I hardly think it is true. I hope the spirits are not bothering you," laughed Mrs. Courtney.

"No'm, not zackly. But some mens, dey stole ole honey, en

I'se des er wonderin'."

"I'm sorry you have lost your cane, Sancho," condoled Mrs. Courtney.

"I'se done foun' her, Mum, but I'se des awunderin' if dey's done tuck en put er speerit in her."

But no assurance from Mrs. Courtney relieved Sancho's mind. Entering his cottage, he cautiously looked in every corner as if expecting to see some evil spirit rise before him.

"I don' likes dat!" said he, seated before the fire, his head resting in his hands. "I sho' don' likes dat. I'se been er

totin' ole honey er long time, en I don' wants no hoodoo put on her now des when I needs her. Guess I'll des grease ole 'liable up en put dat silver bullet in her."

Putting fresh logs on to have a cheery fire when "Marse Dave" arrived, and explaining to Cindy that he had to go "som'ers," as dark came, he crept noiselessly down the walk, and throwing a thick blanket on the ground behind the hedge opposite to where the cane was hidden, he began his vigil. As the wind swept through the leafless trees rendering its doleful sound, Sancho shuddered. It seemed as if the air was filled with weeping spirits, and once when a tuft of snow, shaken from an overhanging limb fell near where the cane was hidden, he jumped to his feet. Hearing voices, he concealed himself just as two men entered the walk. For a moment they looked about them, then crossing the hedge, secreted themselves by the cane. Sancho had grown numb with cold, but now his heart was rushing the blood through his veins with such rapidity that perspiration broke out on his forehead, while the pounding in his ears seemed sufficient to betray his presence. Only once did either of his neighbors speak.

"It's time." And he recognized Blinky's voice, at the same time hearing the scraping of "ole honey," against the bushes as the cane was drawn out. The wind had died down and the stillness hurt Sancho's ears. A pedestrian passed, crunching through the snow, and again all was quiet. Suddenly he caught the sound of a purring whistle, low, but unmistakable. And Sancho was troubled. He knew he should be in the house when his employer arrived, to take his coat, bring his slippers and smoking jacket and to place the steaming supper upon the table, and serve. And Sancho's record of punctuality was one which he did not consider lightly. That there was danger for Mr. Courtney did not occur to his simple mind, and once he made a move to slip quietly away to his duties, when concern for his cane caused him to stop.

As Courtney came nearer, in the firm tread of his long swinging gait there was evidence of his recent victory. For two days he had fought for justice as he had never fought before. He believed that he was not only battling for retributive justice for the murderer of Batty Spillman, but justice for American childhood. During the submission of testimony, he had carefully laid the foundation for his great argument, and he had made the speech of his life. He had charged Alcohol as chief criminal against the human race; he had charged Schwartzberg with greed that impoverished and brutalized man, brought disgrace and tears to woman, and robbed childhood of its due, and when hindered in his purpose committed murder. While he had waited the ten minutes it took for the jury to write its verdict of "guilty!" he had been thrilled by a telegram from Washington which Dr. Morrison had shown him announcing the passage of the amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. In reporting his speech, The Intelligencer prophesied that it would make him governor of the state, while other evening papers, though hostile, admitted the possibility of his political future.

For an hour he had stood before the court house unable to proceed, acknowledging the gratitude and congratulation of the thousands who had gathered to shake his hand. As he turned to enter his home where the congratulations of his aged mother awaited him, the thrill of victory was still upon him.

When the two men failed to come from their hiding and greet Courtney, as Sancho expected, he was beginning to wonder how they proposed to effect their surprise, when suddenly as he passed up the walk they leaped across the hedge. Sancho saw his cane, "old honey," flash high in the air with Red in the act of bringing it down with a mighty swing on Courtney's head. The old butler suddenly pushed the long barrel of his ante-bellum musket into the assassin's face.

"Drap ole honey!" he roared. And as the stick fell to the ground, he commanded, "Hist yo' paws, white folks. Uh-hu! Stole ole honey, did you'? En she cotch yo'!" he gloated as Courtney relieved the would-be assassins of their weapons.

"Great job, Sancho," said Courtney, appreciatively.

"Marse Dave, I swar to Gawd, less'n I gits my deesposition onder control mighty quick, dey's gwin be two dead white trash 'bout hea! Ole 'liable, she sho' want ter bark."

When their prisoners were safely in the hands of officers of the law and Mr. Courtney grasped Sancho's hand in warm appreciation of his timely interference, the old butler looked troubled.

"Why, what's troubling you, Sancho?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"Marse Dave," he begged, "don' let Cindy be a pesterin' er me 'bout dem po' white trash. How'd I know dey was nachal borned liars?"

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## A LIFE THAT FAILED

"Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost: 'That my heart has bled.'"

URING the rapid succession of these events, Courtney might perhaps have been but human had he paused in reflective inaction. He had seen consummated in weeks that for which other men had labored lifetimes. He had, within forty-eight hours, hammered out under the white heat of grim determination, powerful logic and the persuasion of eloquence, justice in Brewerton, a thing for which men and women had striven and prayed for decades. He had, in that beer-besotted city, permeated with every vice bred by greed, and in which crime lifted its hydra-head in shameless arrogance, rehabilitated justice in her rightful robes of respect. But his task was unfinished.

Upon the evening of the attack upon Courtney, he and his friend, Dr. Morrison, sat late in meditative converse. But they did not permit themselves to be deceived. They were conscious that only the foundation had been laid whereon true liberty must be builded. They knew that the constitutional amendment was but the proclamation of emancipation—that it was the first great starting point in our national history, toward political, physical, social, and moral freedom. They were not unconscious of the patient years of toil ahead in the rehabilitation of these functions of society to which their lives were unchangeably committed.

Courtney found Mr. Roebstock awaiting his arrival at his office on the following morning. If it had been that he had succeeded for the moment in forgetting the present, the face of the mine operator would have reminded him that, in Brewerton, Alcohol was still king. The months had dealt savagely with Mr. Roebstock. Though this was the maturing date of his indebtedness to Philip Dornham, he had in contemplative

agony lived it through a hundred times and he was calm. Further than that he would employ every legal means of staying forfeiture, David could give his client no assurance. As the bent and trembling old man, foiled in his ambition to serve his country, and now upon the brink of financial ruin, passed out, he pitied him.

Consulting his watch, he observed that it was nearing the hour of his appointment with Captain Saterlee, and while he waited he walked to the window where he stood reflectively looking out over the city. To the North, great swirling waves of snow were wrapping the earth in a fresh mantle enforcing upon him memories of a day when life and its issues had chosen for him a new and rugged path.

"But, I would not change it!" he mused.

Absorbed in his thoughts, he had not heard the entrance of the office boy who stood close, holding out a caller's card.

"I say, sir; Mr. Courtney, here's a card!"

"O! Why, William," he laughed, "they are not sufficiently numerous these days to be neglected—Why, Colonel Barbee!" he exclaimed joyously, greeting the banker. "This is a happy surprise!"

"Just on my way to New Orleans for a few weeks' rest," exclaimed the Colonel, "and concluded I would stop off and take a look at you."

"Mother will be delighted. I hope Mrs. Barbee is with you."

"She and your mother are now talking over old times."

"Great!" exclaimed Courtney. "Mother misses the old-"

"Captain Saterlee," interrupted the office boy, "says he must see you at once."

"Show the gentleman in, son," Colonel Barbee directed. "Business precedes pleasure."

"For only a few minutes, Colonel. Captain Saterlee is a minute man," Courtney apologized, introducing the gentlemen as they passed.

For some minutes after the captain retired, Courtney sat in profound study. When he rose, resolve was written in his face.

"God help me; I'll bend his will or break his power," he said.

Making his apologies to Colonel Barbee, he was leaving the room when the Colonel stopped him.

"What arrangement did you make for your client, Mr. Roebstock?" he asked.

"None, sir. His obligation to Dornham is due today."

"Sit down just a moment, Dave," said he. "I think I told you I had never had the courage to antagonize the liquor interest. Until yesterday afternoon I did not realize what that acknowledgment meant. Old as I am, yesterday morning I would have struck a man if he had intimated that I was a coward. But on the train I bought an afternoon paper—The Intelligencer. I read your speech and I was told by a man of whom I inquired the meaning of the blank spaces in the paper. I'm a coward, Dave!"

The old man dropped his head in shame, shaking it sadly. "All my life," he continued, "I have witnessed Alcohol's oppression in business and its brazenness in politics. I have seen it send some of my dearest friends down to their graves in poverty and shame. I have watched some of the most brilliant minds of my acquaintance grow dull and sensual under its influence. I have seen women's hearts wrung with sorrow, and children deprived of all that childhood loves. And I have never raised my hand or voice in protest. I was a coward! I had not planned to stop here, but when I read your great speech yesterday afternoon I changed my plans, hoping it was not too late to be of service to you."

"You do yourself an injustice, Colonel," said Courtney, touched by the old man's emotion. "Society—the public conscience—under our system of government as relates to alcohol has been deceived—misled into the belief that alcohol was remedial. When that was exploded, it was taught to believe

that, if an evil, it was an evil to be controlled—not abolished. While the world has been growing to it slowly, it has been this horrible war with its demand for human efficiency which has suddenly awakened civilization to the appalling fact that it is destroying itself."

"Perhaps you are right; I have only drifted with the crowd," Colonel Barbee consoled himself.

"But from today," said Courtney, "no man of intelligence who loves his country or possesses a normal interest in his fellows will have excuse for defending Alcohol. It has been tried in the greatest tribunal of human justice and adjudged guilty, Congress has decreed its death, and the states will execute it."

"But the law will be violated," deplored Colonel Barbee.

"Very true," agreed Courtney. "It would be against the immutable law of cause and effect to expect a people educated for centuries in custom and debauched in unnatural appetite transmitted from generation to generation, to be either willing or able suddenly to reverse itself. And it would be only a Utopian dream to expect greed willingly to submit to any curtailment of its profits or power. It will mean years of patient, helpful forbearance for the one, and the powerful scourge of the law for the other. But today government in America starts a new culture of its most glorious principle—government for the people!"

"Well," said Colonel Barbee, "I wish to dedicate my few remaining years to its cause. I am glad I am not too late to save Mr. Roebstock from further oppression. Bring me Dornham's evidence of indebtedness."

"Do you mean that, Colonel?" exclaimed David, grasping the Colonel's hand as he held out the signed check.

"I mean it," said Colonel Barbee. "I'm only sorry it was not done when you first asked it."

"I am sorry Mr. Roebstock is not here. I'll bring him when I return," said Courtney, still clinging to the Colonel's hand.

Before leaving he walked to his desk and took from it some papers; sheets covered with many figures and placed them in his pocket.

As he entered the office of Mr. Dornham, the banker's back was toward the door. To Courtney's greeting, he slowly turned, his eyes narrowed, and his hands gradually contracted into fists.

"Well! You've come, have you?"

"Yes, I've come, Mr. Dornham," said Courtney.

"I told you I'd bring you to your knees. You didn't know Philip Dornham! Well, you do now!" he hissed.

"Yes, I think I do," said Courtney.

"And I hope you are ready to be sensible."

"I think I am, Mr. Dornham."

"Well then, what is it?"

"Mr. Roebstock's indebtedness is due today I believe-"

"And I presume you want to pay it!" he sneered.

"Well," said Courtney after a moment's hesitation, "I did come prepared to do so. But I have decided I will not."

"Then what the devil do you want?" he demanded.

"Several things, Mr. Dornham," he replied deliberately. "Perhaps you can remember them without writing them down."

"I want no foolishness in this office!" the banker warned.

"I assure you sir, I was never more serious. First, I want you to cancel without consideration Mr. Roebstock's obligation."

"Like hell, you'll get it!"

"Second, I have here a statement of the loss in advertising to Ben Walton of *The Intelligencer* which you have caused. You will pay that."

"Ah! Your game is blackmail, is it?" he roared.

"That's an ugly word, Mr. Dornham; don't use it!" said Courtney, warningly.

"Now get out of my office!" ordered Mr. Dornham, opening a drawer in which lay a shining revolver.

"Leave that there!" commanded Courtney, stepping closer to the banker. "Your expert, hired assassins failed at that last night. Now listen to me: Two of your associates in crime are in trouble—Magully and Samuels are in jail, charged among other things, with conspiracy to incite riot and obstruct the government in its preparation for war."

"You lie!"

The words were fairly screamed, his face grew purple and clasping his hand to his side, his body swayed.

"I don't know," continued Courtney, heedless of his epithet, "to what extent, you are involved in their crimes. But I imagine you know who closed Mr. Roebstock's mines and made the white spots in Walton's paper. I am making no threat; I am holding out no inducement. I am only giving you the opportunity of making partial reparation."

"Who told you Samuels was—" And the words died in horror upon his lips. The color was leaving his face and he sank weakly into his chair.

"One other thing, Mr. Dornham," continued Courtney, and for the first time, the ring of anger was in his voice. "This evening at eight o'clock I will call at your home to receive your approval of Helen's marriage. You will explain to her by whatever falsehood your imagination may devise, that you were mistaken about the creations with which you deceived her. But do not admit that you wilfully lied; I have protected her from the humiliation of knowing—"

There was a slight tapping at the door, the knob turned, and Helen entered. For a moment she stood bewildered, then turned to leave.

"Helen!"

It was Courtney who called, and instantly he was at her side. Trembling, she swayed as if her strength was gone, and he caught her to his bosom.

"Helen, my darling!" he whispered.

There was no struggle. Her head sank upon his breast and she sighed.

"O, Dave!"

"I think you had something you intended to say to Helen this evening, Mr. Dornham," said Courtney, leading her toward her father. "Perhaps you would prefer to say it now."

Mr. Dornham had been stupidly motionless. Looking at

Courtney helplessly, he tottered to his feet.

"I—I was mistaken. I—I did not understand. It's all right—it's all right, Helen."

"Dave, is it true? Is it—can it be true? O, Dave!"

"It is true, my sweetheart, my love, my life!" said he, fervently, kissing her upturned lips.

"Dear Dad, you have made me so happy!" exclaimed Helen,

covering his blanched face with kisses.

As Courtney led Helen from the room he stopped.

"I will return for the papers, Mr. Dornham," he said.

An hour later he met Captain Saterlee with an officer of the secret service at Mr. Dornham's door. To his inquiry he learned that Samuels, when arrested, had broken down as he heard behind the retiring guard the click of the lock which separated him from liberty, weeping bitterly and offering to divulge all he knew.

"I have a warrant for the arrest of Philip Dornham," said

the captain.

Receiving no response to their rap, they entered together.

Philip Dornham was seated at his desk, his head bowed upon his breast. In his hand was clenched a crumpled paper, old and yellowed. As they slipped it from his stiffening fingers the ink was fresh upon it where he had written,

"Paid."

But Helen never knew.

## CHAPTER XXXV

## AFTER-YEARS

"Hast thou not learned what thou art often told, A truth still sacred, and believed of old, That no success attends on spears and swords Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?"

T WAS afternoon on a day in May when the ratified resolution amending the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages was presented to Governor Courtney by a committee from his General Assembly. It was the culmination of years—glorious years, ashe now looked back upon them—of conflict, toil and prayer. He was not unconscious of the years of patient toil ahead; he did not deceive himself in believing that all men would willingly and quickly abandon that which gave them power; he did not hope to transform the physical and mental degeneration of men in a day:—he rejoiced that the onward march of civilization could now be undertaken in co-operation with national and state governments. not with them antagonistic to it. For a moment he studied the document reflectively silent, then laying it upon his desk, he breathed a deep satisfied sigh of relief. Tired he was, but triumphant.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as he received the congratulations of Dr. Morrison and Ben Walton and felt the supporting arm of his wife slip round his neck. "If I could not be the first, I am, by His grace, governor of the last of the thirty-six states necessary to ratify and effectuate the new birth of American Independence from Alcohol."

And counting it a day's work well done, with his little son, Robert Morrison Courtney, and Mrs. Helen Courtney, he drove far into the country.

Following the prattling child, they gathered garlands of wild flowers from the woods, nodding daisies from the meadows and spring violets from the roadside, and returning they entered the City of Memories.

Perhaps to those who have never wept, it is a strange incongruity that laughing flowers should screen from view the ghastly scar we call a grave. Not so to those who travel to the City of Memories. Over three graves guarded by massive hewn granite, Helen lovingly strewed the garlands of honeysuckle and dogwood.

Then ascending a little knoll they came to a grave marked by a simple slab of white marble upon which was chiseled:

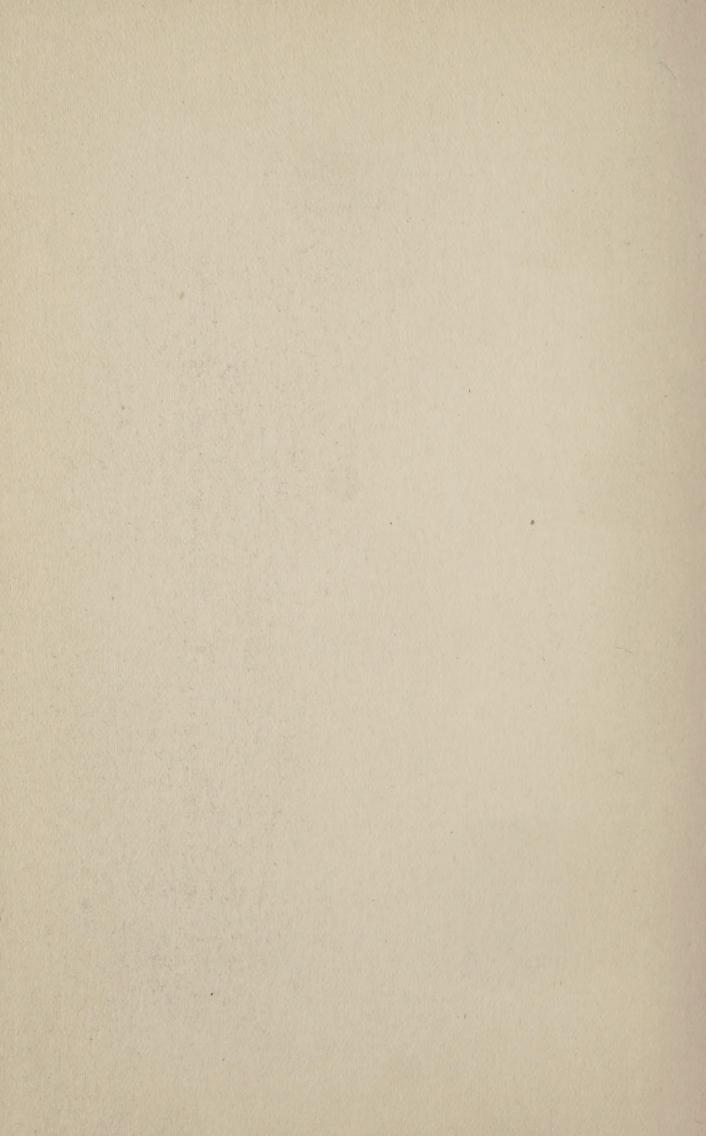
Batty,
The Sandwich Boy.
A Martyr
To
Childhood.

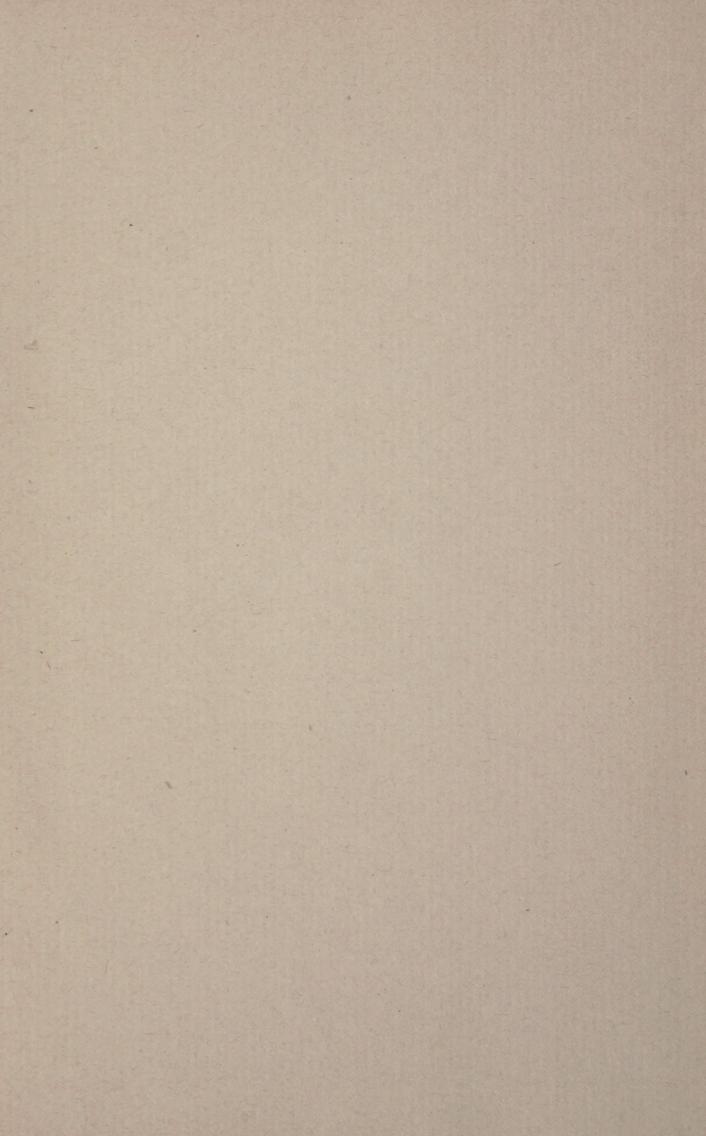
And as the sun kindled in the dome of the heavens the fires of his departing splendor, Governor Courtney laid upon the bosom of the sleeper a bunch of white daisies and purple violets; then taking his little son upon his knee he told him the story of a boy who helped make America free.

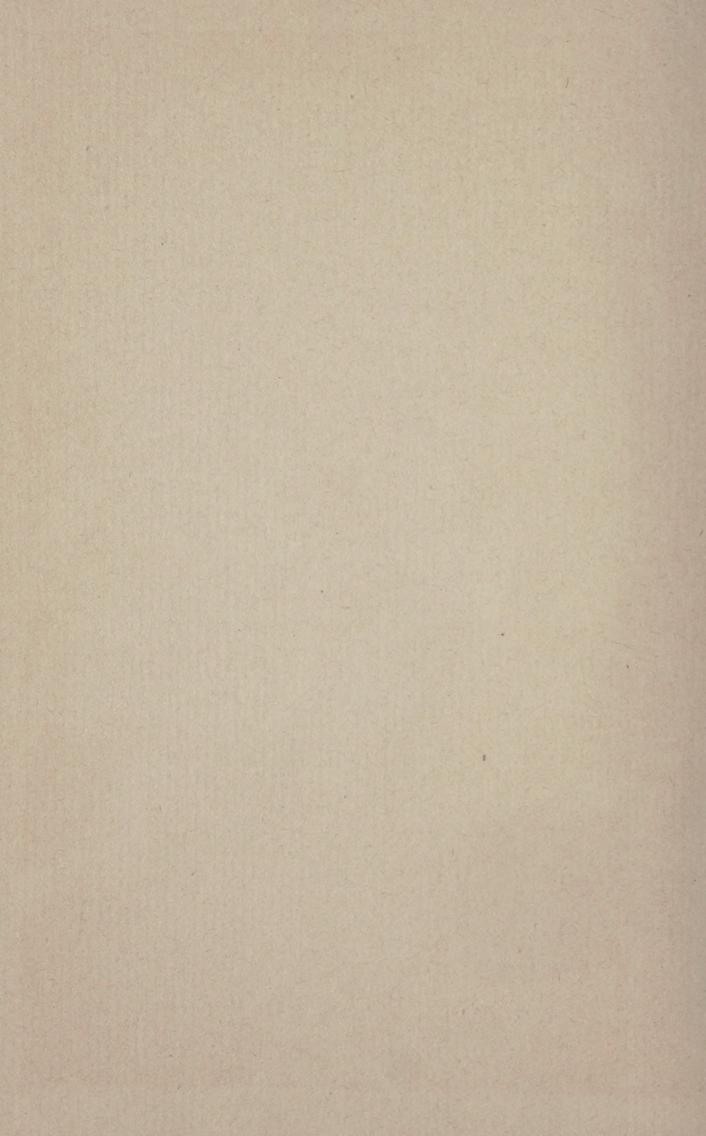
"Look!" cried Helen, as the growing shadows began to paint out the colors in the sky. "They disappear; but the beauty and the power of such a life must live forever."

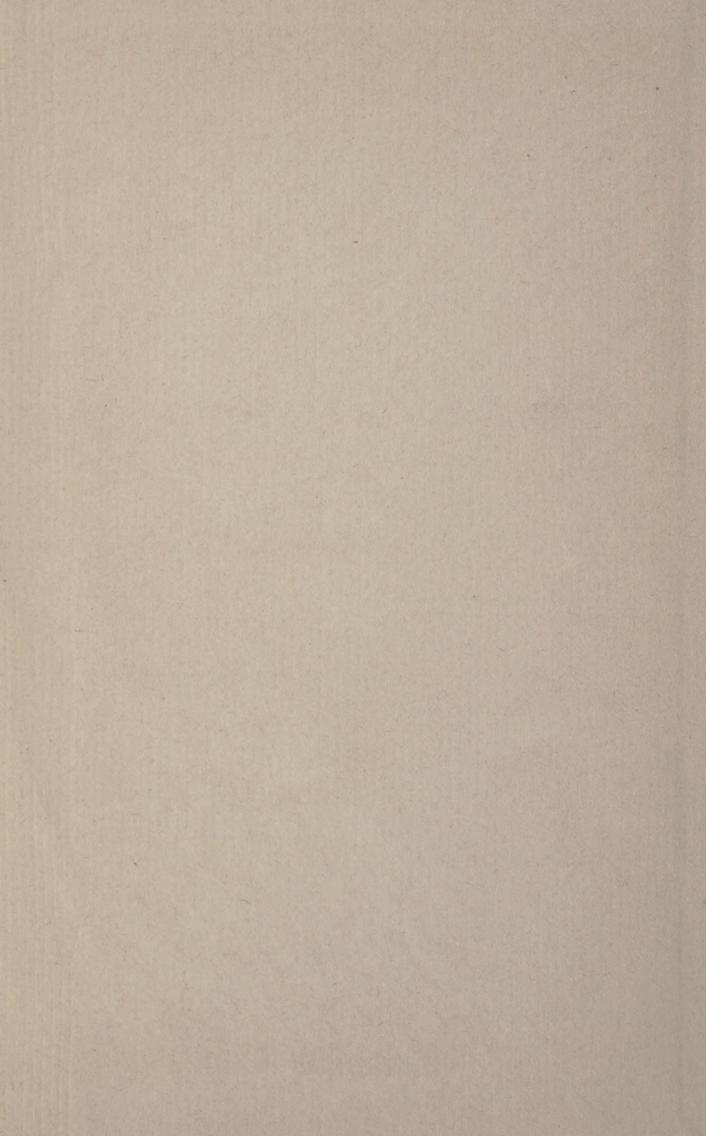
THE END











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